THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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A SAGA OF TO-DAY

I. THE OLD COUNTRY

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I

In a dingy room over a shop, where a man made wooden shoes, I grew aware of myself. The front window faced a narrow cobblestoned street, where the heather farmers passed with their slow-moving teams of oxen and their wagons loaded with sun-dried peat. The rear window faced a large yard that was closed in on one side by a hulky, odorous tannery and on the other by the sailor inn, Kridtpiben (The Chalk-Pipe). In the rear of the yard a garden with an orchard of dying apple trees sloped down to low, swampy pastures. Beyond these lay the dunes and the sea.

I must have been three years old. I remember rocking my newborn brother out of his cradle. The twins were a year older than I. In the garden we played with the tanner's daughter, Hedvig. I fell into a mortar pit there, and all outside noises died away — Hedvig's cries, the bricklayer scraping his trowel on the wall of the sailor inn, the clattering wheels on the street. The noises within my body demanded a hearing. My blood thundered in my ears; my heart pounded against my ribs. All my inside cried for air. And as I coughed out my last precious breath my mother's hand reached down and caught me. Then the garden behind the yard was no longer the same.

Hedvig and I were the same age. One day we stole down the cellar steps of the sailor inn and turned the wooden spouts of several beer kegs. The cellar floor became foamy like the sea I had watched so often from the window. We splashed our feet in the white, frothing stuff until no more beer ran out of the spouts. Such fun! But how I feared that cellar ever after!

My mother made soup from oxtails which she fetched from the tannery. Once I followed her into the tannery shed, where she chopped off a dozen oxtails from a stack of fresh raw hides. But I no longer relished the soup she made. For the tannery gave me nausea.

There was only one side of the yard left. I loved to sit beside Hedvig on the steps of the wooden-shoe shop and inhale the odor of seasoned hardwood, watching an old man carve and chisel a formless chunk into a wooden shoe. Hedvig's pink-eyed kitten played with the chips and shavings that coiled up in

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heaps on the floor while the chunk of hardwood gradually took the shape of a human foot. The heel and arch, the instep and toes, bulged out of the outer surface and caved into the inner surface.

Our eyes followed the curves of the wooden shoe. Hedvig said that the curves 'talked to her.' And she said that her eyes drew these curves of the wooden shoe on the inside of her eyelids. And she said that the picture inside her eyelids talked to her when she closed them — talked to her as did the curves of the wooden shoe. So Hedvig told me.

One day we went beyond the known boundary of our little world. We passed the cows lying on their stomachs in the pasture behind the garden, chewing their cuds. We followed a brook, where the song birds cooled themselves under the water plants. We reached a sandy road along the coast and met a farmer, sitting asleep on his load of peat, while his oxen sank knee-deep in the sand. We waded through coarse dune grass and fell down tired.

The sea lay quiet like a mirror, meeting the sky in the horizon. The smoke from the steamers rose in black, graceful columns that carried the dome of heaven. Hedvig's cheeks were flushed from the long walk. She lay with her head resting in my lap, gazing up into the sky.

We were found at night by a fisherman, who carried us to his hut on the coast. And after our return home Hedvig was in bed many weeks. Daily I was at her bedside. And always she held my hand tight — very tight. When, one afternoon, she felt stronger, she wanted to sit in the sun on the porch. Her mother carried her out there and left us alone. Her eyes turned to the sky again, and a smile lighted up her face — and remained. . . .

Her mother loosened my hand from Hedvig's cold grip and hugged me hysterically, and with a sudden violence and heartbreaking despair. She carried me to my mother; and the two ran back to Hedvig, leaving me alone with a new feeling of awe.

II

My grandfather was a man huge of frame and sturdy as an old oak. He was six feet six, with a back broad and sinewy, and with large, hairy fists. He was of a melancholy, brooding temperament, his mind burning like glowing embers that could flare into white heat. And when his anger was aroused he would stand tall and straight, with his arms crossed, his head lifted, his forehead high, smooth, and florid, and his eyes scintillating. It was not his words that terrified his wife and daughters, but rather the amplitude of his voice, and the rapidity with which he spoke. Only one of his seven daughters ever dared defy him — my mother. She would walk toward the angry Titan, look him in the eye, but remain silent. And he would lift his fists as if to crush her, but his arms would drop powerless. Then he would wander down to the coast and remain there, brooding.

I have never met a man with such physical strength, or with such anger and gentleness, or with such silence and 'gift of gab.' He came of peasant stock. And because he was a true peasant his deepest disappointment was that he had no sons. He had served his country twice — first as the King's bodyguard, later during the German invasion of 1864. His property consisted of a small farm of peat bog, heather, and sand dunes. During the centuries an ancient oak forest had rotted, leaving a bog with a five-foot layer of muddy peat sandwiched in between the heather and the dunes. In the summer time he sliced off loads of mud, cutting the peat into bricks, which he threw to the

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surface to be baked by the sun. With his spade he carved his way through the bog, while his wife and daughters carried the peat away. Through several summers I saw him stand to his waist in mud, silent and melancholy. But he had only his wife to help him then.

His love for me was the only affection that I remember receiving in my childhood. He liked to have me visit him on the farm. At night we slept together, the old giant and I. A piece of rope hung from the ceiling over his bed, by means of which he would raise himself in the morning. He lay there the night long, embracing me with his huge, muscular arms, while I snuggled up to him hungrily.

His seven daughters ran away from home as soon as they became of age. His fluctuating moods drove them out. And for peasant daughters they married well. Malie became the second wife of my father's brother, who owned a hog farm. Anna married an old, long-whiskered bachelor, who bought a farm with the savings of his toil in America. Juliana and Line became the brides of fairly prosperous dairy farmers. Sine and Tine married peasants of the sand dunes. Stine, my mother, was the only one who ran away to the harbor town.

I remember the seven sisters vividly — tall, husky, bright-eyed women, very noisy, quick to laugh, and quicker still to show anger. God! What a temper some of them had — especially my own mother! Once she broke a broom handle in two on my head.

At my grandparents' golden wedding the seven sisters and their broods of children met together on the old farm. And they talked and 'joshed' each other and quarreled in their loud, broad peasant dialect, worse than a group of drunken sailors in The Chalk-Pipe. They are all alive at present except Malie. None save my mother have changed their social standing greatly.

My grandmother was a small, slender woman, cowed by her strong husband. None of her daughters looked like her. Her parents, who were a grade above the peasants, were against her wedding my grandfather. Her brother was a wealthy horse trader, whose son, my mother's cousin, was the peach on the family tree. How proud my aunts were of him! For he was a lay preacher and a revivalist, holding religious meetings at night in the barns of the peasants — a sincere but dull, unattractive man, as I remember him.

My father's parents died long before I was born. A black mystery hangs over his ancestors. And he refused to talk about them. But the fact is this, as I discovered later: his family for generations had gone to the devil. Some of them I saw with my own eyes go there. I remember his aunt, — his father's sister, — an old, old beggar woman, walking on the cobblestoned streets with a stick in one hand and a basket in the other. She told me of a 'curse' that had haunted the family for ages, ruining a line of wealthy, powerful lairds in the valleys south of Frederikshavn. One estate after another had been lost by fire, flood, and famine, by drinking and gambling, and by the abolition of serfdom, when the peasants gained their independence. In her youth her own estate — and this I verified later — had been sold at public auction. She died in the poorhouse.

Two of my father's brothers, Unge-Jens and Gamle-Jens (Young Jens and Old Jens), fared the best — though the latter almost went to the devil before my mother's sister, Malie, took hold of his hog farm. He suffered all through life for the wild oats of his youth. His youngest son, who at present enjoys the reputation of being the slyest and most daring smuggler in the seas of Skagerrack and Cattegat, once hoisted

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me down a deep well, headfirst, to fetch a ball. Unge-Jens literally starved on various rented farms, while he and his wife brought up twelve sons. A third brother, Nikolaj, I remember as a bleary-eyed drunkard, whose wife and children I often saw walking from house to house begging crusts of bread. I was at his side the day before he died and saw him chew mouthfuls of bedstraw. He died of delirium tremens in the same poorhouse and in the same room as did his aunt. A fourth brother left the Old Country for Australia and was never heard from. A fifth went to America — Anton was his name — and was never heard from, either. (Today in an American prison of the South a young man, bearing my surname and not a few of the family traits, is serving ninety-nine years for murder. He tells me that his father, whose name was Anton, is dead, and that he came from a small country in Europe called Denmark.)

III

My world grew. The fifth child was born in my fifth year. The twins were going to school. My mother was always away from home during the day, sewing or washing for the rich grocer and the wealthy people across the street. My father was a longshoreman, working on the steamers in the harbor. The tanner's wife took care of Anton and Lasse. And I was much alone.

On the dumping grounds of a clay pit I picked up bones and cowhorns, which I sold to the junk dealer. He paid me with copper coins which I spent for Danish pastry. Once I came into his junk yard when he was busy elsewhere. Hurriedly I stuck a pair of cowhorns from a heap into my sack. My heart began to beat fast. This was my first theft. He recognized the horns as soon as he peered into my sack, and threw them back on to the heap. But instead of getting angry he looked at me with a dismal expression in his eyes. He hooked my sack on to his scales and threw me a few coppers, according to the weight of the bones, and turned his back to me in disgust. And his scorn smarted longer than a thrashing would have done.

Near an old church a street was being lowered, and the workingmen were excavating a forgotten churchyard. Bones dyed in a vat of mud were dug up by the wagonload. One morning I filled my sack from the excavation and carried the bones to the junk dealer. But he refused to buy them, because they were black and decayed, and because they were human bones. He placed his hand on my head and looked at me with his grave, sombre eyes. He shook his head and bade me return the bones.

The wealthy grocer for whom my mother worked imported a dozen Shetland ponies from the Orkney Islands. Coming across the North Sea the ponies had become ill, and by mistake the grocer gave them poison instead of medicine. I saw them roll on the straw in his stable in paroxysmal torture. I was distressed at their suffering. The grocer and his wife were weeping. Yet my compassion for the sick animals was not able to remove my greed for their bones. When they had been killed I followed the stableman out to the heather and helped him to dig a grave. I shoveled the sand away from the edge as he threw it up to me. Soon the grave was so deep that his head was below the level of the heather. It would be strenuous work to dig up my treasure again.

We returned to the stable and drove a wagonload of dead ponies to the grave on the heather. The heather impressed me. It was clean and fragrant. I braided wreaths of heather flowers and placed these on the grave, and I

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marked the spot carefully, planning to return the following spring. Before the northern winter set in with snow and frost I was back, watching and dreaming over the ponies' bones. But during the winter I lost all trace of the place. I was never able to find my buried treasure.

Fjolle-Valde, a mute beggar boy, ransacked the neighborhood with me. His eyes looked into mine with the devotion of a dumb beast, and he granted me a half-witted friendship in exchange for my own interest in him. He belonged to a destitute family. His father had been my mother's fiancé previous to her marriage. But a scullery maid in the hotel where my mother worked had forestalled a tryst one night between the two lovers by borrowing my mother's only pair of shoes without asking. The lovers had quarreled. My mother had married my father, who was twice her age; and her lover had married a woman many years his senior. My knowledge of my mother's first romance drew me to Fjolle-Valde with the compassion of one who had been saved from a great calamity.

One day my desire to see Fjolle-Valde's mother drove me across the town to his home. On a painter's ladder in a dirty yard I climbed to the attic, where the gable door swung outward and almost pushed me off. I groped my way among bins of peat fuel that belonged to the tenants on the floor below. Through a roof window a sunbeam, bedizened with dust, stabbed into the darkness like a bejeweled rapier. And through the cracks in the red-tiled roof smaller beams of light penetrated. Children of various ages crawled around there, and, beaverlike, trailed paths of wet dirt across the floor. An untidy woman with her breasts exposed welcomed me and scrutinized me as wistfully as I did her. So this creature was the pick of the man who had jilted my beautiful mother! Yet, in her attic she aroused in me a cringing curiosity, which even later impelled me to pay her secret visits.

A horse butcher in the neighborhood would often send Fjolle-Valde and me into the country to bring back old critters that he had bought from a village grocer. And during the light summer nights, homeward bound, we rode over the sand dunes on the back of the same horse. He never entrusted us with more than one at a time. The full moon reddened the dunes and heather, and a sharp Oriental camel shadow stole along beside the skinny nag and its two riders. Ever so often Fjolle-Valde fell off, at times hauling me with him headlong into the sand. And it was no easy task to catch the frightened animal.

In a dark alley near my home lived a dwarflike woman. She was a 'peat hag' — one of these poor, hard-working creatures who on wintry days hoisted peat from the farmer's wagon to the attics of the rich. She drank brandy — the ugly stuff which the lay preacher said was made of dung from the streets. *Akvavit*, 'the water of life,' it was called in The Chalk-Pipe. Often she sat crouched on the stoop, tottering like a bear, and between hiccoughs warbled weird hallelujah hymns. Her hands, with their stubby fingers, resembled human feet. And when she sent me to the sailor inn for a pint of Akvavit she stroked my cheek brusquely, as though she had kicked me in the face with a bare foot.

At times she wept and sobbed convulsively, and besmeared her face with peat-stained paws. Then I ran after brandy as frantically as on my trip to the midwife on the night my sister was born. And a mere gulp of Akvavit revived the daunted witch.

She lived with her grown children — two helpless idiots, who night and day

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sat strapped to their benches in the only room she had. One was a grinning bewhiskered female, and the other was a reeling male, who dug his fingers into a furrow on the bench. Once a week my mother sent me to the peat hag with dry flounders. And at the smell of fish the female, like a baby strapped in its carriage, bounced impetuously on the bench, and drove through her throat a guttural sound that conveyed a world of bursting clouds within. The brother neither heard nor smelled. He only stared in listless apathy like a hunger-striking martyr before his last raucous breath. He was busy scratching a solitary label deep into the wood — a cuneiform gesture of his own world of idiocy.

IV

Karla was the daughter of the wealthy railroad master in the house across the street, where my mother worked. She was as beautiful as Hedvig and her clothes were soft and fragrant. One afternoon we tramped through the woods that began at the end of the cobblestoned street. An innocent curiosity led us on. Her mother's anger surprised me. She flared up and grew wild like an angry gypsy hag and added a great mystery to an already inscrutable mystery. From then I was branded as a bad boy in the neighborhood. And I was only six years of age.

During the summer a half-grown Copenhagen girl was visiting her aunt, who also lived in the house across the street. One day I was sitting by myself on the stoop of The Chalk-Pipe, watching the farmers drive their ox teams and their products to market. I caught her eyes resting on me — dark, burning eyes. She smiled and crossed the street. I was too bashful to talk to her. How beautiful she was! The odor of her body resembled the freshest butter. I sniffed at it. And her hands possessed a touch delicate and energetic.

We followed the oxcarts to the market place, where she bought me fruits and sweets. And we continued our walk to the end of the cobblestoned street and into the woods. Hand in hand we waded through layers of leaves. We sat down on the moss under an oak and listened to the language of silence.

She began to romp in the leaves like a wood nymph that I had seen in a picture book. And she flew around me and leaped in hiding behind the oaks, and dashed toward me, catching me up in her arms and running into the underbrush with me pressed to her body. Her eyes were agitated. She opened her mouth wide and showed me her tongue and teeth. She growled coquettishly, and with a sudden impulse pressed her teeth into the skin of my throat.

On my visits to my grandfather I met my cousin, Stine. She was born out of wedlock, of one of his seven daughters. And she was a wild girl who feared nobody except my grandfather, whom everybody feared. At night in the hog pen she watched over the breed-sows, while I lay in the arms of my grandfather, pondering, and while the sea, the heather, the cattle, and the grown-ups slept.

We took a swim one day in the brown peat bog. Her husky limbs and flat, sunburned peasant face reminded me of an Eskimo woman I had seen aboard a sailing vessel in the harbor. She was not beautiful like Hedvig, and Karla, and the rich Copenhagen girl. But she was terribly strong. She held me so close to her that I bit her breast in anger. Then she threw me headlong into an ant hill. And the ants stung me and filled my wounds with a burning secretion. I cried until she knelt down and massaged my body with peat mud.

In the woods a band of gypsies had

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put up camp. The gypsies were kidnappers, so I was told. And my mother forbade me to approach them. But the warning aroused my curiosity. Indian-like, I crept through the grass and through the layers of leaves until, within a stone's throw of the camp, I beheld ragged children and men with fierce pirate faces, blooming girls and wrinkled old hags. They swarmed among their tents and vans, quarreling with each other and kicking their dogs.

In the leaves near me a gypsy woman sat squatting with a pipe between her teeth. Beside her lay a young girl with raven-black hair spread out on the ground. The girl was ill. She moaned and writhed in agony, while the woman sat beside her smoking. At first the gypsies in camp caught my interest more than did the couple nearer at hand. But soon my senses became captivated by the delivery of a child. . . . The mother turned her head weakly and lifted her eyes to gaze at her child. And oh, the look of pain and love! It haunts me still. I ran home, weeping.

V

I joined a gang of boys and roamed the streets till late at night. We made ourselves chestnut pipes and smoked dry cherry leaves. And I learned to swear worse than any sailor. I would utter the common national curses: 'Cancer eat me (*Kræft æde mig*) if this is not the truth,' and 'May the Devil make me crazy (*Fanden gale mig*) if this is not so,' and 'That is an all-hellish lie (*Det er en allerhelvedes Løgn*).'

At first I was shocked at myself. But soon I grew more callous than the rest of the gang. One night I was unable to fall asleep. I was thinking of all the curses I had said that day and about my friend the junk dealer, who had hanged himself in his shed during the afternoon. I stole out of bed, dressed without awakening my parents, and walked out into the cobblestoned street, where a peasant's oxcart was passing by. The street watchman was singing his two-o'clock rhyme. I ran over and dropped my chestnut pipe in the cart. Then I went home and fell asleep.

Besides cursing and smoking, I also learned to steal. The bigger boys taught me to steal cakes from the pastry shops. They were errand boys for the rich grocer, and they would induce me to follow them into the stores where they delivered flour and raisins. While the saleslady followed them into the bakery behind the store I would fill my blouse with Danish pastry. And I was so excited at first that I forgot to watch the street through the show window. Once a wealthy woman saw me steal. She caught me dropping a kringle into my blouse. And when she entered the store she fetched four more kringles out of my bulky blouse. My boy friends scolded me to mislead the baker, who had been awakened from his slumber. And they promised him not to take me with them again. But I kept on stealing. I even began to steal money from my mother, first copper coins, then small silver coins, spending the money for sweets and tobacco.

The gang had its headquarters in the butchery, where we often watched the butcher aim a revolver at a worn-out critter which stood blindfolded in front of him. Then the fatal shot! And the horse dropped to the ground, stiff and lifeless. The cows were knocked down with a stroke of an axe. There was a knob on the flat end of the axe, and this knob generally crushed their skulls with a single blow. Sometimes, however, the cows were with calf — a small calf, three inches long, or a larger calf with hair on its body. Such a cow was 'tough-lived.' One stroke of the axe did not always floor it.

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We imitated the butcher's curses and began to chew his black tobacco. And we grew lusty for blood. I followed my gang into the cemetery, where we shot song birds with our sling shots. The trees were full of birds and we shot without aiming. My first shot brought down one, and it zigzagged through the air like a coin through deep water. I caught the little thing in my hand. The bird was still warm and was gasping for breath. Then I petted it with my finger tips and stroked its feathers. And I grew aware of a curious, pleasant sensation, not only in my fingers, but penetrating through my body.

We went hunting for bird nests. I stuck my arm into a thorny hedge and tore one out of its hiding. Four downy ones fell to the ground, while the mother bird cried so loud that the cemetery keeper gave us chase. He followed me home. And I was whipped with *Spanskrøret* (the Spanish reed). This was the only real whipping that my father ever gave me. And from that day I was never again cruel to birds — except perhaps to my parrots at sea, years later, when I was training them to talk.

I often wondered at these streaks of cruelty, for I was also tender-hearted. I remember, for example, when the cemetery keeper once drained and refilled a cement pond for a shoal of goldfish. While the pond was being drained and the old keeper was wading with sea boots in the shallow water, the fish came closer and closer together. I was in a panic lest he should step on them. Sometimes one would swim under his heel before he put his foot down. And my heart would leap up in my throat, for fear that he might crush it. When the fish escaped I was relieved.

I also remember crossing a bridge where a woman stood throwing her poodle into the dam below. The dog rolled through the air, and its soft, curly stomach struck the water with a thud. Quite exhausted it reached the surface again and swam ashore, crawling back to the woman on the bridge. Again and again she threw the poodle into the dam. Its strength gave out, and, panting and waddling, without making headway against the current, it was no longer able to swim ashore. I ran down to the edge of the dam and helped the poodle ashore with a stick. It climbed to the woman, puled and fawned, and lay down at her feet. And I burst into tears, in the presence of my gang, for fear that she might throw it out again.

There was a chapel in the cemetery, behind which we found glass beads from discarded wreaths. It was a common belief that if we ran around the chapel three times and then looked through the keyhole we should see the Devil. I wanted to show my gang that I disbelieved this. Once I took courage and ran around the chapel and peeked through the keyhole. I saw something moving inside — the Devil, I thought. And I fled away over hedges and gravestones. Someone was following me — the cemetery keeper, who had been hiding in the chapel.

One Sunday morning I followed the people inside the State church, where I beheld a full-rigged sailing vessel in miniature, swinging on a wire. The immense columns and vast arches filled me with holy ecstasy, unknown to me in the barren sectarian church to which my parents had been converted. The State church drew me with wistful longings. I went home and whispered the Lord's Prayer seven times to myself.

VI

The school nipped my delinquency in the bud. The school of my early childhood was situated near the harbor next to the State church. From the class-

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room windows I had a full view of the harbor. I could see every ship that passed in and out of its narrow mouth. The round granite fort, Krudttaarnet (the Powder Tower), with its tiled, cone-shaped roof and its cannon pointing seaward, lay a stone's throw away. A fleet of fishing cutters lay rocking side by side in one corner of the harbor. Farther to the right the steamers and sailing vessels were unloading their cargoes. In a shipyard near by a new cutter was frequently being launched, throwing a white wave high in the air, and scudding off to get its finishing touch and its mast and rigging. The shallow Triangle and Square lay in the shadows of the left harbor wing, crowded with dories, sailboats, and small pleasure yachts. The two harbor wings swung seaward in long, graceful curves and terminated in a red and green lighthouse. Beyond the harbor wings, far seaward, Stendiget (Rocky Dike) rose out of the water like a phantom ship. Still farther seaward another reef, Hirtsholmen, with its beacon light and foghorn and its two or three dwelling houses, skimmed the horizon.

And many fascinating people passed by outside the classroom windows. Tall fishermen in yellow oilskin suits and sou'westers came by. They were clean-shaven except for a tuft of blond beard on the throat — an extension of the thick growth on their chests — that was pruned off abruptly from ear to ear under their jawbones, and always reminded me of that man Esau, peeping out of his hairy ape-skin. Behind them came their wives, pushing the wheelbarrows, which were loaded with bundles of nets that had a hook and a rain worm on every mesh, and a flexible rim of cork and lead on the edges. Each sailor that entered port passed the school and the church on his way from his ship to the sailor inn. Once a Negro sailor passed by on the street outside, the first I had ever seen. My heart beat as when I read about Robinson Crusoe finding Friday. Another time a group of Chinese stokers came chattering by. And once a queenly lady and her bodyguard of twelve uniformed sailors marched by from her steam yacht. She was a German *Grevinde* (countess), the teacher said — immensely wealthy, and slightly demented. All this I was able to see from the classroom windows.

The walls of the classroom were hung with pictures. Three of these made a profound impression on me: a fox that had an alert look like Karla's mother, with its offspring, outside its den in the dunes; a barnyard with a cow licking its calf, and so sad and lugubrious, like the junk dealer, that my eyes grew moist when I looked at it; old Abraham — he looked like my grandfather — standing with a dagger in his hand beside his son, Isaac, who was bound hand and foot, and was lying on top of a smoking cord of wood. I was alarmed lest the old patriarch should use the dagger too soon.

I remember my school-teachers only by their method of punishing me. The singing teacher specialized in ear-pulling, until he was arrested for injuring the ear of a boy. The gymnastics teacher, who later went to Africa to save the heathen, had a knack of burning my cheeks with the flat of his palm. The teacher of Danish slapped my hands with a ruler. The teacher of religion always lost his temper and whacked my ears clumsily. Frøken Lem, my only woman teacher, used her walking stick on my back. Once she administered thirty-nine licks on my back for hitting her with a snowball. I had a strong dislike for her. She was in charge of the boys on the playground, where she spoiled many a good game. It was also her duty — and to my great chagrin — to keep watch at the

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showers and 'scrubbing pool' during our compulsory semimonthly bath.

There were other teachers — one whom we called 'Goliath' because he was very tall, and another whom we called 'The Fish' because he was wabbly on his feet. But they did not leave any permanent impression on my memory. I do not even recall the subjects they taught. The former once gave me a whack that sent me spinning because I had forgotten his real name and addressed him in public by his nickname. And the latter once pinched my thigh because I refused to sit beside a girl whose breath was bad. My arithmetic teacher was fond of lifting me upon his knees in front of the class and rubbing his grizzly Vandyke beard against my cheek. I squirmed in his arms the hour long. The principal was a chummy gentleman with gold-rimmed glasses and the proud possessor of a fountain pen — the only one in town. Once he lost it, and I found it. His joy knew no bounds when I handed it back to him.

I attended school from seven o'clock in the morning until noon, six days a week. The summer vacation was four weeks in length, and the Christmas and Easter vacations one week each. Every hour of the long forenoon I changed teachers. And I learned to fear and obey them. To this day I tremble when I think of these early years of schooling. I also learned the three R's thoroughly. And I learned many Bible stories and poetic hymns and patriotic songs by heart — likewise the reign of all the Danish Kings from Gorm den Gamle to Kristian den Niende. But, above all else, I learned to use my eyes.

VII

Soon my childhood world included the harbor, with its steamers and sailing vessels, its wharves and piers. Many an early morning before school I climbed a mast, watching a hundred fishing cutters sail out of the harbor, and envying the pilots going out in their sailboats to meet the ships that came from the four corners of the earth. I lived in the forecastle or on the ratlines of these visitors, and ate the hardtack the sailors gave me. Before I was nine I tried to hide in an outgoing steamer, but was found and sent back with the pilot.

I watched the busy toilers — my father included — unload tea and spices from the Orient, maize from America, Russian wheat, fruit from Spain and Italy. I imitated the sailors by decorating my arms and chest with red and blue ink figures — writhing snakes, reproductions of Adam and Eve, wild tigers. A full-rigged sailing vessel rocked on my chest. Anchors drawn on my palms, with chains twisting around my arms and neck, held the vessel safe.

At night I became handy boy in The Chalk-Pipe, where I swept floors, washed tables, and rinsed glasses. This was life. Here the sea captains came to hire sailors for their ships in the harbor. Here fishermen came to sell their cargoes of new-caught flounders to the exporter. Here shipbuilders and shipowners met to discuss plans and prices for a new ship. When the steaming drink — a mixture of tea, sugar, and Akvavit — made these men merry, they spun wonderful yarns about wrecks and life-savings and drowned mates, and about their adventures in foreign lands.

At a table in the centre sat Captain Olsen, — the master of the lighthouse, — a man with huge shoulders and a thick neck that had ridges and ravines, craters and warts, like a lunar map. Here sat the rich herring dealer, whom I disliked because he smelled of herring, and because his face bore the likeness

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of a herring, with its worried, parsimonious stare. Here sat Bette-Fanden (Little Satan), a barrel-shaped fisherman, whose dazed countenance bespoke the fool, yet whose hidden shrewdness turned all business to his own advantage, and who more than once was able to cheat the herring dealer. Here sat an old rope spinner, whose habit, when he became talkative, of walking backward around the table, as though he were spinning rope, made everybody roar with laughter. And here the old harbor master was a constant visitor. For twenty years he had served the King at St. Thomas. The West Indian sun had shrunk his hide, but he was sinewy and strong as a mule. Once I saw him throw across the table the fat horse butcher, who had entered The Chalk-Pipe without the proper credentials.

Often I heard him tell the fishermen and the sea captains of his ancestors. When he was a child of my own age his father, who was then pastor of the parish, offered public prayers to God to send the fishermen a shipwreck. There was no rescue crew to shoot off the rocket and life line and to haul the shipwrecked sailors ashore. And when a ship foundered on the sand bars and its crew drowned, the fishermen gathered up the cargo, and gave God thanks.

Still further back, when his father was a child, the fishermen would walk along the coast at night with colored lanterns to deceive the sailors at sea and make them believe that the lights were from other ships nearer shore. In this manner many sailing vessels foundered on the sand bars.

What had changed the human heart? I used to wonder at this. His grandfather had been a mean sea pirate. His father had been a saint and a shipwrecker. And he himself had been the first man on the coast to organize a rescue crew.

One night I watched the wreck of a large sailing vessel. It occurred on one of these demon nights of the North, when the evil powers of water, wind, and snow wrestled for supremacy. The harbor master came rushing into The Chalk-Pipe with salt water dripping from his oilskin suit and sou'wester. On stormy nights he always took his turn down on the coast, keeping a lookout for shipwrecks, and inspecting the life-saving rockets in the rescue stations. He ordered every man in The Chalk-Pipe down to the coast. And I followed the men. We pushed against the wind and slid down the dunes, climbed over the bowlders, and ran along the coast, until we found the shipwreck. Five hundred yards seaward the sailing vessel lay rolling on the sand bar like an immense sea bird bashing its broken wings in the surf. On the coast lay the skeleton of an old wreck. The harbor master set it on fire. Its tarred ribs caught readily, and soon the yellow flames and black smoke shot weird tongues into the air, dyeing the froth of the surf. I saw the sailors cling to the ratlines and shrouds, while surge upon surge leaped up from the depth.

The harbor master and his crew of weather-beaten fishermen got the tripod, the powder, and the rocket ready for a shot at the wreck. The line lay coiled up, sleek and light, for its race through the gale. He took slow and careful aim before he lighted the fuse. The line flew up with a jerk and out over the surf, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. But as its speed decreased it drifted with the wind and got entangled in the jib stay on the outermost point of the boom. He made ready for another rocket, while a sailor on the wreck crawled out on the boom to fetch the line.

'He'll never get back from there,' remarked Bette-Fanden. 'Better not lose any time.'

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One surge after another washed over the fellow, shrouding him from view. He caught hold of the line and was ready to return when a breaker tore the boom to pieces, flinging him into the sea. Bette-Fanden hauled him ashore like a fish. The next line landed midships. The sailors hauled an attached hawser aboard and fastened it to the main mast. And the rescue crew was able, by means of a pulley line, to pull the conveyor basket out along the thrumming hawser.

Twenty men were hauled ashore, one by one, before the ship broke in two. The ends of the hull rolled away from each other and spurted masses of water into the air, like a pair of exploding sea bombs. And through the night the sea threw the rest of the men upon the bowlders. The harbor master laid them near the smouldering bonfire. Eight, I counted.

VIII

Afternoons I worked in a hand-driven rope spinnery which was built on the sand along the open coast. The wooden flywheel was not even enclosed in a shed. A row of pine crosses, carrying the twisting yarns, strands, and hawsers, extended along the coast for a full mile. A bonfire for a tar pot and a shed for the hemp bales completed the primitive spinnery.

A hundred yards away the surf rolled in over the bowlders. And between the surf and the spinnery a flock of sea gulls sought shelter. Sometimes they would fly up with a noise as though a bowlder had been blasted and was scattering in many pieces; and sometimes they would rest themselves upon the twisting yarns, where their claws would get caught in the hemp and they would whirl around with the spindles, until the spinners, on their return for a fresh start, kicked them off.

At the age of seven I started to turn the wooden wheel. From bundles around their waists the five old spinners payed out wads of hemp on to the twisting rope yarns, until far on the horizon they looked like black dots. For a whole mile they walked backward, placing their yarns between pegs upon the pine crosses, and at last thrumming the yarns as a signal for me to stop for a moment until they fastened the yarn ends to a loose log. When I turned the wheel again, the yarns twisted themselves into a thick strand. So went the afternoon. A one-mile backward dash, and five yarns were spun; five backward dashes, and five thick strands were spun. Out of these the ship hawser, like a huge sea worm, suddenly came writhing into existence.

With this monster did I wrestle while I turned the wheel. I held it by the snout until it groaned. Its tentacles were hooked taut on to the spindles, and its one-mile-long body stretched itself upon the bowlders, and its hairy segments creaked as they twisted themselves tighter around each other. On 'dipping days' the hawser slid through my hands as I drowned it under the hot tar, inch by inch, while the spinners wound it into a coil. Then its fibre splinters tore the skin off my fingers, and the friction blistered my hands.

In the rope spinnery I had time to talk to myself. Out of the frail, short hemp fibre, plucked from plants on foreign soil, baled into compressed, disorganized masses, had come this long hawser. The hawser was all hemp, and the bale was all hemp. Yet what a difference!

And I watched the shaggy old spinners as much as I did the gulls, the sea, and the wooden wheel. What else could I do but watch the moving objects and discuss them with myself, pinned as I was the long afternoon to the wheel? Their weird, backward walk caught my eye first. They faced

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me and shrank away from me like ghosts of the sea. Their bodies swayed and twisted from side to side in rhythm with their feet, which slid slowly over sand and rocks, groping for a ground grip. I took notice of their fingers, shredding the hemp fibre from bundles around their waists, and paying it out evenly to the twisting yarns. With what rapid motion their fingers tore the hemp off the bundle! Their hands caught the right amount, seizing the threads with their hairy, crooked fingers. Their hands were like huge spiders. And when they snatched new bundles, as the old ones gave out, and wrapped them around their waists, — snatched with one hand while the other hand continued to spin, — they were like sleight-of-hand performers in the market place. Then my eyes were not even able to follow their motions.

On the other side of the wooden flywheel the pulleys, belts, and spindles whirled around each other almost as smoothly as did the gulls in the air. The moment I started to swing the handle these began to revolve — some fast, others slow, but all moving together and stopping together. I followed my own invisible hand power with my eyes through the motions of the whole mechanism, from the handle of the flywheel far out along the twisting hemp yarns on the pine crosses.

From pulleys to belts, from spindles to hemp yarns, leaped my hand power. The wheel made me sweat and made my heart pound, and at times stopped my breath entirely. When the yarns were being spun, I gave out only a slight amount of hand power. But when the strand was being spun from the yarns I gave out much more. And during the making of a hawser from the strands I gave the wheel all that was in me. Then the wheel stopped at the moment I took my hands off the handle. It did not continue a few extra turns by itself, as it always did during the spinning of the hemp yarns, when I was able to make excursions within a radius of ten steps while the wheel continued to turn. For, even if it did slow down during my absence, I would rush back and leap up on the box again to reach the handle and turn the wheel double fast. And soon the new twists would catch up with those at the other end that were waning.

Above the spinnery the sea gulls dived and soared, their wings stretching and relaxing, their small heads, calm eyes, capable beaks, and pliable necks steering them safely through the thick of the traffic. On the blue sky they scrawled mystic symbols and drew curves of infinite variety. Perhaps the gulls had learned their own code of wing writing. Perhaps they talked to each other in a written code of curves. And perhaps their talk was more unequivocal than human speech. For they never collided.

Far at sea the surges from the tide were like endless hawsers in the process of being spun. Their spiral-shaped segments turned around, and their hemp fibre whirled on the circumference. I imagined that the fishing cutters were the rope spinners. They disappeared in the horizon like the spinners ashore. The tide that twisted the surges around was the wooden wheel. But I was not able to imagine the spinnery lad who turned that wheel. The tide that moved the sea gave me a feeling of awe — especially when the wind did not disturb the water. I found something that I was unable to discuss with myself — a supreme power, perhaps.

(In November will appear Chapter II, 'The Sea Is Calling')

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THE TEST

BY J. M. WITHEROW

Mr. Julius Fairleigh Stern owned a palace on the St. Lawrence not far from Grindstone, a mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, and a castle near Fiesole in Italy. Some of his friends were trying to persuade him to make his real home amid the romantic scenery of Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, but Mr. Stern refused, as he preferred to give away his surplus income for the endowment of education rather than add further to his many luxuries. For some reason that no one could discover he took special interest in Tarrytown on the Hudson.

A report had just reached him from the principal of the Tarrytown High School saying that three pupils had tied for the prize of $200 which Mr. Stern had presented for the best year's work done by pupils in their final year at the school. The percentage attained by the three equal firsts was 88, a record figure for the Stern Prize Competition. Mr. Stern replied that he would himself be present at the next graduation, as he wished to meet the three young men, and enclosed his check for $400, so that each might receive the same amount as their predecessors in previous years.

So at the June graduation at Tarrytown High School the Stern Exhibitioners of 1920 — Mr. Gerald Daly, Mr. Eric Arthur Hamlet, and Mr. Charles Burke Brookfield — were presented to Mr. Stern, who at the close of the day's proceedings carried off the young men to dinner at his hotel. In conversation there the rich man soon discovered that the three boys were keenly set upon a university career, but were all very poor.

'Very well,' said Mr. Stern. 'That is just what I had hoped. I am interested in the result of university education. I make a proposition to you. I will bear all your expenses at the university — traveling, board, books, fees, and personal allowances — for four years. You will choose each the university you prefer and the line of study you like best. My conditions are two — that you will all promise to do your best at college in your own line, and that four years hence you will all come to me and undergo earnestly and loyally' — Mr. Stern repeated these two adverbs slowly and with emphasis — 'a test which I will then describe to you. The test will be nothing vexatious or unreasonable.'

The young fellows expressed their thanks as best they could, being rather overwhelmed by what they had just heard, and gladly and enthusiastically assented to the conditions laid down. 'Is n't he a jolly old chap?' said Brookfield, as the three sauntered home that night. 'Is n't he splendid? And by the way, did you read his article in *Harper's* on the "Castles of the Loire"?'

'No,' said Daly, 'but I have been in his castle on the St. Lawrence, and in his library there is the finest collection of British and American poets you ever saw, bound in blue morocco; and what's more, he reads them. Every volume I opened had something marked.'

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'My father,' said Hamlet, 'was once in his house on Fifth Avenue fixing the telephone wires, and the housekeeper showed him pictures by Maris and Corot and Sargent that would drive most art collectors crazy.'

Time passed on, and in June 1924 three distinguished graduates appeared by appointment on a certain day in that same princely mansion on Fifth Avenue. Daly came from Yale, first-class honor man in history and law; Hamlet came from Harvard, first-class honor man in the classics; Brookfield came from Johns Hopkins, with first-class honors in German, French, and Spanish.

Mr. Stern met them and greeted them warmly. He then took them separately to his private room, gave each one a long sealed envelope on which his name was written in large letters, marked 'Private,' and said to each in turn: 'Give me your word of honor you will not open this till you are at home and quite alone. It contains all instructions for the test.'

Each promised, took his envelope, and went home to Tarrytown.

And that evening in Tarrytown each of the three young men was gazing at a check for $5000, and a sheet of paper bearing these words: —

THIS IS YOUR TEST

1. You shall visit, within the next twelve months, Holland or Switzerland, Germany or France, Italy or Greece, and Egypt.

2. You shall write a report on what you think important in the countries visited and send your report to me within twelve months.

3. You will bring or send me a match box filled with sand from the desert at the foot of the Great Pyramid.

N. B. No questions shall be asked by you regarding the meaning of these instructions, either verbally or in writing, directly or indirectly. You shall not consult with anyone regarding the contents of this document or your intentions or methods in obeying it.

This is your test. Remember your promise.

JULIUS FAIRLEIGH STERN

June 18, 1924

Mr. Gerald Daly, of Yale University, first-class honor man in law and history, fastened on the phraseology, grammar, and punctuation of the document with all his faculties of meticulous scrutiny thoroughly aroused. To prevent himself from overlooking any qualifying word or clause, he slowly read aloud the whole composition sentence by sentence and then memorized it till he was word perfect — an expedient he had found helpful in solving many a legal puzzle.

Subconsciously Mr. Daly whispered to himself, 'I promised to meet this test "earnestly and loyally," and I will. I will do what J. F. Stern wants done and I will do it with the utmost fidelity at my command. He does not require for his own need anything from me — neither words nor deeds nor gifts. But to test me, as he has every right to do, he tells me to obey him in certain matters. The best compliment I can render him is to respect his wishes in every particular. It is for me to understand him and then do exactly — no more, no less — whatever he has expressed or implied; no more, for that would be misusing his money; no less, for that would be disloyalty.'

In this spirit Mr. Daly studied his instructions and obeyed them with scrupulous sincerity.

He saw at his first reading the effect of 'or' and 'and' in No. 1 — no country compulsory except Egypt, and yet a restricted choice. Very soon he had decided that his itinerary must be through Holland, France, and Italy to Egypt, and thence home. He sailed in a Dutch liner for Rotterdam, which

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called at Southampton, but Mr. Daly would not set foot on shore even for a few hours. Britain was not mentioned in No. 1. It was not till he had visited Leyden, Alkmaar, Utrecht, Dordrecht, and began to arrange for his departure to France, that a scruple arose in his mind about going there by rail. If he did so he must report passing through Belgium, and that would look careless. He felt he could not. It was not playing the game. So, after trying in vain to get a passenger steamer, he decided to go from Amsterdam to Paris by aeroplane, and thus recovered peace of mind.

His traveling was continued with the same carefulness to Italy, Egypt, and home again. A liner was obtained at Alexandria bound for New York, but Daly refused to go ashore at Malta or Gibraltar or the Azores.

Instruction No. 2 gave him very few qualms. 'What you think important,' Daly repeated to himself again. 'Well, I am free from challenge there. It cannot mean *all* that I think important — it would be unreasonable to ask that. I will choose one thing which I think important, health, and report on whatever I think benefits or injures public health.'

In harmony with this view of his duty, Daly examined the duration-of-life statistics in the various countries and wrote little notes of observations on athletics, drainage, ventilation, and cookery, and so drew up a short but businesslike account of public health in the lands he had seen.

Instruction No. 3, of course, was the clearest and easiest of all. At the second reading Daly pounced on the change from 'you shall' to 'you will,' and said, 'Quite so, quite so — a request, not an injunction; but in this matter Stern's wishes are law as much as his commands.'

On reaching the Pyramids he was tempted to bring also a match box full of sand labeled 'From between the giant paws of the Sphinx,' but eventually refrained. He had not sufficient authority for that.

And so Mr. Gerald Daly, of Yale University, having carefully executed all that was prescribed, drew up his report and sent it along with a carefully packed match box, filled with sand from the base of the Great Pyramid, by registered post to the house on Fifth Avenue at the end of May, 1925.

On reaching his home in Tarrytown, however, Daly found that he had still in his pocketbook $523.75 unexpended out of his $5000 check. Murmuring to himself, 'This is your test,' he wrote an explanatory letter and mailed the money to Mr. Stern.

Mr. Eric Arthur Hamlet, of Harvard University, first-class honor man in Greek and Latin, also read his test paper of instructions with extreme care, but he took a somewhat different view from that of Mr. Daly.

'This is some test,' Hamlet murmured to himself; and then, after a second reading and a long pause, 'The snag is in No. 3.'

He secured a berth on a transatlantic liner at the earliest possible date, spending the few days before sailing in New York libraries. Crossing the ocean, he went straight to London and took rooms near the British Museum, where for a whole month he read as hard as he had ever done at college, taking careful notes. Then followed a hurried visit to Holland and three months in Germany, three months in Italy, and three in Egypt.

The result of his investigations he embodied in three of the most brilliant essays he or any other Harvard graduate ever wrote. He selected certain aspects of the industrial, the educational, and the religious conditions of

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the three countries, and on a basis of carefully ascertained causes and consequences deduced the probable effect on Europe and America generally of the new movements in Germany, Italy, and Egypt. His incisive remarks on the decay of religion in the two former countries, his reasoned prediction that Fascism would survive Mussolini and effectually ruin Italian literature, and that Egypt would ere long alter both the commercial and the religious position in the Orient, astonishing Manchester as much as Constantinople — these reports sent in by Mr. Hamlet, when published a year afterward, attracted universal attention, evoked long-continued discussion, and are likely to retain a permanent place among the prose classics of British and American literature.

'Stern has practically asked me for my best,' said Hamlet to himself. 'He had a right to ask it, and I am giving it. He said he was interested in testing university culture, and every line of Orders 1 and 2 shows he wishes to test wisdom of judgment, insight, power of forming opinion, and discrimination between the really momentous and the trivial. Order 3 — but is it an order? — is the catch. Did he add this to see if we should have the common sense to omit it? And in any case a match box is a poor thing to pack sand in.'

Very strongly inclined to take no notice of No. 3, Hamlet consulted various authorities on the geological characteristics of Egyptian sand in the hope of discovering some overlooked value or rare property, but without success. Finally he returned home and sent in his reports, and after much hesitation sent in also a small bag of sand, frankly confessing his fear that he must have misunderstood instruction No. 3.

Mr. Charles Burke Brookfield, of Johns Hopkins University, first-class honor man in German, French, and Spanish, gazed one moment in stupefied silence with open mouth after reading his test paper and his check. Then he gave forth his college yell. His mother barely saved herself from a heart attack by recognizing the 'tune.' Hardly had the martial strain died away when Brookfield sprang to his desk, whipped out his fountain pen, and wrote the following letter.

TARRYTOWN, *June* 18, 1924

DEAR MR. STERN: —

How to thank you for your colossal gift of a whole year of joy after all you have given already is a problem that knocks me helpless. I have dreamed again and again of at last being able to manage one month in Europe. And now a year! A whole year free of cost! Sir, you are a prince. Thank you again and again.

Yours most devotedly,
C. B. BROOKFIELD

'The dear, delicious old humbug,' he said to himself more than once, as he sealed and addressed and mailed the letter, 'he nearly bamboozled me with his "shalls" and "wills" and "musts" and "must nots." But his check and his match box gave him away. What a heart of gold! Giving and giving all the time what will help us best and please us most, and then trying to save our faces with his "tests" and "promises" and "shalls" and "musts." Oh, the kindness of it all! If he were only a girl I should love to kiss him and call him a peach and a darling.'

Brookfield started again on his college yell, but stopped abruptly as he awoke to the fact that he was coming through the front doorway of the post office.

'Are you hurt?' said an elderly man, turning around suddenly.

'No, thank you. I was just thinking.'

'Thinking — thinking you were a steamer lost in a fog.'

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'Steamer!' shouted Brookfield. 'Of course. Thank you — that is just what I ought to be thinking about,' and hurried off to the nearest shipping agent, leaving the man muttering, 'Crazy ass.'

In England Brookfield carefully examined the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and the Wallace Collection, and after a day at the Tower and Westminster Abbey hurried off to Oxford, where he made copious sketches and notes. His next stay was at Amsterdam and his next at Nuremberg, and there he wrote his first report, dwelling chiefly on the development of portraiture from Rembrandt to Sargent and a study of mediæval architecture, exemplified in Nuremberg and Oxford. The latter subject he continued in a study of Lisieux, and a playful comparison of the majestic Mont St.-Michel with the Renaissance splendor of Chantilly.

His third report consisted of an almost lyrical dialogue between the Rigi, Pilatus, and the Rochers de Naye, each proudly claiming the grandest prospect of the dawn to be seen anywhere in the world.

With truly American energy he hurried from Switzerland to the South of Spain, pausing only to make a careful survey of the Pont du Gard and Carcassonne. A small steamer carried him from Gibraltar to Palermo, where amid the golden glories of Monreale and the Capella Palatina he wrote an enthusiastic essay on the respective merits of the Moors, the Normans, and the Saracens.

Girgenti and Syracuse were not forgotten; but at Taormina, in front of the indescribable magnificence of Etna, snow-robed, against the burning Sicilian blue, Brookfield laid down both brush and pen. 'Oh, Mr. Stern, I can't — I can't tell you what I see and feel. How can we ever thank God for giving us a world like this?'

And so the enthusiast passed on, drinking deep drafts of the loveliness of Rome and Naples, Florence and Venice, Athens and Delphi, and writing out, as he was able, something of the overflowing joy of his heart, till at length he arrived in Egypt. There he saw the principal sights of interest, but dwelt chiefly on all that threw light on Akhenaten, the one original mind that appeared in the long procession of Pharaohs. He made some pretty sketches of boats on the Nile, but expressed his regret that he had 'no art that would sketch the awesome silence of the desert.'

Brookfield reached New York on the first of June. He had spent every cent of his $5000. But twenty exquisite sketches of scenes in Athens, Cairo, and Thebes brought him $150 from a Broadway art dealer, and after making a certain purchase he drove to the Stern mansion. The secretary told him the great man was at Grindstone. Brookfield said he wished to write a note and leave a small parcel for him. Shown into the library, he wrote as follows: —

New York, *June* 1, 1925

Dear Sir: —

I return at the close of the most joyous twelve months of my life — a gift from you under the guise of what you called my 'test.' Well, I have tried earnestly and loyally to satisfy my examiner. I have visited all the countries you mentioned and more. I have reported what I thought 'important' — namely, the truth and the beauty in art and nature that your writings taught me to see and love, and everything that seemed likely to give a little pleasure to one who had given so much pleasure to me. Your third instruction I divined was meant to find out if in the midst of all my enjoyment I remembered the giver. My dear friend, I remembered you with loving gratitude every day. In proof of this I ask you

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to accept the enclosed match box with its Egyptian sand, and believe me

Yours ever faithfully,

C. B. Brookfield

Having signed his name, Brookfield drew a small packet out of his pocket and opened it. It was an exquisitely carved little match box of pure gold. But alas, through careless packing most of the sand had oozed out into the paper and through the paper into Brookfield's pocket and through a tiny hole in the pocket had been steadily leaking since he left the jeweler's shop on Broadway. Scarcely a teaspoonful remained. In much distress he had to add a postscript, describing what had happened and bewailing his failure to do what he had been asked to do.

Mr. Julius Fairleigh Stern, a man without near relatives and with few intimates, died suddenly in January 1926. He left by will his three residences on Fifth Avenue, at Grindstone, and at Fiesole, with all their contents and all his invested property, amounting to $20,000,000, to the one of the three young men 'who on being tested had shown the highest quality of careful, intelligent, and noble obedience.'

Was it the graduate of Yale or of Harvard, or of Johns Hopkins?

If you can judge reasonably between Saint Paul and the Pharisees, or between Erasmus and Luther, or between Fundamentalists and Modernists — you can answer the question.

THE WORST FUNDAMENTALISM

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

The Scopes trial in Tennessee provided the biggest and best newspaper story since the war. It kept the headlines for weeks and provoked an immense amount of discussion all over the country. Especially among scholars and scientists this episode aroused a fine display of indignation. It was looked upon as a throwback to mediævalism, an attempt to stultify the convictions of men by due process of law. One would think, from the reaction in academic circles, that religious belief is the only field in which great bodies of our fellow citizens decline to be guided by science or by history.

Of course religion is not the only field in which fundamentalism challenges science. It is not the most important field. There is more fundamentalism in the political than in the religious thought of the American people to-day, and it works greater injury both to the cause of national progress and to the interests of the social order.

Even the most casual observer of our political psychology must have noticed that there are literally millions of Americans who decline to accept things on faith in the realm of religion, but who do not have the slightest compunction about swallowing the catchwords, phrases, formulas, and slogans that go to make up a creed in politics. They scoff at the miracles of Holy Writ, but are continually looking for the miraculous in government, or what would be miraculous if it ever happened

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— the conduct of a government according to business principles, for example. Most intelligent people regard as preposterous the idea that man was created from the dust of the earth; but they appear to see nothing ridiculous in the proposition that all men are created free and equal. They call that proposition a self-evident truth, when by all the teachings of science and history it is neither true nor self-evident. The modernist in religion wonders how anybody, in spite of astronomers and geologists, can believe that this world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each; but he himself finds no difficulty in believing that the Constitution of the United States was struck off as a finished job in four months. We do not call that belief fundamentalism; we call it patriotism. Of course our national Constitution and our whole frame of government are the product of evolution, just as man himself is; but how few people, even among the well-educated, have learned to think of the body politic in dynamic terms! No, we merely look upon the American democracy as something that rests upon inalienable rights and universal principles, a paragon of excellence which the rest of the world ought to copy but does not. Hence our laws insist that the Constitution be studied in our schools and colleges with due regard for the sanctity of the text and with no taint of higher criticism, but rather in all its textual literalness — that is to say, in the same uncritical spirit that characterizes the fundamentalist approach to the first chapter of Genesis.

I

Let me try to put together, in skeleton form, the political creed of the average American citizen, the dogmas which he accepts as fundamental truths notwithstanding their repugnance to the dictates of reason and to the teachings of experience. 'Government must rest on the consent of the governed.' 'Democracy is government by the whole people.' 'The cure for the ills of a democracy is more democracy.' (What a strange article of faith that slogan embodies! Were I to say that the remedy for the evils of misgovernment is more misgovernment I should be saying something just as rational, but I should be giving you a poor opinion of my intelligence.) 'Ours must be a government of laws, not of men.' 'The executive and legislative branches of the government should be kept separate'; or, as it is sometimes expressed, 'Checks and balances are essential safeguards of popular liberty.' 'No taxation without representation.' 'Self-determination and municipal home rule.' 'Avoid entangling alliances.' 'State rights.' 'The office should seek the man, not the man the office.' (The office does seek the man sometimes, but not often — about as often as a burglar goes seeking a policeman.) 'The rule of public opinion.' 'Political parties are groups of voters who think alike and have a common programme.' And last, but by no means least, 'The equality of all citizens before the law.'

These phrases and slogans, I believe, are accepted as gospel by the great majority of our people. They are taken on faith by men and women who insist on rationality in religion. Yet it can readily be demonstrated that no one of these principles is true without large qualifications, while some of them embody only a half truth or no truth at all. They have come down to us from earlier days, enshrined in the literature of patriotism, and so often reiterated from generation to generation that they have become a sort of biological inheritance. They are firmly stamped on the

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national imagination, and it is to one or another of these creedal tenets that the average citizen relates his reactions on most questions of public policy.

In some cases the results have been detrimental to progress in politics and even to sanity in our processes of government. Take the dogma of human equality, for example. It is a very pleasing idea, this proposition that all men and women are created free and equal, and especially alluring to those who by all the tests of reality are inferior. During the past hundred and fifty years this egalitarian principle has colored our whole political philosophy. It has profoundly influenced our constitutions, laws, and judicial administration. Yet a moment's reflection will convince anyone that it is absolutely at variance with everything else in the range of human knowledge. Every biologist knows that men are not created equal in body; every educator knows that they are not created equal in mind. And anyone who observes the course of our politics is readily made aware of the fact that all men are not equal in their influence upon government — never were so and never can be. These things are as plain as any facts of biology or history can be, yet the man who would venture to advocate a system of government based upon the demonstrable inequality of men would promptly find his teachings stigmatized as un-American, undemocratic, and a menace to our institutions. He would be investigated by the school board at the demand of the American Legion.

In the practice of American government this doctrine of human equality has done a lot of harm. By its implications it has afforded good soil for the growth of the spoils system and the practice of rotation in office, two of the most noxious weeds in the garden of American politics. If all citizens are equally competent to govern their fellow men, why should we endeavor to choose among them on the basis of their special qualifications? If all citizens are endowed with the same political capacity, why let any one stay in office very long? Our reluctance to make use of experts in any branch of public administration is in large measure a by-product of this national obsession. The most formidable obstacle in the path of civil-service reform is not the avarice of the politician. It is the deep-seated popular conviction that any able-bodied citizen, whatever his competence or lack of it, has an equal and indefeasible right to a place on the public pay roll. Civil-service reform is deemed by many thousands of people in this country to be undemocratic because it throws public employment open to competition, and there is nothing like an open competition to demonstrate the essential inequality of men.

Of course we have been careful not to carry the doctrine of equality too far. We do not project it into the field of taxation, for example. Oh, no, not at all! Men may be equal in their capacity to govern, but not for one moment do we hold them equal in their capacity to bear the burdens of government. When it comes to the framing of our tax laws, we adopt the exact antithesis of the leveling principle. We go on the tacit assumption that men are vastly unequal in their ability to earn and in their ability to pay. In other words, we exalt the common man so far as his share in the control of government is concerned, but when it comes to liquidating the cost of this control — well, at that point the common man seems to lose all interest in the philosophy of Jefferson and Rousseau. He is willing to concede the superiority of the few when sacrifice is involved, and asserts the natural rights of the many only when power and patronage are

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concerned. I am not arguing, of course, that all men should be equally taxed. I am merely pointing out that this postulate of human equality goes quickly into the discard when it conflicts with the practical necessities of government. A principle always gives way when its application conflicts with the plain interests of the governing class.

II

Government must rest on the consent of the governed. This rule, of course, does not apply to aliens, Negroes, Filipinos, or inhabitants of the District of Columbia. The consent of the governed is a synonym for the will of the majority, and the will of the majority is expressed by a plurality of those who take the trouble to vote. There is a considerable spread between the two, as the figures disclose. For example, the census of 1920 showed approximately fifty million American citizens of voting age. Of this total, only about twenty-six million voters actually went to the polls in the presidential election of the same year. The successful candidate for the presidency was said to have 'swept the country,' yet he received the votes of only thirty per cent of the people who were legally qualified to exercise the suffrage. Fifteen per cent of our total population gave the 'consent of the governed' for all the rest! This, moreover, was an unusually good showing, in a presidential election where momentous issues were at stake. Taking our state and municipal elections, and averaging them for the country as a whole, the figures show that the will of the people is regularly expressed by less than twenty per cent of our adult citizenship, or about ten per cent of the population. What we have in fact, therefore, is not a government by the whole people, or by a majority of the people, or even by a majority of the registered voters, but government by a mere plurality of the politically active.

So widely, then, is our doctrine of popular sovereignty at variance with the facts. Nor does the situation seem to be growing better. The proportion of the polled vote to the registered vote is smaller in this country to-day than it was fifty years ago. It all goes to prove what a strangely perverse creature the citizen is. Refuse him the right to vote, and he would take up arms to wrest it from his rulers. But give this right to him freely, and he tucks it away in moth balls. He insists upon government by the whole people as a matter of principle, but as a matter of practice it does not concern him much.

III

We are asked to believe that public opinion rules the United States. It is the ultimate sovereign, the supreme law of the land. This is proposition number three in our fundamentalist decalogue. Government by public opinion is a phrase that slips easily from the tongue and has been so oft repeated that most people believe it to be true. Yet public opinion, when you try to define it, proves to be a very elusive thing. What passes for public opinion, in perhaps the majority of cases, is simply the outcome of propaganda and counter-propaganda working upon the traditions, prejudices, aversions, or inertia of the people. I use the term 'propaganda' in no disparaging sense. Call it 'a campaign of education' if you prefer that expression — as most propagandist organizations do. The difference is all in your point of view. The first inclination of most men and women, at any rate, is to connect every new problem with something already silhouetted in their own imaginations, some principle that has already found

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lodgment there. Very few of us approach any new public question with open minds; or rather, we do it with minds that are open at the bottom only, not open at the top. Arguments and appeals to reason go in — and fall right out again. The stereotype remains unaltered.

Public opinion does not exude spontaneously from the cogitations of the multitude. It does not embody the rational conclusions of what psychologists call 'the group mind.' In large measure it is a manufactured product, prepared for the purpose of selling it to the people and marketed to them in the accustomed way. We are prone to forget that you can sell an idea to the people in the same way that you sell them any other commodity, from a Liberty Bond to a breakfast food, and our politicians are the brokers who put through the sale. The arena of political discussion is a great stock exchange in which principles and policies are bought and sold. There are bulls and bears on the floor, crying their specialties up or down, urging the public to put their confidence in World Court common or endeavoring to pull down the market value of Volstead preferred. Our political brokers even deal in futures, and have marketed to the country a large block of that somewhat speculative stock known as 'America's entry into the League of Nations,' when, if, and as issued.

We speak of the referendum as an expression of the public will. But this is merely one of the pleasant self-deceptions which a democracy likes to cherish. For a referendum is at best nothing more than a call for the yeas and nays, with no opportunity for anyone to voice a qualified opinion. It assumes that every voter is ready to say yes or no to any question that may be placed before him, whether it relate to the extension of a street-railway franchise, the independence of the Philippines, or the pay of the police force. The unthinking voter may be able to do this, but the thoughtful man or woman, when confronted with an issue of public policy, is rarely able to express his true opinion by the simple expedient of marking a cross on a slip of paper; and this is particularly true when the question carries various implications, as referendum questions so often do. In such cases the referendum merely gives the voter a choice between two alternatives, neither of which he may desire, and to that extent it becomes an agency for eliminating the greater of two evils by forcing the people to choose the less. Small wonder it is that under such conditions the voice of the people turns out to be a babel of discordance like unto that which was heard on the plain of Shinar when men sought to build a city whose tower should spike the sky. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, it is said. For myself, if I thought that the voice of the people was the voice of God I should be sorely tempted to become an atheist.

No, the justification of elections, referenda, and majority rule is not the wisdom of the multitude, much less its omniscience, but the pressing necessity of devising some crude makeshift whereby decisions can be reached which the people will accept. In other words, democracy is a form of government that goes through the gestures of obeisance to popular sovereignty. A presidential election is merely our modern and highly refined substitute for the ancient revolution, a mobilization of opposing forces, a battle of the ins against the outs, with leaders and strategy and campaign chests and all the other paraphernalia of civil war, but without bodily violence to the warriors. This refinement of the struggle for political control, this transition from bullets to ballots, is perhaps the greatest

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contribution of modern times to the progress of civilization.

Public opinion does not follow the dictates of human reason, for if it did it would have some degree of stability, which it has not. It obeys what we may call, for lack of a better name, the 'law of the pendulum,' swinging from one extreme to another, with almost mathematical regularity. The public temper moves from conservatism to radicalism and back again with a precision that can be almost accurately predicted in advance. At one moment it craves strong and assertive leadership; but give the public what it craves and the people resent being led and demand a return to normalcy. Look over the list of American presidents during the past forty years and note the unfailing regularity with which strong men have been followed by weak, and weak presidents by strong. It is not reason that controls this swing of the pendulum, but emotionalism, the desire for change, the disinclination to be content with anything that is.

'Who rules England?' asked a Stuart satirist. 'The King rules England, of course.' 'But who rules the King?' 'The Duke.' 'Who rules the Duke?' 'The Devil.' And so it is public opinion that rules in a democracy, and propaganda makes public opinion, and the politicians make the propaganda.

IV

We come to the fourth commandment: 'Ours must be a government of laws, not of men.' Free people must be subject only to laws of their own making, and never to the discretionary power of officials, whether elective or appointive, for official discretion is the essence of tyranny. So, indeed, it was written by the Fathers in the *Federalist.*

But no government ever has been or ever can be a government of laws alone. Laws are inanimate things. They have no motion of their own. Like clocks, they go from the motion that men give them. They must be interpreted, applied, and enforced by human agencies. Hence every government must be to a large extent a government of men, no matter what our delusions to the contrary may be. And the more complicated our civilization becomes, the more essential it is to widen the range of administrative discretion and to have a government of men. This broadening has been going on at a rapid rate in all branches of American government during the past few decades, and the end is not yet. We have, in fact, departed far from the old order.

Our tenacious belief in a government of laws has had one obvious result. It has resulted in an outpouring of laws the like of which the world has never seen elsewhere. There are various estimates of the total number of laws and ordinances now operative in the United States, but these estimates are mere guesswork, because nobody has ever attempted to count them all. We do know, however, that there are now on the statute books of the nation and the states no fewer than twenty thousand laws relating to the railroads alone. Thomas Jefferson once asserted that a government was best when it governed least. What would he say, were he to rise from his grave and survey a government which practises the principle of noninterference to the tune of twenty thousand statutes affecting a single branch of our transportation system?

Our Federal and state laws are increasing at the rate of about ten thousand a year. It takes no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five printed volumes to hold our regular output of statutes, not to speak of almost as many more to contain the decisions of the courts interpreting these statutes.

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Think of the New York policeman who carries in his pockets a list of the sixteen thousand ordinances and regulations which he is expected to enforce. Your answer is that he does not enforce five per cent of them, and you are right. He is merely the sauntering symbol of our helplessness in dealing with the problems which life in a great urban community brings with it.

Our zeal for the making of laws has been matched by our lack of success in enforcing them. That is not surprising, for the average citizen has only a limited amount of time and thought for public affairs. If he bestows it on the task of getting laws made, he has none left for the much more difficult job of seeing that they are enforced. Our people keep a far closer watch on legislatures and city councils than on police courts and district attorneys' offices and parole boards. The consequence is that a large part of the energy expended in lawmaking goes for nought. Much has been written upon the ways of securing a better enforcement of the laws of the land. But the first essential step in that direction, as I see it, must be a reorientation in the mind of the ordinary citizen. He must be brought to realize that when a law is passed the job is only half done, or less than half done. He must be induced to think in terms of a government of men. Until he does this, all other remedies for laxity in law enforcement will carry him but a little way.

V

Let me invite attention to another aspect of our political life and to some widespread misconceptions relating to it — namely, the party system. Nowhere does the fundamentalist character of our political creed disclose itself more plainly than here. A political party is commonly defined as a large group of men and women who profess allegiance to common principles and who think alike on public questions. We are asked to believe, in fact, that voters choose a political party as the outcome of their own thought and reflection. In reality this is very seldom the case. Far more often the voter's allegiance to a political party is the result of his ancestry, or his occupation, or his personal associations, or something else that is largely irrelevant to his own rational processes. Most men and women inherit their party affiliations. They are creatures of the Mendelian law. They are Republicans or Democrats because their fathers and grandfathers were, although they do not like to be told this truth. If one takes the country as a whole, it is within bounds to say that at least sixty per cent of the active electorate is strictly 'regular' in its party allegiance. Irrespective of issues or personalities, the partisan loyalty of these groups is almost absolutely dependable. Some of these voters — yes, thousands of them — would support Beelzebub for governor, with the right tag pinned on him. It is not that these men and women 'think alike'; many of them do not think at all.

When you consider the realities and not merely the philosophy of our party system, you will find that unity of thought and allegiance to common principles is about the last thing that a party organization possesses. Glance for a moment at our two major organizations of to-day. The Democratic Party is made up of two outstanding elements: namely, the solid South and a large, widely scattered following in the North and West, particularly in the industrial cities. These two elements have virtually nothing in common. The Southern Democracy is largely native-born, Protestant, conservative, agricultural, and bone-dry. The Northern

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wing of the party is, by contrast, very largely of foreign birth or descent, diverse in religion, predominantly industrial in occupation, more radical in its point of view, and wringing wet on one of the main issues of the day. What a travesty on truth to say that here is an organization whose members profess common principles and think alike on public questions! To make any such assertion is to use the terms in a strictly Pickwickian sense. The affair in Madison Square Garden two years ago showed us what men who 'think alike' can do when they come together.

Nor is the situation in the Republican Party substantially different. It is merely that here the cleavage is East and West, not North and South. The G. O. P. is also a composite of two great elements that have little in common. The Eastern wing of the Republican Party, resting on New England and Pennsylvania, is heavily — but of course not wholly — industrial, strongly protectionist, and desirous not only of getting back to normalcy but of staying there. But as you move toward the Republican Middle West, Northwest, and Far West, you find the party taking on a bucolic color. Its attitude on public questions tends to centre around the interests of agriculture, and it can be counted upon to insurge whenever the price of wheat goes down. This Western section of the party is more radical, — or more progressive, if you prefer that term, — and its inclination to bolt from the paths of party regularity gives the Republican leaders perpetual concern. So there is no approach to unity of thought in the ranks of either organization.

What, then, of the party creed, the national platform to which members of the party are assumed to give their allegiance? True enough, the ostensible purpose of a party platform is to set forth foundations of belief and to enunciate a programme. But read one of these documents and you will find that this is precisely what a party platform, in its most important planks, is very careful not to do. Take the tariff issue, for example. Here is what the Republican national platform of 1924 said about the tariff: —

> We believe in protection as a national policy, with due and equal regard to all sections and to all classes. It is only by adherence to such a policy that the well-being of the consumers can be safeguarded, that there can be assured to American agriculture, to American labor, and to American manufacturers, a return to perpetuate American standards of life.

Mark the solicitude for everything and everybody: for the consumer and producer, for the farmer, the industrial worker, and the employer. The Republican Party pledges us a tariff that will be equally beneficent to buyer and seller, to agriculture and to industry, to North, South, East, and West alike. Surely that pledge pays a poor tribute to the economic sagacity of a practical people, for no tariff equally advantageous to all classes and sections ever has been or ever can be framed.

But the Democratic Party did not propose to be outdone by any such compendious appeal, and its national platform of 1924 promptly countered with the following more concise but equally alluring assurance: —

> We pledge ourselves to adjust the tariff so that the farmer and all other classes can buy again in a competitive manufacturers' market.

There is a special appeal to the farmer here, to the discontented Republican farmer in particular, but you will observe that 'all other classes' are not forgotten. Indeed, the distinguishing mark of each plank in a party platform is its universality of appeal and its all-

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inclusive promises. The party platform may embody a creed, but it is one that promises salvation to all.

VI

And so I might go on to the last verse in our political Pentateuch. 'With words we govern men,' Disraeli once said, and he was well practised in the art of government. Words and phrases have often been more influential than ideas in shaping the course of public administration. Nevertheless we are making progress. We are becoming less deferential to the platitudes than we used to be. A generation ago there was hardly anyone bold enough to question the time-hallowed doctrine of checks and balances in government. It was regarded as the shield and buckler of all true democracy. To-day it is not only assailed from many quarters, but in the field of municipal government it is being widely abandoned. The marvel to me is that any race of men, in their senses, should have chosen this extraordinary principle as one on which to base their government.

Some years ago I took a walking trip through southern Ireland. I noticed a good many goats in the fields, but always in pairs, tied to each other. Wondering why this should be the case, I asked an Irish farmer the reason. He was amazed at my lack of sophistication in animal husbandry.

'They're tied to each other so that they won't wander away,' he said.

'But I don't see the point,' was my reply. 'Why can't two goats wander away as well as one?'

'They can't, and they won't,' he said, with true Hibernian emphasis, 'for one goat will never go where the other wants to go, and the result is that they just stay around where they are.'

Then, for the first time, there dawned on me the psychological basis of the principle of checks and balances in government. Just hitch the executive and legislative branches of your government together in such a way that the one can never go anywhere without the other, and you may safely count upon both staying just where they are. This would be all right if the chief end of government were to maintain the status quo; but it is not. The chief end of a government is to promote progress, and no doctrine of checks and balances will ever conduce effectively toward that end.

In brief, then, the time has come to reëxamine most of these maxims and postulates and aphorisms which are believed to embody true principles of democratic government. For it is only by renewing the foundations of the commonwealth that the permanence of a government can be assured. Ten years ago we talked gallantly of making the world safe for democracy. But the world can never be made safe for any system of government that does not rest on a rational basis, and our first task is to rationalize it in the minds of our own people. What we most need, therefore, is that the oncoming generation shall make war on fundamentalism in politics, just as scholars of the past generation have assailed fundamentalism in religion. That is one of the many herculean tasks that we pass along to the college graduates of to-day.

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SMALL MEMORIES

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I. A DESERT TOWN

ALTHOUGH it had a name on the map of a transcontinental railroad, it could hardly be called a town. There were a combined general store and restaurant in an unpainted shack with a false front, a small brick depot, three ancient box cars converted into dwellings for the Mexican section hands and their families, a railway water tank, and nothing else. Eastward and westward the rails stretched without a curve across the desert to horizons that seemed immeasurably distant. A branch line ran off in a northerly direction to some mines hidden in a range of mountains sixty miles away. These mountains, for all their remoteness, were outlined in such purity of detail that one would have thought them within easy walking distance.

There was a slight stir in the settlement when the section hands came in for their midday meal — a stir of movement only, not of sound. The men dispersed to their houses without a word, moving as noiselessly as their shadows over the deep sand. I had my lunch — some tinned salmon and hard biscuits — at the restaurant, which was kept by an elderly Chinaman. He looked on with interest while I ate, and at length, when I put down my knife and fork, 'You finish?' he asked eagerly. I nodded. He scraped the remnants of food from my plate into a pan which he then carried to a pig dejectedly nosing among clumps of sagebrush at the rear of the building. I have never seen a bonier animal; its ribs seemed on the point of bursting through the tightly stretched hide. It made short work of the scraps. The Chinaman then scraped out the empty salmon tin, cut it open with a pair of heavy scissors, and, having carefully trimmed and flattened out the strip of metal, placed it with a stack of others on a shelf behind the counter.

'What are you going to do with those?' I asked.

'Bimeby make little house keep sun off pig,' he replied.

At one o'clock the section hands went away again down the main line. I watched their hand car dwindling and dwindling until it vanished in the sparkle of light where the two lines of rails seemed to meet.

The station agent, a man with watery blue eyes, a prominent Adam's apple, and a wrinkled, leathery skin, sat in his office reading a 'story magazine.' It was a grimy, tattered copy, so well thumbed that the pages were as limp as dishcloths. The agent wet his finger as he turned them. Now and then the telegraph instrument clickety-clicked for a moment or two, throwing out minute, hard pellets of sound that impinged sharply on the eardrums. Presently the telephone rang. It rang again, more insistently. The agent, still reading, took his feet from the table and groped for the receiver.

'Yeah?' he said, and waited. . . . 'Yeah.' . . . 'Yeah.'

He hung up the receiver and resumed his reading.

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I strolled a little way down the track, but the glare of the sun on the sand was too blinding to be endured for long. My eyes ached and my skin felt parched and dry. The only shade the settlement afforded at that early hour of the afternoon was a circular patch under the water tank. Several swarthy children were gathered there. One of them, a boy of seven or eight, held a tin cup under a damp spot in the planking where the water seeped through. It dripped — *ping, ping, ping* — into the cup, very slowly. When a little had collected in the bottom of it, the boy drained it at a gulp and reluctantly gave place to another youngster. It made me thirsty to watch them.

After a while a woman appeared in the doorway of one of the box-car houses and looked down the track to the eastward, shading her eyes with her hand. Following her gaze I saw a black speck no larger than a pinhead, which I at first thought was the hand car returning, but it grew too rapidly for that. Then four tiny puffs of steam emerged from it, and long afterward the sound of a whistle reached us: a deep-toned *woo-o-o-o, woo-o-o-o, woo-woo-o-o-o,* so faint that it scarcely ruffled the surface of that immense pool of silence; but the children at the water tank heard it and came running to the station. One little girl remained behind to hold the tin cup under the leak. The old Chinaman shuffled along the platform, drew back into the meagre strip of shadow made by the overhanging eaves, and stood gazing pensively at his slippers. The station agent came to the doorway and leaned against the lintel, one leg crossed over the other.

The train thundered by at tremendous speed. I had a glimpse of blurred faces at blurred windows, and of a glassed-in observation platform vanishing at once in a cloud of dust.

When I took my hands from my face the dust was settling again. High in air a fragment of colored newspaper was rising and falling in the windy wake of the train. It fluttered slowly down, dancing over the sand before coming to rest. The children ran to fetch it at once. They spread it out on a baggage truck, examining the pictures — it was a comic supplement — with grave, interested faces.

The stump of a lighted cigar which someone had thrown from the train was lying by the side of the track, sending up a thin ribbon of smoke. One of the Mexican women noticed it from afar and came to pick it up. She pinched out the fire, crumbled the tobacco between her palms, rolled part of it into a cigarette, and placed the rest in the pocket of her apron.

One other bit of treasure-trove, the core of an apple, was found by the old Chinaman's pig. It consumed this delicacy with an expression of pure sensual enjoyment comical to behold.

The station agent stood motionless in the doorway, picking his teeth with a match stick, gazing absent-mindedly after the train, which was now miles away. He watched it disappear over the rim of the world, then returned to his office, put on his green eye shade, and again settled himself to his reading. He was still reading when I passed his window an hour later.

'How 's the local train?' I asked. 'On time?'

'Yeah,' he replied, without looking up.

Nothing, not even breath, was wasted in that lonely desert town.

II. AND POINTS WEST

I left New York in an agreeable frame of mind. I had a railroad ticket to San Francisco, a steamship ticket from that port to a group of Pacific

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islands four thousand miles farther on, and nearly eight hundred dollars in cash. Wheels would be turning and propellers spinning under me for many days; I was going from winter to perpetual summer, and by husbanding my resources I could loaf, if I chose, for two or three months after arriving at my destination, one of the authentic ends of the earth. There was reason for contentment, and as I watched the snowy landscape flowing past I considered myself a fortunate man.

But the mood changed before we had reached the Ohio boundary. The Christmas season was responsible for that. The train was filled with students homeward bound from Eastern colleges and universities, young fathers and mothers with small eager children on the way to family reunions — all sorts and conditions of people with expressions of happy anticipation on their faces. There was a holiday, home-going spirit in the air and it aroused in me a feeling of loneliness.

For I was merely traveling, as I had long been doing, from one place to another, from one group of strangers to another group. I was not, to be sure, weary of travel. On the contrary, pleasure in movement and in change of scene was keener if anything than it had ever been. 'But it may be,' I thought, 'that satiety is not far distant. It may come at any moment, and what is to be done then?' One could hardly expect to find lifelong enjoyment in wandering, and meanwhile I was not forming those close associations, either with places or with people, which are said to be the consolation of one's later years. My allegiance was to the world at large — a world too large, perhaps, even in these days, to be faithful to. Assuredly faithfulness could not be expected from it. Where was home to me? I could think of a dozen places that might have been, but of none that was. This was all very well for the present, but what of twenty years, thirty years hence? Where would 1960 find me? Hobbling in to the table d'hôte of some dingy Paris pension? Playing solitaire in front of a clubroom fire? So I mused as the train sped westward and people around me were talking joyfully of home.

We arrived at Chicago on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. I decided to remain there over Christmas Day and, forgetting my resolve to husband resources, I chose as a stopping place a large, luxurious-looking hotel on the lake front. That evening I went to a theatre. Afterward I had supper in a deserted hotel grillroom. Then to bed in my sixteenth-floor eyrie.

It was a raw, gray Christmas, with low-hanging clouds shaking out damp flakes of snow, melting as they fell. From my window I could see the glistening tops of a few taxicabs drawn up at the curb. There was almost no pedestrian traffic. The avenue, as far as I could see in either direction, was black, wet, and empty.

Flop! Something was dropped outside my door. It was a morning paper. Far in the distance down the green-carpeted passageway a man or a boy — I could not be sure which — dropped other papers at the doors of a few occupied rooms. Picking up mine, I found attached to it a small white card with 'Good Morning!' printed on it. Under this was another card, decorated with a sprig of printed holly and bearing the inscription, 'Merry Christmas!'

I winced. The greeting was well meant, no doubt, but it was too impersonal, and it seemed even less personal when I remembered that this hotel was one of many under the same management to be found in cities scattered all over the continent. I could imagine some super proprietor-in-chief, in New York perhaps, issuing

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orders several weeks earlier to the effect that 'On Christmas Day the season's greetings, in the form of neatly printed cards, will be extended to the guests in all of our hotels. These will be distributed with the newspapers, and are in addition to the usual "Good Morning" cards.' I tried without success to humanize this greeting. It depressed rather than comforted me to be wished a Merry Christmas by a chain of hotels.

I decided to have breakfast in my room and ordered it by telephone. A voice at the other end of the wire said, 'Yes, sir; very good, sir,' and a few moments later, while I was having my bath, someone knocked. 'Come in!' I called — the outer door had been left ajar. I hurried into my dressing gown, but when I came from the bathroom I found the table laid and breakfast awaiting me. Whoever had brought it had gone. I was greatly disappointed, for I felt the need of talking to someone, and a newspaper is a poor companion of a Christmas morning. However, it served as well as it could while I breakfasted. The food was excellent, and each lump of sugar on the silver platter was separately wrapped, with the name of the hotel stamped in gold, on blue paper.

Meanwhile the snow had turned to rain, which was falling in a fine drizzle. The hotel was so vast that I decided to have a morning constitutional indoors. As I came from my room someone was entering one a few doors farther down. I saw a withdrawing trouser leg and a patent-leather shoe; then the door closed with a dull boom. That was as much as I saw of any guest during my morning walk.

My feet sank noiselessly into the thick carpet. I went on and on, past innumerable doors, and at length, upon turning a distant corner, I was slightly startled at observing a woman seated in a small niche there. She was an elderly woman, dressed in black, with immaculate collar and cuffs. Her back was toward me, but I had a glimpse of an expressionless face reflected from a mirror. I then noticed that two mirrors hung in front of her in such a position that she commanded a view down the length of both corridors. There was a telephone on a small table beside her. She sat quite motionless, her hands folded in her lap. I started to speak, thought better of it, and went on.

On the floor below there was another woman seated at a corresponding corner in the hallway, and dressed in precisely the same fashion, and yet another on the floor below that. There must have been eighteen or twenty of them in all — one for each floor. I suppose their duties were to direct the maid service, and to keep watch and report any suspicious-looking prowlers along the hallways. One of them looked at me rather suspiciously, I thought. The others gave me, by way of their mirrors, such brief, impersonal glances that any desire I may have had to wish them a Merry Christmas was stillborn. I was glad, afterward, that I had refrained. It would have been a tactless wish. Who could have a Merry Christmas in a hotel corridor?

I walked down to the street floor — thirty-two flights of steps — and returned by elevator. My bed had been made and the room tidied during my absence. A hand bag I had left open in the middle of the floor was on the luggage stand, and my typewriter was placed by the side of the writing desk where clean new pens and penholders seemed to be saying, 'Use us!' and snowy sheets of hotel stationery, 'Write on us!' But I didn't feel like writing, the place was so depressingly neat and orderly — like a show bedroom in a furniture dealer's display window.

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From afar, through the closed door, I heard the faint moaning of a vacuum cleaner. 'Lord!' I thought. 'What a wretched life, this perpetual moving from place to place! How could I ever have believed that it had attraction?' Here I was, on Christmas Day, alone, among strangers, with the dreary prospect of a hotel dinner before me! Well, I should have to get through it, somehow. It occurred to me that it might be advisable to write after all. I might compose a 'whimsical' article on 'The Joys of Wandering.' The time would pass more quickly, and perhaps, later, I could sell the article for a sum equal to my hotel bill. So, placing the table by the window, I got out my typewriter, and began: —

I have often wondered at the disfavor with which hotels are regarded by the generality of men. Forced, upon occasion, to resort to them, they do so with an air of melancholy, melancholy to behold. They seem to have lost — if ever they have had — the faculty to enjoy their moments of freedom from the humdrum of settled domestic life. The blood of nomadic ancestors has long since been bred out of them; they are never so miserable as when compelled to sleep in a strange bed, and it is curious that this should have come to pass in an age when the opportunities for travel are as varied and pleasant as the inns where one may refresh one's self at the end of a journey.

I am glad that in this respect I am not as other men, for, being by profession an itinerant journalist, movement is of course necessary to me, and under favorable conditions a hotel of sorts awaits me nightly. You may have seen me, at one time or another, passing through some hotel lobby, with a small scuffed traveling bag in one hand and a portable typewriter in a black cloth-covered case in the other, disappearing through the revolving doors with that peculiar dust-shaking movement of the feet common to itinerant journalists. Or, perhaps, hurrying along the gusty street to the bosom of your family on Thanksgiving or Christmas Day, you may have observed me — not without pity — dining alone in an otherwise deserted hotel restaurant. It is true that I am a homeless man, but no tears of self-commiseration fall upon the page as I write these words, for I am homeless by preference, by a choice long since made and adhered to with increasing satisfaction.

Were you to offer me, as a freehold in perpetuity, the most comfortable of homes, one functioning smoothly, with loyal domestics going smilingly about their tasks, and an agreeable wife awaiting my coming with her children — somehow *our* children, all past the age for childish complaints and diseases — grouped around her in front of the fire; if I were to be gifted with this ménage on the sole condition that I should manage it, 'No,' I would reply, without a moment's hesitation. 'No, no! I am extremely grateful to you, sir (or madam), but this one condition makes the acceptance of your generous gift impossible.' And why should I accept it when, at a nominal cost, all of these advantages, save only the doubtful one of the family, may be enjoyed at a hotel without further responsibility on my part or the least restriction on freedom of movement?

I was steadily gathering momentum, but upon reaching the bottom of the first page I made the mistake — always fatal to composition — of reading over what I had written. 'Rubbish!' I said. 'And furthermore there's not a word of truth in it!' I crumpled the sheet and threw it into the waste-paper basket; but a moment later, prompted by the journalistic instinct, I fished it out again. Perhaps use could be found for it some day. Then I sat by the window, gazing at vacancy, trying to dream into existence the home and family I might have had, and the Christmas I might have been enjoying at that moment, while the vacuum cleaner went moaning past my door and on down the hallway as though it were a voice out of the aching void I felt within myself.

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The hotel dinner was even more solitary than I had imagined it would be. A few waiters stood against the walls in attitudes of deep meditation, or conversed in whispers behind their hands. There must have been several acres of table linen in the immense room; all of the tables were set, and, with the exception of three or four, unoccupied. Far in the distance an elderly man with a shining bald head, shining nose glasses, and mutton-chop whiskers was complaining to the head waiter about his food. I heard him say, 'Abominable! Old patron. I want you to see to it —' He had a shrill, peevish voice that cut through the deep silence like the droning of a gnat's wings.

After dinner I went to the hotel library, a large, comfortably furnished room with windows looking out on the lake front. By a happy chance I discovered there a copy of Captain Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone around the World*, one of the most fascinating books of travel I have ever read. Hours passed like minutes. I forgot that I was alone, that it was Christmas Day, and upon reaching the end of the story I regretted with all my heart that there was no more of it. It was then nine o'clock and my train for San Francisco was to leave at ten-thirty.

I took a taxicab to the La Salle Street station. Snow was falling again and a cold wind swept through the empty streets. The station was warm and brilliantly lighted, and a crowd of incoming passengers was entering from the train shed, where the lines of rails gleamed like silver in the light of the arc lamps. An engine was panting quietly after its long journey — a deep, measured *tsoo-tsoo, tsoo-tsoo,* streaked with threadlike lines of metallic sound.

I had had no supper, so I went into the lunchroom for a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk. Whether it was the refreshment, or merely the fact that I was again in a railroad station, I can't say, but certain it is that the last vestiges of my melancholy mood vanished at once. Then, of a sudden the walls and lofty ceilings of the waiting room echoed and reëchoed with a clear call that sounded like music in my ears: —

All aboard!
Ten-thirty Rock Island tra-ain!
Mo-line,
Rock Is-land,
Dav-en-port,
I-o-way Ci-ty,
Des Moines,
Coun-cil Bluffs,
O-ma-ha,
Lin-coln,
Ma-has-ka,
Belle-ville,
Man-ka-to,
Co-lo-rado Springs,
Denver,
And points we-e-st!
Train now ready on track fo-o-our!

The mere enumeration of those westward-reaching towns made the pulses leap. It was poetry to me — a 'Song for Wanderers' in the finest sense. One would have said that a great portal had been flung open upon an immeasurable expanse of snow-covered prairie, of plains, of desert country, of cloud-shouldering mountains falling away to the sea, blue and sparkling in morning sunlight. Picking up my traveling bag and the portable typewriter in the black cloth-covered case, I joined the stream of travelers filing through the gates to the waiting train.

'Tired of wandering?' I said to myself. 'Far from it! Not yet at any rate. Not while there are still Points West.'

III. INDIAN COUNTRY

A traveling salesman whom I met on the train assured me with enthusiasm that it was 'the best, busiest little city

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west of the Mississippi,' and perhaps it was, and is, from a commercial point of view. From any other, in so far as I could judge after a five hours' visit, it seemed to have but small claim to distinction. Indeed, there was nothing, not even a name, to distinguish it as a Western town, and a chance visitor, had he been set down blindfold in the main business thoroughfare, might easily have thought it a street in Albany, or Dayton, Ohio, or Indianapolis, or Los Angeles, or Atlanta, Georgia.

It was a busy place — there was no doubt of that — and growing rapidly, but to me it seemed mere rank increase without order or design, and one would have said that here dreary uniformity was something inherent in the principle of growth. It met the eye on every hand, and in the residence districts the machine-made individuality of the houses was even more depressing. Most of them, evidently, had been turned out wholesale by real-estate promoters. Dwellings of precisely the same design appeared again and again in street after street, and the same want of imagination was apparent in the public and semipublic buildings. The post office was in the Colonial style and looked as out of place in the setting as the city hall — a replica, with certain bizarre concessions to utility, of a Grecian temple. One of the Protestant churches, an enormous structure of yellow brick, was flanked by two squat towers surmounted by green domes. What sort of men, I wondered, were the City Fathers who permitted such things?

Then it occurred to me that there were no City Fathers any more in such towns as this. Perhaps there never had been. The development of the country had been too rapid. Migration had followed migration in quick succession; the population was still fluid, and, like water, its only business was to spread, to fill, and, rising to certain levels, to flow on.

I walked for miles over stone-covered prairie where, within the memory of living men, the buffalo had roamed. The business streets were lined with motor cars and filled with shoppers. Caught for a moment in a cross-street crush, I heard a fragment of conversation between two women behind me.

'What'll we do now?' asked one.

'I'm kinda tired, ain't you?' replied the other. 'Let's go sit in a movie.'

Having nothing better to do, I too acted upon this suggestion. The theatre was well filled even at that hour of the morning, and as I glanced at the rows of pale, expressionless faces behind me, faintly illuminated by the light from the screen, it seemed to me that all those people, like the two women whose conversation I had heard, must have come there merely to sit. The film was an utterly banal one, having nothing to commend it but the excellence of the photography. Part after part was reeled off, and one longed and half hoped for some demonstration on the part of the audience, some active protest against such an insult to common intelligence; but the rows of pale faces showed neither pleasure nor displeasure, neither amusement nor boredom, as though the minds behind them were as blank as they.

I left at the conclusion of the fifth part and resumed my aimless wanderings. Here and there, on side streets, I came upon buildings remaining, undoubtedly, from the early period of settlement. They had an appearance of immemorial antiquity, but this, I realized, was merely by reason of the contrast with the modern buildings around them, and because of the vast changes which had taken place, both fundamentally and in the externals, in American life since the beginning of the new century.

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There was nothing, certainly, in the appearance of the principal hotel to remind one of pioneer days. It was a fourteen-story building with the date 1920 on the corner stone. Over the main entrance hung a large sign: —

WELCOME TO THE INTERSTATE RETAIL CLOTHING DEALERS' ASSOCIATION!

CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS

Being tired after my long walk, I went in there to rest. The walls of the spacious lobby were covered with convention signs and advertisements of clothing, underwear, hosiery, and haberdashery of all sorts, and a throng of delegates wearing badges were listening or not, as they chose, to a concert of popular dance music furnished by radio from Kansas City.

I bought a local paper at the news stand and sat down to glance through it. It was the kind of paper to be found everywhere in these days, with syndicated news columns, syndicated comic strips, syndicated editorials. Even the local news struck me as being the same local news I had read while passing through other American cities on my way westward. The Y. M. C. A. was making a drive for funds for a new building; a valuable property in the heart of the retail district had just been sold; the mayor had extended the freedom of the city to the members of the Retail Clothing Dealers' Association, and so forth. I was about to lay the paper aside when my eye caught the heading of a column on an inside page: 'Fifty Years Ago: Items from the old *Weekly Gazette* for July 1872.'

Frank Holliday has sold his holdings on the north branch of the Smoky River and is going on west. He says this country is getting too settled-up to suit him. Frank is one of those men who have to have at least thirty miles of breathing room all their own in order to feel comfortable. He's aiming now, he says, for the other side of the Rockies. . . .

A nest of rattlers was routed out from under the floor of the Plain Dealer saloon yesterday. The largest measured four feet, two and one half inches. Some of the boys played a joke on Joe McCracken, who was having a comfortable snooze at one of the tables in the Plain Dealer. They coiled up the dead snakes on the floor beside him, and when he woke up he gave a yell you could have heard all the way to St. Louis. Joe thought he 'had 'em again.' . . .

On Monday negotiations were at last opened up with the Indians of the Smoky River reservation for the disposal of their lands to the United States Government. Colonel George Godfrey and J. C. Appleby, acting for Uncle Sam, met the Indians in the grove of cottonwoods a mile east of town. They explained to the chiefs why the Government was making this request for purchase. Homesteaders are coming into the Smoky River Valley in increasing numbers, and it is only a matter of a few years before the country will be filled with settlers and the reservation completely surrounded. For this reason, the Government, having in mind the Indians' own welfare, urged them to move to a fine site already chosen for a new reservation four hundred miles farther west, where they can live in peace and quiet.

The Indians, according to the usual custom, made their replies the following day. Most of them were firmly opposed to moving on. Chief Gray Wolf's speech, which is a fair sample of the others, was as follows: —

'I heard what you said. I don't want to give up my lands. This country is like my mother. She has fed me and my children. When you moved us across the Missouri you said this valley was to be ours forever. You told us to build fences. You told us to plant corn. We did what you said. Now you want us to move again. It seems to me we have no home and you will always be driving us farther away from the lands of our fathers. We have gone far enough. I don't want to give up my lands. I want to stay here.'

While we appreciate the Indians' point of view, they cannot be allowed to stand in the way of progress. We hope, and believe, that our government agents will bring such

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pressure to bear as is needful for their removal from this rapidly developing country.

Under this, the present editor of the paper had appended the following note: —

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that the hopes of the editor of the old *Weekly Gazette* were realized. The site of the cottonwood grove where this historic meeting was held is now in the very heart of the city and is occupied by the New Jefferson hotel.

Luncheon was being served in the hotel dining room, and the crowd in the lobby began to thin out. A bell boy passed, calling, 'Mr. Goldberg, please! Mr. Goldberg, please!' with passionless insistence, and a man with a huge paunch and a shining red jowl, who was being massaged and manicured at the same time in the hotel barber shop, raised his head and shouted, 'Here, boy!' Several commercial travelers were shaking dice and exchanging banter with the girl at the cigar stand. From a near-by alcove came the busy clacking of the public stenographer's typewriter. A telephone rang in the long-distance booth. A guest sitting beside me, who had been waiting for the call, opened the door and took down the receiver.

'Hello. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Hello! Is that you, Sam? Say, this is Charlie. How 's every little thing in St. Jo? What? Yeah, I 'm down here for the convention. Look here, Sam, I thought I 'd call you up about that —'

The door of the booth slammed and I heard no more.

The Indians had passed on — no doubt of that. But it was hard even to imagine that they had ever been within a thousand miles, or years, of that spot.

THE FIERY CROSS

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

I

Old Flo was in the kitchen, eating, not bread and honey, but coffee soup, which was simply bread dipped in coffee. It was of all viands most admirable, furnishing both stimulation and a solvent for bread no longer edible without softening.

The kitchen, which was also parlor and bedroom, contained a stove, a table, two chairs, one of them broken, a bed made up on the floor, and the iron frame of a cot hung on the wall. Drinking her soup, Flo contemplated the iron frame and commented upon it aloud as was her wont. She was very short, very thin, very black, and almost toothless. Her voice was soft and beautifully modulated, and all harsh sounds had long since been elided. There was in it now a tremor which was either of weakness or of fright. The skin on her little face quivered; her hands shook.

'Ladies ob de Gettysburg Red Cross' — the emphasis was on the 'red,' as though there were ladies of other sorts

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of crosses — 'Ladies ob de Red Cross done bring me dat bed. But I ain' got no use for a high bed, 'cept to crawl beneaf. Ise got a floor bed what's good enough fo' me. All I wants' — a profound shiver set her body quivering — 'all I wants is peace an' plenty. Plenty I has now, but it won' las' long. When de col' winds blow an' I ain' got wood fo' mah fiah or food fo' mah mouf, den I ain' got plenty. An' peace! I ain' got no peace whatsoevah! Ise got de terro' — dat's what Ise got! Terro' in mah haid and in mah haht, an' in' — Flo essayed to rise, but sat down with a thud — 'an' in mah bones. Heah I is, one hundred an' twenty yeahs in dis wo'ld, an' I ain' nebber yet been 'fraid o' nobody, an' now Ise 'fraid to deaf. Ise 'fraid to go to bed, Ise 'fraid to get up, Ise 'fraid to stay in de house, Ise 'fraid to go out.'

There was a knock on the door and Flo clutched the table. The knock was furtive, as though the arrival were afraid also.

'It's me, Aunt Flo!' said a woman's voice. 'Let me in!'

Flo uttered a long sigh of relief and tottered toward the door. She did not have many visitors. The sensible members of her own race let her alone as she wished to be let alone, and the foolish stood in awe of her. In her own house, her head uncovered, she was the least dangerous of all human creatures, but dressed for the street, a staff in her hand, her bright eyes peering from a cavernous sunbonnet, she had a witch-like appearance.

The visitor, admitted after a bolt had been slipped, a key turned, and a chain drawn back, was a young woman, Annie Garrett, who lived next door. She was much lighter in color than Flo and she had a pretty face and a shapely body. Far from being pure African, she spoke a language less soft and sweet than Flo's. She came in and closed the door, and Flo locked and bolted and chained it.

'They's beginnin' to come in, Aunt Flo!' she gasped. She sat down on Flo's chair as though she could no longer stand. 'We's goin' to lock ourselves in the house and stay there from now on. They's comin' into the Square in droves.'

'Oh, I guess not!' Flo always took a lofty tone with the Garretts.

'They is! They has signs on their autos, crosses an' words that don' mean nothin' to mos' folks, like "Kiggy."'

'Kiggy!' repeated Flo scornfully. The word had a dreadful sound. She was frightened almost to the point of dying, but she determined not to acknowledge it.

'Yes, K-I-G-Y, Kiggy. A-K-I-A is another word they has. There'll be ten thousand of 'em. They're tentin' on the hill and there they holds their convocation.'

'"Kiggy" means nothin' — 'xactly nothin'.' Flo tried to control the tremor of her cheeks.

'It means kill, burn, destroy — that's what it means!' gasped Annie. 'I heard tell of 'em. They comes from war times. They rides on hosses with white robes trailin' round 'em, an' they has long tongues an' firey eyes. Some of 'em needs only to look at you, an' spang! you dies.'

'Dat was ol' times,' said Flo.

'It'll be again,' insisted Annie. 'By night the town'll be so full you can't breathe. Then's when they'll do their work.'

'Den's when dey'll be caught!' answered Flo. 'Ain' we got no policeman?'

'We got only one policeman,' said Annie. 'You know that. What good is one policeman in this big place? How could he stop the killing at the end of York Street if he was first called to Seminary Ridge? How could he' —

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Annie began to gesticulate, pointing now this way, now that — 'how could he save your life in your house if he was savin' someone's life four blocks away? How could he look after you at this end of the Long Lane if he was lookin' after bedridden Pete Evans at the other and savin' him from their claws? How —' Suddenly Annie uttered an hysterical shriek.

'You quiet yo'self,' ordered Flo. 'You asks how can de police save me in mah house? Ise not goin' to be in mah house.'

'Where you goin'? You can't run away. They's all about the town an' they'll round you up.'

'Ise not goin' to leab de town,' answered Flo with dignity. 'No Cluckses can dribe me from mah town where I libed a hundred years. I ain' goin' to leab de limits. Heah I votes and heah I stays.'

'You're going to hide, though!'

'Hide? No, Ise not goin' to hide. I has my frien's an' I has de Lo'd. De Lo'd took care of me fru frien's and I trusts Him an' I trusts dem. Ise goin' out to collect as usual from de good families. If I needs to, I stops in and visits.'

'The good families!' mocked Annie. 'Lots they care for poor colored people!'

'Dey cares fo' me,' said Flo. 'De good families, dey jest waits on me.'

'You're not going uptown!'

'Yes, I is. Ise not 'fraid. I'll see dem in dey robes! I'll look dem in de eye!' Flo's own eyes flamed, but in her mouth there was a soft sound which would have been called chattering if she had been equipped for chattering. 'Ise not 'fraid.'

'They's death on Jews,' declared Annie.

'I ain' no Jew,' said Flo. 'But de Jews is good people.'

'And on Catholics.'

'I ain' no Catholic,' said Flo. 'But de Catholics is good people. Dey often helps me out.'

'But it's the colored people they hates.' Again Annie was working herself up to an hysterical climax. 'They turns green when they sees 'em, they hates 'em so.'

'I ain' 'fraid of 'em,' declared Flo. 'Let 'em turn green or yallow as dey pleases. Now, Annie, you go an' hide yo'self in yo' house. Ise got to make mah preparations.'

II

Having triple-locked the door, Flo sank down in her chair.

'Ise goin' out because Ise 'fraid to stay in,' she confessed. 'I'd as soon stay heah an' be killed as go out, but I guess Ise safer out. Ise goin' to de Squah. Dere once Abe Lincoln looked out de window and bress me. Dere mah frien's can see me and de Jedge can see me and de Lo'd lookin' down from Heaven can see me in de open spaces. Best of all, dere de man what fetches me to vote can see me. He ain' goin' to let me be sacrificed like de goat or de lamb, not when he thinks enough of me to fetch me to vote in he auto.' For an instant Flo's eyes were dreamy. 'I suah do like ridin' in he auto!'

The strong coffee began to have an effect and her courage returned.

'I puts mah tongue out at de Cluckses,' she said in a shrill voice.

Rising, she unbarred the door and looked out. Over her cabin spread a magnificent sycamore, through whose silver branches and green leaves she could see the blue sky.

'Sun's long past de meridium,' she muttered. 'Time to sta't.'

She took her shawl and sunbonnet from their hook behind the door.

'May not get back to-night. May have to sit on a bench all night.

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May have to stay till de Cluckses is all gone.'

She took from the corner her staff, which was almost as long as she was tall.

'I could swinge a couple of 'em anyhow,' she said. 'Knock dey heads off, I could. I will, too, 'fo' dey ties me to dey firey cross.' Into a deep pocket reënforced by several thicknesses of cloth she put a piece of bread; then she looked again round the tiny room, tears running down her deeply furrowed cheeks. 'I certainly has a nice home.'

Shivering, she stepped out. She saw in imagination the street at night, filled with skulking figures, white-robed and masked, stealing from house to house, their light the blaze of a fiery cross. Trembling, she locked first her door, then a padlock. Into her deep pocket she dropped the two keys. The street was entirely deserted; all the windows were darkened. At the Garretts', next door, she saw a movement of the shade — they were watching her.

'Dey thinks Flo's done fo',' she said. 'Like's not dey's right.'

At the corner she came upon a group of colored children playing ring, but keeping a wary eye toward the centre of the town. She enjoyed the celerity with which they broke ranks and took refuge at a little distance, the look of awe with which they regarded her, even the crossed fingers behind their backs. They were desperately afraid of the Ku Klux, but they were more afraid of her. She grinned at them; it was absurd to fear mortals dressed in white robes with masks over their faces; it was still more absurd to fear her.

'Run! Dey'll catch you!' she said.

At the corner she met Jim Washington, also of her own race. He was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, but in him racial timidity persisted. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it. He too credited Flo with occult powers.

'Dey'll get you, Jim,' prophesied Flo cheerfully.

'Where you goin', Aunt Flo?'

'Ise goin' about mah business,' explained Flo. 'Ise callin' on mah frien's among de ol' families as usual. Mah bread is gone and I has no wood in mah pile fo' de wintah. Ise takin' de collection.'

'Ain't you afraid?'

'Ise 'fraid of nobody,' declared Flo. 'Talkin' big helps,' said she to herself.

At the next corner she met an acquaintance of the white race. She did not belong to the old families, and Flo treated her as an equal.

'The Ku Klux'll get you, Flo.'

'I puts my tongue out at de Cluckses,' said Flo. 'I — ' Without completing her sentence she walked away, putting out not her tongue but her hand. Coming toward her was Dr. Severan, who belonged to an old family and was one of her benefactors. She felt already the comfortable touch of his quarter, or perhaps even his half dollar.

'Well, Flo, not afraid of the Ku Klux?'

'No, sah.' Flo grinned. It was a half dollar. 'Not 'fraid of nobody.'

'That's right,' said Dr. Severan.

A second later Flo suffered a shock. She turned the corner and could look straight up the street toward the Square. Even here, three blocks from the centre of the town, no parking space remained, and the pavement was thronged with strangers wearing white badges. She could not see the Square plainly, but she believed that it was filled with white-robed figures.

'Dey's heah!' she said in a whisper. 'Dey's suah heah!'

She faltered and stood still — fear had her at last. Perhaps her cabin and extinction there were better than a death in the public arena. At least at home she would be on her own ground.

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'But I belongs in de town,' she muttered. 'I votes. I pays for de streets an' de 'lectric lights an' I pays for de policeman.' She took a step forward, keeping, as was her wont, to whatever part of the pavement suited her fancy.

The strangers looked at her curiously; to some who came from country districts far to the north a Negro was an uncommon sight. Almost anywhere Flo would have attracted attention. Her skirt trailed on the ground, her shawl was too large for her little frame, her face was invisible from all positions but the front, her large staff looked dangerous. She had a far more determined air than the visitors, some of whom had doubts as to the necessity of their organization. Others looked troubled at the state police who appeared walking innocently about.

Suddenly Flo's hand went out and she smiled her sweet, toothless smile. She had been oblivious to the stares of the strangers, but she was not oblivious to the glance of a pair of kind eyes. They belonged to the butcher who often supplied her basket with meat. As her hand went out, his went toward his pocket. He did not belong to an old family, but he had aristocratic instincts.

'Glad you're not afraid, Flo.'

''Fraid!' mocked Flo. 'Not I!'

But in an instant Flo was afraid. The butcher passed on, strangers surrounded her, and a gigantic and spectral creature came toward her, tall and broad, robed in white, a mask over his face, the aperture for the mouth cut in a fantastic shape, the eyes black caverns. She tried to walk backward and, stepping on her dress, fell flat. The spectre laughed and some of the people laughed, but a kind woman helped her up and restored her staff.

'Better go home, aunty,' she advised.

Flo took one halting step, then another. The Square, she could see plainly, was filled with similar spectres, but she was too dazed to alter her direction. She tottered on until she reached the curb, and, waiting her chance, crossed at risk of her life to the space in the centre where there were a planting of grass and shrubbery and a number of benches. She often sat here in the sunshine and took a nap, and there was one bench which fitted best the bend of her back. To it she tottered and sank down. Two men who had been resting at the other end rose immediately and left. They too wore white badges, and it was clear from their gait and their backward glance that those who could inspire fear could also experience it.

For a long time Flo sat motionless, her eyes closed. It was after two o'clock when she left home, her slow progress took half an hour, and now an hour passed before she opened her eyes. She sat with her arms folded, her head bent, her face invisible, presenting a strange contrast to the crowd about her. The Gettysburgians who crossed the Square believed that she slept and did not disturb her; strangers who sat down beside her by accident rose quickly and went away.

Round her surged a thickening mass of automobiles, from near-by Harrisburg, from distant Erie, from Somerset, from Easton. Some were ornamented with an inscription in chalk, 'On to Gettysburg,' some had streamers of white muslin floating from the top. Some had the words 'Ku Klux Klan' written across the back, some had printed cabalistic signs pasted on the rear window. Some had no insignia, and the passengers looked out furtively, preferring to remain unrecognized. Frequently a car would arrive undecorated, and the driver, halting at the edge of the wide curve, would put up a banner or a card, as though he could at last make his principles known. A large camping ground had been provided on the hill above the town, but

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the delegates seemed to enjoy riding round and round.

III

When Flo woke it was at the sound of music. A delegation from Reading was headed by a band which struck up 'America' as it entered the Square. Flo opened her eyes, yawned, and looked about. Her situation seemed for the moment perfectly natural. Then she lifted her head and saw that the Square was filled with people.

'What's dis?' she cried, forgetting the circumstances which had driven her thither. What did it mean — these multitudes of cars, these sheeted creatures, this noise? She panted for breath, and suddenly cried through her dry throat, 'Jedgment! Dat's what it is — Jedgment!'

Suddenly she remembered where she was and why she had come. Toward her across the street, appearing to her terrified eyes to be passing bodily through the cars themselves, strode four tall spectres.

'I knows you!' she groaned. 'You is Cluckses! O Lo'd, defen' me!'

The spectres passed and she drew a deep breath. Other groups passed and she was still safe.

'Dey waits de time ob da'kness,' she muttered. 'An' de time ob da'kness is on de way.'

She looked out the street toward the west. Already the sun was dropping toward Seminary Ridge. She began to shiver, though she was wrapped in her thick shawl and the warm sun shone full upon her.

'Ise had a good time in dis life,' she muttered. 'But de en' is at han'.'

She looked desperately for a familiar face. How foolish she had been to isolate herself thus — it was like taking refuge in the heart of the enemy's stronghold.

'Dey's thick as flies,' she muttered. 'Dey's like de rats what ate de bad man what would n't give de po' people food. Dey's gettin' mo' an' mo', an' thicker an' thicker. Nobody could fin' me to save mah life. Dey could kill me an' eat me' — she was not so far gone in terror that this thought did not amuse her — 'an' nobody would even know whah Ise gone. Dey could put me in one of dey cahs and take me off and set me 'longside dey firey cross, an' dat would be de en' ob Flo. I ought to of gone to de Jedge — he's mah frien' and she's mah frien' — and said, "Hide me in yo' house." I could 'a' hid in de coal bin, or undah de bed. But heah I is, los' fo' good. I hates to die.'

The tears rolled down her cheeks. She ceased for a moment to talk aloud, but her thoughts went on, now fearfully, now insolently.

'Look at de big one comin' like a fat pig! Look at de bean stalk! How dey big men's feet sticks out beneaf ob dey robes! Dey beliebes dey looks handsome! Why, my soul,' — Flo uttered these words aloud, — 'look at de lady one!'

The sun sank lower; it shone in under Flo's sunbonnet; it dropped at last behind the Ridge. Automobiles continued to arrive, singly and in groups; trucks heaped with human beings rolled along; great buses rumbled in, filled with singing passengers.

'Dey sings, "My country 't is ob Dee!"' said Flo, outraged. 'What was de words ob Abe Lincoln! Dere's de bery window whah he look down on me! I wish he lookin' down on me now! I beliebe it ain' too late to run to de Jedge. Dat's what I do — run to de Jedge. I knowed he pappy an' he gran'pappy — he boun' to help me.'

She rose and put her foot over the edge of the curb, and drew it back. It

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was impossible to cross; round and round went the cars, four deep.

'Nebber will I get 'cross,' said Flo. 'Nebber, nebber!'

Again she tried, and still again. Once she stepped down and advanced a few inches, but a shout of warning drove her back. When at last the lights came on she gave up hope. The sky grew dark; the Square became a place of shadows and glaring, shifting, treacherous shafts of light. Weak with hunger, but forgetting the bread in her pocket, she sat muttering to herself.

'I must get to de Jedge. I must get to de Jedge.'

Once the judge in whom she trusted went swinging past, boldly crossing the Square directly, but she did not see him. She saw only the sheeted figures — all, it seemed, were putting on regalia as it grew dark. The other benches were occupied, but she sat alone until a Klansman, as tall and broad as the one she had encountered in the afternoon, came toward her. She held her hands before her face to shut out the dreadful sight, but she heard his tread close at hand. She felt — oh, horror! — the bench sag as he sank down beside her. He made, to her further terror, no motion; he simply sat, statuelike. Her heartbeats shook her body; her jaws clapped softly together; her feet, in their worn shoes, danced a jig.

At last, unable to endure the suspense, she turned her head.

'Is you my gua'deen?' she inquired in a shriek. 'If not, say so!'

The man gave a mighty start. His mask had the same effect as blinders on a horse, and he had not been aware of her presence. Never had she looked so eerie, so witchlike. She lifted her face, and the light from the standard above her shone in upon her glittering eyes. It shone also upon his own eyes, and Flo saw in them a strange sight. Though white, he, like Jim Washington, still had old superstitions. He was, Flo saw, afraid — too afraid, she believed, to move. At once her heart leaped in a different measure, and instantly, grinning, she held out her hand. To a hand held out even a partially paralyzed creature may make the appropriate response. The stranger put his hand into his pocket; he put something into the hand of Flo; he fled.

'Humph!' said Flo after a long moment. 'It's a whole half dollah!'

'Humph!' said Flo after five minutes. 'I eats mah refreshments.'

'Humph!' said Flo after fifteen minutes. 'I takes up mah staff and gets to work.'

IV

A cessation in the flow of cars, an access of bravery on the part of Flo, and she had crossed the street. She went at a leisurely pace, staff in hand, her skirts dragging. She put her half dollar into her pocket. It was a fine pocket; it held in turn bread and meat and candy and tobacco and money. Sometimes it held them all together. She approached three masked and sheeted figures at the corner. She could not prevent her body from trembling a little, but her hand was steady.

'You help po' Flo?' she said, ingratiatingly.

The three men jumped; then they looked at her. Without masks they were three gentle souls, one a clerk in a shoe store, one a clerk in a dry-goods store, one the janitor of a church. They knew Jewish people and liked them; they knew Catholic people and were entirely friendly with them; but, coming from the northern border of the state, they knew few colored people and stood in terror of them. Each put his hand into his pocket and drew out a

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quarter. They then edged away. Flo did not leave them — they left her.

'My, she scared me!' said one.

'I'm glad I'm not in the black belt,' declared another.

'I tell you, brothers —' began the third, and they passed out of hearing.

Flo sucked in her lips as though she tasted something good. She looked about and saw near by another group. She took a few steps and held out her hand.

'You gent'men help po' Flo?'

These gentlemen also felt beneath their sheets and put their hands into their pockets. They were moved not by fright but by a different impulse. They held Ku Klux principles, but they did not carry them out against individuals. They presented their donations with flourishes, hoping that they were observed giving gifts to this poor old Negress.

Flo fingered the coins and dropped them into her pocket. Evidently the Cluckses were rich. People usually gave her dimes or nickels or even pennies. She took another step, and a man said, 'Why, yes, aunty, surely I'll give you something!'

'Is you one of dese Cluckses?' she asked.

'No,' answered he, amused.

'Nor is I,' said Flo.

'You're not afraid of them, then?' said the kindly gentleman.

Flo saw another group ahead.

'No mo' dan a rabbit,' she said, and stepped away.

The band tunes grew livelier, the cars more numerous. In the distant field preparations were being made for a huge meeting, but it was not to be called until ten o'clock, and ten o'clock was still far off. Round and round the Square went Flo, her hand outstretched. Nine o'clock struck and half past. At quarter to ten the Square began to empty.

'I thinks of bed,' said Flo aloud. 'But I has too much money to look aftah — I takes mah money to de Jedge.'

Walking at a pace which was little more than a crawl, leaning upon her staff, she proceeded out the street. If she had lifted her head she might have seen against the sky a bright glow. The fiery cross had been erected and was now ablaze. But she did not lift her head.

'I goes slow,' she said to herself, with amusement. 'But it ain' my hundred and twenty yeahs, it's my heavy weight.'

When she reached the Judge's house she had to lift her pocket with her hand in order to get up the step. Confident of a welcome, she rang the bell, and the Judge himself answered. He was slender and straight, and he looked down upon his visitor from a great height.

'Why, Flo!' said he. 'You're out late!'

'I is,' smiled Flo.

'Are n't you afraid of all these Ku Klux?'

'I is n't,' declared Flo.

'Will you sit down?'

'Inside,' stipulated Flo. 'I has private business.'

The Judge laughed and bade her enter.

'Ise dog tiad!' she sighed as she sank down into a pleasant chair.

'You look tired,' said the Judge. 'Would you like something to eat?'

'No, sah,' answered Flo. 'What I needs is to get rid of mah money.'

'Your money?' As a frequent contributor to Flo's treasury, the Judge was surprised.

'Mah money,' insisted Flo. 'Jedge, you pull down de shades and shet de do' an' I'll show you mo' money dan you saw in yo' life. You get a basket.'

Greatly amused, the Judge obeyed directions.

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'How big a basket?'

''Bout a bushel. If you was me and could feel dis pocket bangin' 'gainst yo' laig, you'd know how big a basket.'

The Judge spread a paper on a deep chair.

'Put it in here.'

Flo thrust her hand into her pocket.

'Dimes, qua'tahs, nickels, half dollahs,' she said, emptying handfuls into the paper.

'Where did you get all this?'

'I got it from de Cluckses,' explained Flo. 'Dey's 'fraid of me — dey can't look me in de eye. De chilluns in my neighborhood, dey's 'fraid of me, but mos' grown folks is n't 'fraid of me 'cept Cluckses. Roun' an' roun' de Squah I went, holdin' out mah han'. I did n't need say no word. Dey shrinks from me an' shivers.'

'You spoiled the Egyptians, did you?'

'I don't know 'bout spilin' de 'Gyptians,' said Flo, 'but I suah did spile de Cluckses. Now you keep mah money. When col' wintah comes, I got wood; when I gets hungry, I has food; when I gets col', I buys myself clothes.' The Judge had begun to count, and she watched him earnestly. 'I don't need no Red Cross no mo'. When dose ladies comes roun' I say, "No Red Cross fo' me — de firey cross is what I stands by." I says to dem, "Yo' takes yo' bed an' yo' basket elsewhah." How much is I got, Jedge?'

'Forty-seven dollars and ten cents,' answered the Judge. 'That's a good deal.'

'Fo' de lan' sakes!' cried Flo. She tried to rise and failed. 'Ise worn out at last.'

'I'll take you home,' offered the Judge. 'You sit still till I get the car.'

'I suah will,' said Flo. She sank back into her chair and remained there till the Judge summoned her. 'I prayed de Lo'd fo' peace an' plenty, an' He sent me peace an' plenty, an' now he sets me up in a chariot like a king.' Having recovered her strength, she stepped nimbly into the car. 'I asks you to drive roun' de Squah, Jedge, so's I can look whah I sat in tribulation.'

The Judge laughed and drove round the Square.

'Dey is mostly gone,' said Flo. 'Only a few po' samples lef'.'

'Now home?' asked the Judge.

'Home,' answered Flo. 'Ise got a good home an' Ise glad.'

'Roof tight?' asked the Judge.

'Yes, sah. An' if it is n't tight, I has ample money to fix it.'

The car stopped and Flo stepped down. Under the great tree her tiny cabin looked like a doll's house. She herself looked like a strange, untidy doll.

'You do me one mo' kindness, Jedge?'

It would have been hard to refuse, so wheedling was Flo's tone.

'What's that?'

'You blow yo' ho'n, good an' loud.'

The Judge complied with vigor.

'Want your neighbors? They don't seem to hear.'

Flo looked back from the door where she was fumbling with the padlock. No day had ever had so satisfying a climax.

'Dey heahs all right,' she called. 'Dey's lookin' fru de cracks ob de shade. I said I goin' to visit de bes' families an' I wants 'em to know I tells de truf. Dey sees you an' dey knows you, an' I bids you good-night.'

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THE MYSTIC TO THE BOOSTER

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

BROTHER, I know the cities from of old.
They are the incrustation of my dream
Of turbulence and youth, set in their mould
With hardening of the hot lava stream.

Boston — I snared a wild bird from the sky;
New York — I trampled brutelike by the tide;
In Baltimore I watched Virginia die;
God's angel in Chicago I defied.

Slag of my dream, stage setting of my strife,
You hold their acreage at six per cent,
Incredibly predicting future life
For spiritual sin that I repent.

Upon time's long and strangely fertile road
The cities are the dragon teeth I sowed.

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EDUCATION IN THE ENGLISH MANNER

BY GAILLARD LAPSLEY

MOST Americans would be prepared to explain the system upon which American university life and teaching are organized. No doubt a traveler could have for the asking an account of courses and credits, majors and minors, fraternities and student bodies, that would enrich, if it did not enlighten, his intelligence. A corresponding account of how things are managed at Oxford or Cambridge might be less easy to obtain, but it could scarcely fail to confound a mind already in possession of the American system. Indeed, one who has to compare the two for the first time may be excused for thinking that one or the other might be rational, but not both.

I am mainly concerned, of course, with the contrast between Oxford[1] and Cambridge on the one hand and the American universities on the other; but it may be well to say in passing that with the exception of Trinity College, Dublin, the other universities of the United Kingdom and the Dominions are organized in very much the same way as those of America. They derive, indeed, from a common type worked out, I think, in Scotland and much influenced by the way in which things were done in Holland. With all the differences, one feels that the academic kinship is clear and close, and that after all we are beset with nothing more than the old difficulty of trying to understand how the same goal can be reached by so many seemingly divergent roads. It may be worth while, therefore, to consider a little some of the English ways that are unfamiliar to academic folk in America, particularly to the younger of them.

[1] I have no right to speak of Oxford, least of all to generalize about it, and the more I learn about it the better I understand how deeply it differs from Cambridge. The two, however, have much the same structure, and they resemble each other to the verge of identity in differing from all other universities.—THE AUTHOR

I

The European universities are older than the colleges which composed or, as in the case of Oxford and Cambridge, still compose them. It was and is the business of the university to teach in varying amounts and to certify, after due application of tests, the proficiency of those whom it has taught. But men require to be fed and clothed, housed and warmed, and young men at least may be the better for some supervision, some guiding of their feet toward the paths of peace and of their minds into habits of industry and application. These needs were no less urgent at Bologna, Paris, or Oxford in the thirteenth century than at Ann Arbor, Madison, or Berkeley in the twentieth.

The ways in which they have been met are at once so like and so unlike each other as to make one suspect that history may indeed repeat itself on condition of never using the same language twice. The mediæval undergraduates hired houses where they lived in common, generally under the presidency of a master of arts, and

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such a common dwelling was called a hostel. But there were many young men who could profit by study at the university but could not afford to maintain themselves there, and for these, in due course, provision was made, first by bursaries and exhibitions in the case of individuals, and then by the foundation of colleges which were in effect endowed hostels. The pious liberality of royal personages, bishops, judges, noble ladies, and rich men created foundations and fashioned dwellings where old and young might labor together for the promotion of religion, education, learning, and research.

These societies consisted of a master and a body of fellows and scholars on the foundation, to whom were later added in increasing numbers young men called 'pensioners' who were able to pay their own way. Carefully drawn statutes and ordinances regulated the conduct and duties of all alike, and officers were appointed to see that the young men observed the rules. The conduct of the seniors was controlled by a governing body constituted from among themselves and an external visitor to whom an ultimate appeal could be taken. The university soon required the unendowed and freely organized hostels to submit to the like discipline. It had the means, indeed, of regulating the conduct of its senior members, the doctors and masters, and to a certain extent that of the juniors too. But the control of these was perhaps regarded as a more domestic and educational matter, which could best be confided to the hostels and colleges.

So it happened at last that in order to be a member of the university you had also to be a member of a college or hostel. The colleges, each with its chapel, hall, courts, gardens, and ranges of chambers, provided for the religious, physical, and social needs of their members and gave to the juniors teaching supplementary to that provided by the university. Oxford and Cambridge alone retain this system, which was once almost universal, practically unaltered in its main lines. But the newer American universities, with their numerous fraternities and clubs where young men are lodged, amused, sometimes kept out of mischief, and often trained and influenced, present a curious and striking analogy to the conditions in European universities before the appearance of the endowed colleges. The analogy is worth dwelling on for a moment because it helps one to understand what is indeed my main point: namely, that the English college provides a very great deal which in an American university you must seek in a club or fraternity — if you have one — or else go without; and some things which, for good or for ill, are not to be found there at all. This may be worth developing a little.

To begin with, I would emphasize a point that is often lost sight of, to the confusion and disappointment of those who wish to enter an English university. The number of men which any college will receive is strictly limited with reference to its capacity, not only to house, but also to teach and to train. This could not indeed be otherwise, but it follows that every college that has a margin of candidates over vacancies will inquire carefully, not only into a lad's ability to pass the university entrance examination, but also into his fitness to profit by and contribute to the general life of the college. When the list for any given year is made up the belated applicant can hope for nothing better than the slender chance of a casual vacancy.

Once the men are admitted, the college takes responsibility for most of their needs. Every member *in statu pupillari* — everyone, that is, who has not yet taken his M. A. degree — is

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under the care of a tutor and under the eye of a dean. The word 'tutor' has many meanings and a long history. In English universities it sets out with its Roman sense of guardian or protector, to which is presently added the notion of a teacher. I think that it was in Oxford in the fourteenth century, and actually at William of Wykeham's foundation, still known as New College, that the plan originated. It consisted in placing every undergraduate under the care of one or other of the fellows of the college who was best qualified to help him to prepare for and take advantage of the teaching of the university. In time the college teaching became more important than that of the university and was done either by the tutor himself or by his assistants. But beyond this the tutor had general charge of his pupil's affairs and was responsible for him to his parents, to the college, and to the university. This — and all that it involves, which is a good deal — is in Cambridge the whole duty of a tutor, who, as such, does no teaching. In Oxford I think it is arranged somewhat differently.

The Cambridge tutor, at any rate, stands in a paternal relation to his pupil. He has corresponded with the boy's parents and schoolmaster before he comes up, and has probably interviewed him more than once either at his school or during some examination he has had to take in the university. He knows what allowance the boy will have and has found lodgings for him. Then, at the beginning of the academic year, he instructs his pupils collectively in their obligations to the university and the college. Thereafter there is the routine of entering them for examinations, giving or refusing leave to be out late, or to go away for a night or two, or to entertain a party at lunch or dinner, or to keep indoors in case of illness.

Breaches of discipline outside the college are dealt with by the proctors, who invite the tutor to impose certain punishments, and it is for him to speak on his pupil's behalf if he thinks fit. College discipline is maintained by the dean, but he will generally consult the tutor before taking action, and here again the accused has a protector if in the tutor's opinion he should deserve one. The doctors report all cases of illness, and it is for the tutor to see that the parents are notified if necessary, and at least to visit the patient. Privation and even real distress endured with silent courage are not uncommon, but they sometimes pass the limit of endurance and it is then generally possible to find means of helping.

Beyond this there are emergencies — many, various, and sometimes formidable — and the tutor must always reckon with the unexpected, which occasionally takes disconcerting forms. I have myself appeared in a police court to speak to the good character of a pupil charged with using obscene language in the presence of the police — putting ideas into their heads, as it might be. I have helped to compromise an action for breach of promise and assisted at two coroner's inquests. Such and suchlike are all in a day's work and one takes them as they come. Their importance lies in the fact that they are part of the human, and what I called just now the paternal, relation that the college maintains with its junior members.

No college, unluckily, is big enough to house all its men throughout their whole course, except indeed in the case of scholars. Most people therefore will pass one year in lodgings — in Cambridge their first, and in Oxford their last, as a rule. But all will dine together in hall, and the college kitchens send out meals and provisions, for purposes of convenience or hospitality,

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to college rooms and lodgings alike. If an undergraduate wishes to entertain he has only to get leave from his tutor and give his order at the kitchens — everything else is done for him. If he wishes to put up a friend for a night or two his tutor will lend him a set of rooms in college, for someone is sure to be away ill or on an exeat.

All this is more than a matter of amenity — it means that every undergraduate feels some degree of social responsibility. He has the power, and therefore the obligation, to return the hospitality he has received. It may be that he can offer no more than a cup of tea and a muffin, but even so he must use the vigilance and unselfishness of a host. For the rest, he will necessarily feel himself a member of a social body and not merely an individual in a crowd. Meetings or dinners of the numerous clubs, societies, or old school associations are provided for in one or other of the lecture rooms, or it may be that the dons will lend the college guestroom or their own combination room. If the college crew should row head of the river in the summer bumping races there will probably be a 'bump supper' in the hall. The college gates are locked at 10 P. M. — rather earlier in Oxford — and after that no undergraduate may go out, but there are plenty of resources within the walls for those who have leisure. There are few nights in the week when you can't find a meeting in someone's rooms. It may be gathered to hear a paper on mathematics or history, to read a classical author or Shakespeare, to debate, to discuss theology or politics, to make music, or for lighter purposes. Then, of course, there is plenty of private visiting, and numbers of the dons who live in college are by way of seeing their undergraduate friends easily and informally when the day's work is done.

II

I have said enough perhaps to make it clear that an English college stands halfway between a big family and a small club. It joins to the business of education the moral and social training of the one and the amenities and individualism of the other.

In a community so chosen and so cared for, the social life, as might be expected, organizes itself freely. No doubt the size of the college has a good deal to do with the matter, but in most colleges, though not in all, people who have been in residence for a year will know the whole college by sight at least. The old custom of calling on freshmen has, I think, fallen into disuse, — in Cambridge at all events this is so, — but there are other and less formal ways of making acquaintance. A young man's interests and abilities in games, sports, politics, or whatever, are, except in certain negligible groups, much more considered than his background. The young men, indeed, are more interested in what their companions may be than in who they are, and college society is therefore remarkably democratic. It makes little difference where you come from if you are good at rowing or cricket or field games, if you have a turn for acting or are attended to when you speak at the Union. These things will bring you into contact with many people, and such acquaintances are readily cultivated in view of the easy arrangements for entertaining. Here, as elsewhere, the men of light and leading are those who have managed to accumulate capacities, and in most colleges they would prove to be the scholars — by which I mean holders of a scholarship or some lesser emolument — who have distinguished themselves in other ways as well.

Every college has a certain number of emoluments at its disposal — some

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of them a good many — which are open to competition once a year. A boy may come from an obscure country grammar school and beat a Winchester or Eton colleger at his own game — the nets are cast very wide, and when the youngsters come into residence they are marked by a common intellectual distinction that sets them apart from the rest of their contemporaries. This is recognized and respected; and if, as often happens, the scholar is good at other things as well, he is likely to become one of the 'figures' in the undergraduate world of his time. Any don could give many examples — I have several in mind among my own friends: one who got his two firsts in his tripos and a blue for cricket; another with the same academic record who just missed a rowing blue but was president of the Union; and I can't help recalling a third who, though he missed a scholarship, got a first in his tripos and his rowing blue and was subsequently elected to a fellowship. They were the same sort of men — the sort by which a college profits. This system is, of course, an essential part of the educational ladder, — the *carrière ouverte aux talents*, — and the fact that the competition is wide and open guarantees the quality of those who succeed, while the social conditions I have been trying to present afford an excellent opportunity for making the most of success.

Many young Englishmen are extremely sociable, but bring with them from their public schools a dread of conversation. There at least it appears to be unsafe to express opinions or deal with ideas. This point is aptly illustrated by a story attributed to a well-known peer. It seems that in his first week at Eton an older boy asked him whether he was a lord, and he answered yes. Thereupon he was kicked, with the comment, 'That's for your side.' When the question was put to him again, not long afterward, he took the precaution of answering no, but he was kicked none the less this time for telling a lie. Thereafter he held his tongue even when questioned, and lived in peace until such time, one supposes, as he was in a position himself to question and chastise the young for their souls' health. Such discipline is not readily forgotten, and it is small wonder that boys who have undergone it should be shy of conversational adventure even when they reach the university. To such, games and sports give the opportunity of enjoying companionship without trenching on dangerous ground.

But young Englishmen have plenty of ideas, and, given the right conditions, will produce them with humor, irony, and moderation. The right conditions, it seems, prevail more generally at Oxford than at Cambridge. Certainly schoolboy reluctance and caution tend to disappear very early there, and I have heard it said that at Oxford people talk to impress you with their intellectual superiority, while at Cambridge they hold their tongues for the same purpose. But this judgment is superficial as well as ill-natured, for good talk can be found in Cambridge if you know where to seek it, and silence in Oxford if you should happen to need it.

The various meetings to which I referred are held in the rooms of the members of the particular society or group in turn, but there are also university clubs of the usual sort with their own accommodations, restaurants, and other amenities. In Cambridge there are three, apart from the specifically theatrical clubs, and Oxford has more. These are much more like the ordinary clubs of London, New York, or San Francisco than the fraternities or societies in an American university. Some years ago now, a young American who had been elected into one of the most sought-after of the Cambridge

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clubs told me with some indignation that he intended to resign. I asked him why, and his answer seemed to me very significant. 'I've lunched and dined there for the last two days,' he said, 'and not a soul I did n't know before has spoken to me.' Not so had he fared as an American undergraduate, and it was hard to persuade him that the members of this club had not allotted him one of the coveted vacancies in order to insult him more conveniently.

Of course in both American and English universities the social grouping rests ultimately on congeniality or common interest. The English system is, however, more elastic, just because the college is in some sense itself a club. You are not obliged to commit yourself irrevocably to any one group of people. In America, I think, when you join a fraternity or club it is generally with the implied, if not the expressed, condition that 'thy people shall be my people and thy ways my ways,' and the groups so formed constitute a series of independent cells that are somehow or other worked into the general organization of the university. In England the organization is for all but social purposes already complete, highly articulated, and officially recognized. This leaves to the social life within the colleges a great freedom — men pass easily from one group or set to another.

III

An American arriving at Oxford or Cambridge may well feel somewhat ruefully that he is left to grope his own way among unfamiliar social arrangements, but he will scarcely make such a complaint when he turns to the educational and disciplinary side. Here, indeed, he will receive a measure of personal attention and direction to which he has probably not been accustomed at home. At the outset he must put aside the ideas with which he is familiar, and particularly the notion of courses as self-contained units and the wide range of choice, limited only by the grouping of major and minor subjects, to which he has been accustomed. He will discover that in general the university frames the curriculum and leaves the colleges to do the teaching, reserving to itself the right to test the results by examinations in consequence of which it will give or withhold the degree. This is less true in the sciences, which require a great deal of practical training in laboratories, and it is also true that in consequence of the report of a recent royal commission the university will shortly take a larger share in the direction of the teaching of all subjects. But even then, I think, the more personal and characteristic side of the work will still be done by college teachers in their own colleges.

The whole system rests on two assumptions that hitherto do not seem to have been made in American university education. One is that it is desirable to classify men according to their natural ability and their intention and capacity to work. To facilitate this the university provides in most subjects parallel courses leading in one case to the ordinary or 'poll' degree and in the other to honors. In each case the whole course is mapped out and the subjects to be studied are proposed and defined, leaving a range of individual choice which in America would probably be considered very narrow. At Cambridge, in the courses leading to the ordinary degree the lecturing is rather elementary, set books are provided, and the examination tests are relatively simple. In one way this system resembles that of the American universities, for it enables a man to qualify for a degree by passing certain examinations in subjects not

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necessarily related to each other, one at the end of each year. There is no general examination or test of proficiency.

The advantage of this classification is that lecturers and teachers know pretty well to whom they are addressing themselves and the kind and amount of intelligence upon which they can count, and are able to adjust their work accordingly. The plan, of course, treats the poll men as though they were all alike — and perhaps in their shortcomings they are. So they remain units in an educational system which appears to be the best that can be made for men of that sort without being unjust to those who are better qualified.

This brings me to the second of the assumptions to which I have alluded: that every man reading for honors should be treated not as a unit but rather as a case. What that may mean can perhaps best be explained by taking account of the system of examining and teaching for honors. The university sets and defines the subjects in which the men are to be examined and in many cases recommends books for study or reference. The various lecturers doubtless take these into account in arranging their discourses, and are further guided by reference to the questions set by the examiners in past years. The examination itself is the affair of the university, which appoints a board generally including at least one external examiner. The papers framed by individual examiners are subject to a double process of revision and criticism which makes them, when they see the light, effectually the collective work of the whole board. The test therefore is one of proficiency. A man is examined in all the work he has done during two and sometimes three years, and the examiners consider not only what he has learned but what he has become. In some triposes there is an essay paper proposing general subjects unrelated to the content of the other papers, and this is a great help in estimating a man's general ability and his capacity to write English — a matter as to which I shall have something to say presently. It may happen, of course, that some of the candidates will have heard the lectures of one or other of the examiners, or even that they may have been drilled by him in private teaching — called classwork or supervision — before the paper has been set. But any special advantage they may derive from that is so slight as to be negligible, and the reasons are not far to seek. In many cases every paper is read separately by two examiners. Then, when all the results are before the board, the candidates for the most part fall naturally into classes, and if in any one subject they diverge from their own level the particular paper will be reread by the original examiner or referred to one who has not seen it before. My own experience suggests that the idiosyncrasy is generally due to the examiner rather than the candidate. On the whole, therefore, you get a test of the knowledge and ability of the candidates which is independent and impersonal. I speak after a pretty considerable experience both of teaching and of examining. The contrast between such a system and that still prevailing in many American universities is as great as it is obvious. I understand, however, that in the American academic world it is coming to be recognized that there are certain advantages in the English plan and that in some quarters steps have been taken to readjust the former arrangements.

It is, however, the method of teaching rather than of examination that does most to secure that the honors man shall be treated as a case. I spoke just now of the private teaching known in Cambridge as classwork or supervision. I suppose that historically such

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individual instruction is connected with the origin and development of the office of tutor — those learned in academic history will speak to that. The plan, at any rate, is generally known as the tutorial system, and in Cambridge it appears to have been at least revived within the last thirty or forty years. What this really meant was that the colleges were taking over and organizing the work that had previously been done by coaches or private tutors. Now, at all events, coaching is regarded as a medicine rather than a food, and the regular teaching provided by the colleges suffices for most men.

At the beginning of each term every man is sent by his tutor to one or other of the college lecturers, who will act as his director of studies. This means that he will get expert advice in choosing among such alternatives as are allowed him and in selecting the lecturers whose courses he will attend. In many subjects there will be several lecturers, and a director will take account of his pupil as well as the lecturers before settling the combination.

More important than the choice of lecturers is the weekly task which is the main part of the director's work. The way in which it is done will vary, of course, with different teachers and their subjects. In the literary subjects, the director, when he has arranged his pupil's lectures, will assign him a fixed time for his weekly work — generally half an hour, though this, of course, may be exceeded if necessary — and a subject. Very likely he will begin the term's work with a general essay, giving a choice of several subjects. This is useful, as it gives you at the outset some measure of your pupil's capacity to think and write. Thereafter there will be problems formulated by the director, who will generally add references to relevant books and articles.

The men bring the finished work to the director's rooms and read it aloud. Then you are confronted with a double problem: you must see that your pupil has got his facts fairly well, has presented them intelligibly, and has understood the critical difficulties in interpreting them; and you must see that he has understood the bearing of the particular question set him on the subject he is studying as a whole. The most effective way of doing all this is to question your pupil on the basis of the notes you have made during his reading, though there will probably be explanations and much additional information needed as well. Or the work may be a general essay raising some question of a moral, æsthetic, or political order, and criticism will then turn mainly to coherence of thought and grace of form. In any case you have the opportunity of helping the youngster to clear his thinking a little, to try to make his way about 'mid worlds not realized' with due respect and humility. The boy will probably find himself at the end with more questions than answers in his mind — but that is not an unwholesome state.

There remains the question of the young man's use of his mother tongue, and this is the second part of the director's problem. The late Barrett Wendell used to say toward the end of his life that the experiment in teaching English in which he had coöperated at Harvard with Professor A. S. Hill had been a failure. He considered that undergraduates could only be trained to write English in connection with all their academic work which involved any writing at all. I don't think that anyone who had the advantage of working for Barrett Wendell will allow that his teaching was a failure, but my present point is that the condition he required is fulfilled at Oxford and Cambridge. Week by week you have to deal with manuscripts ranging from the fairly

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helpless to the positively graceful, but in all cases you have the writer and his work before you. Then it will often happen that you know the student in other ways as well — he may come in and smoke a pipe with you after dinner or ask you to tea in his rooms. And so you will have learned enough about him to know that there is a way to teach him which is very likely not the way you used when you began, and certainly not that which you would use for another man.

It may be objected that this is not the best way of training scholars. The objection, I think, would be both true and irrelevant. The system is intended to help toward a liberal education, and the universities that employ it have other and on the whole pretty effective means of training scholars — but they begin by educating them. The tutorial system is a costly one — that cannot be denied. One man cannot deal effectively with more than twenty-five pupils a week, and I believe that that is five too many for really good results. Very little time or effort is saved by taking the men in small groups or classes, unless you give up the principle of having each man do a piece of work each week and receive the individual criticism and attention which his case requires. That can indeed be maintained when you have several men together, but there is no saving of time or exertion, though there is an advantage if you have first-class men who are keen about their work, for they will measure themselves against each other and profit by each other's strength and weakness.

Then, the growing diversity of disciplines and specialization of scholars increase the difficulty and expense of this kind of teaching. I sometimes think, indeed, that the old fallacy that a university is a place where everything is taught is beginning to transform itself into a new and rather formidable truth. At any rate it is manifestly impossible to provide teaching by members of a college staff in, let us say, all branches of natural science or even the principal languages of contemporary Europe. A small college with a limited staff will be forced to neglect some subjects altogether and to treat others on a rather narrow basis. But there are ways and means of adjusting these difficulties, and the educational value of the system is great enough to make it worth keeping, even at considerable cost. A young man who, week by week and term by term, has had to measure his ability and knowledge against those of a trained scholar will learn, if he learns nothing else, intellectual humility and critical caution. 'Did you ever reflect,' Woodrow Wilson once said to a young colleague in historical research, 'how many miles you have to traverse before you advance an inch?' It is a wholesome lesson and one not readily to be learned from textbooks.

IV

It would be impossible, I think, to pass even a single term at Oxford or Cambridge without becoming aware that if you want to understand the life of the university you must begin by finding out something about the schools. The relation between the two goes very far back. William of Wykeham and Henry VI provided for the scholars of Winchester and Eton at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, and, although in these latter days King's has ceased to be exclusively Etonian and New College Wykehamist, the connection between the foundations is still vital. Nothing else, indeed, would account for the restrictions that constitute university and college discipline. The lads who come to Oxford and Cambridge are courteously called men, but they are treated as schoolboys who

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have reached an age to be trusted with a good deal of independence though not with complete freedom. Most have learned in their schools both to obey and to command, and the colleges have been mindful of this in leaving them a good deal of room for individual activity while guarding as far as may be against serious disaster. Therefore, just as the colleges rely on the school training, so do they seek to complete it and send into the world men sufficiently equipped not to make fools of themselves without intending to do so.

Naturally not all the men who come to the university have been to what are called the public schools — nor are all the public schools of the same standard or organized on quite the same lines. But it seems possible to an alien observer to discern certain things, principles and ideals, common to them and beginning to diffuse themselves through the schools that cannot be called public in the English sense of the word. For one thing, they deal with the whole boy — soul, brain, and body. It is, as they say, a 'large order,' and the nice adjustment of pressure among the three is not always successfully attained. So much is clear enough to the observer; the mystery lies in how the thing is done, and not done — how, for example, so many hours can be spent in form or division with no discernible intellectual result; how, on the other hand, principles and inhibitions can be worked into the very texture of a boy's nature with apparently so little direct communication.

The school, of course, like the university, is a *societas societatum* in which the houses correspond to the academic colleges and have indeed, in the old foundations which began as endowed colleges, very much the same origin. Individuals, accordingly, are dealt with in relatively small groups, for a house will seldom contain more than forty. Then a large share of responsibility is laid on the older boys. This has sometimes been described as a system of self-government. But the more I see of the vigilance, the unselfishness, the idealism, and the sympathy of the housemasters, the more I am inclined to call it self-agency. By that I do not mean to suggest that it is merely the most effective method of enabling the housemaster to get his own way; rather is it the common effort of masters and boys alike to seize and apply what for generations the continuous life and aim of the school have meant and striven for. Every school, every group indeed, with a history, a purpose, and a life greater than that of the sum of those who for the moment compose it has its arcanum, and the measure of its success is the extent to which those who do for the moment compose it possess themselves of the secret. It is of the essence of such a secret that it can never be told — it can only be learned and kept. To find out even that much you must go to one or other of the great schools with a young man who knows and loves it, and as he takes you about you must watch him as well as what he shows you. You will never surprise the incommunicable secret, but you will be assured of its existence and will be able to refer to it a great deal that you see about you in the university. You will begin to see then that you are dealing largely with initiates or adepts who know quite well why they do certain things and leave others undone, and expect you to understand that they have their reasons, though they cannot formulate, still less impart, them.

What I have been trying to get at, of course, is the best of the public-school training. It is n't everyone who goes to a public school who gets the best or even the second best. Some boys are unsuitable material, and the system itself has something to answer for. A

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little more emphasis might well be laid on intellectual training. There is an old gibe that one may hear from many an Etonian: 'You must choose between going to Eton and getting an education.' There is this truth in it: that in the system which aims at moral and physical health as well as education in the narrower sense of the word the schools must probably attend most to the first and second, leaving the third to the university. But the schools may well be asked to send up boys adequately grounded and teachable in the sense of being open to an intellectual appeal, and in this respect, apart from the specially trained scholars, a good many of them fall short.

I go into all this by way of laboring my point that you cannot consider the universities and their ways without taking account of the schools. They work together in an educational system which sets out to train the whole boy throughout the whole of his boyhood and youth. Regarded from this point of view, the system of control and discipline prevailing in the English universities and colleges appears natural and reasonable. A boy coming from the far stricter system of the public school is less likely to resent the restrictions he finds at the university than to welcome the system as a large measure of freedom. If his school has taught him nothing else, it has at least made him understand that the society of which he forms a part rests on discipline and subordination. At the university he will see that he is part of a like society and subject to the same principle. If he gets into a scrape he will very likely resent the nature or amount of the penalty, but he will scarcely challenge the principle in virtue of which it has been imposed.

In America a boy going to the university considers that he is *homo suæ potestatis*, owing, indeed, certain obligations in respect of attendance at classes and examinations, submission of written work, and what not, but apart from such educational demands responsible only to his conscience — and the police. Such liberty is apt to be heady, and it is small wonder if, after four years of it, a young American coming to Oxford or Cambridge tends rather contemptuously to resent customs and restrictions which form part of an organization highly articulated and delicately adjusted to the accomplishment of a purpose which appears to him unintelligible — if indeed it appears to him at all. But then, you see, the young American is an intruder in the same sense that the mother of Triptolemus was — only he is often wiser than she and tiptoes away, leaving the baby to gain what he can on the coals. To Triptolemus, who has been through the mill of a public school, the process is perfectly natural — neither unexpected nor necessarily unpleasant. He slips easily into the formal and external life of his college and is the better able, therefore, to try to apprehend the spirit that animates it — the arcanum, in short. He may find it or he may not, but in either case he will hold his tongue.

I have said enough perhaps to make my immediate point, which is that you can't hope to understand Oxford and Cambridge without knowing something about the public schools from which they are so largely recruited. There will be more than that to do if you mean really to get at them, and you will be wise to begin with the finished or nearly finished product. Make friends with him and you will see that the English simplicity is not nearly so simple as it looks. It is in fact a highly complicated thing, the result of processes that are worth studying even at the cost of patience, vigilance, and the suspension of many of the ideas and judgments by which you have hitherto lived.

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HOW HIGH IS THE SKY?

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

I

HAMLET, quizzing his two friends concerning their ulterior purpose in visiting him, says: 'This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.'

The erratic young man was justified in calling the clouds vapor congregations, if he had in mind the vapor of water. But in all likelihood neither he nor his creator, the myriad-minded playwright, knew aught about the origin of clouds. Shakespeare not infrequently alludes to the ephemeral beauty of airy crags and castles floating overhead; but exact knowledge of the gases composing air did not come until one hundred and sixty-five years after Shakespeare's death, when that strange, solitary figure in science, Henry Cavendish, separated nitrogen and oxygen.

Even at the close of the eighteenth century no one knew how far up the atmosphere extended, or, in common speech, how high was the sky, meaning by this the outer limit of the earth's atmosphere.

When Cavendish was isolating nitrogen there lived in Paris a certain philosopher-statesman, representing the new American nation. He had in earlier days written much about clouds, vapors, winds, and storms. But Franklin was then an old man, and duties of a political nature occupied most of his time; so we have nothing from him in these later days worthy of much comment except the expression of his firm belief that man at last had conquered the air. Cavendish had made it plain that hydrogen gas had a definite lifting power in air, hence it was no longer necessary to burn straw, thus making hot air for the inflation of balloons. On August 27, 1783, the professor of experimental philosophy at the University of Paris inflated a large oiled-silk bag with the new lighter-than-air gas. Franklin, who saw the bag rise, wrote to the president of the Royal Society that 'it [the twelve-foot balloon] entered the clouds and seemed scarce bigger than an orange, and then disappeared into the clouds.' Incidentally we may note that some fifty thousand people beside old Ben saw the experiment and were delighted. In Franklin's words: 'The multitude separated, all well satisfied and amusing one another with discourses of the various uses to be made of this new discovery.'

Hot air, however, had its devotees, in that day even as in our own, and before the end of November in that memorable year two men actually ascended in a large balloon which carried a basket grate in which fagots and sheaves of straw were burned. These airmen may very well claim the honor of being the first motor firemen, for each had to pass sheaves of straw into the grate, 'to keep up the flame,' as Franklin wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, 'and thereby keep the balloon Full. When it went over our

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heads, we could see the Fire which was very considerable.' It may be remarked in passing that life insurance was not then in vogue.

While it is somewhat foreign to the question, 'How high is the sky?' the temptation is strong to conjecture how Shakespeare would have embodied this new knowledge had it come one hundred and seventy years earlier. What immortal lines would have described man's audacity in bringing lightning from the clouds down to earth and the even more astounding feat of rising from earth to journey through the clouds!

II

The first man who carried aloft scientific instruments and, so to speak, tried to 'plumb the air' was a graduate of Harvard College — class of 1763. Dr. John Jeffries in 1784 ascended over London, equipped with barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, electrometer, compass, and six small stoppered bottles. These last, filled with water, were emptied when the balloon was highest, then sealed. Samples of air thus obtained were given to the Royal Society and analyzed by Cavendish. The fact was thus determined that up to two miles at least there was no sensible difference between upper air and that at the ground.

A few months later Jeffries, with Blanchard, crossed the English Channel via air. They were four hours going from Dover to Calais in four loops. In the last of these loops they met with disaster and were nearly drowned. As they approached the French coast, all ballast having been thrown out and even their outer clothing cast off, the balloon notwithstanding fell lower and lower until at last the basket was in the water; but as they neared the cliffs a slant of wind carried the balloon upward sufficiently high to clear the hills, and they were able to make a landing a short distance back from the coast line. A monument marks the spot where the first gliders demonstrated what Professor Langley more than a century later described as the inertia of the air. Making use of this physical property of air, man to-day can not only imitate the buzzard but even outdo that bird by flying upside down.

After a short rest Jeffries went on to Paris and, it is interesting to note, met the great Dr. Franklin at Passy and dined with him a number of times. At one of these dinners Commodore John Paul Jones was present and complimented his fellow countryman upon his courage in venturing thus to cross the Channel. Little could either of them imagine that in years to come airships larger far than any frigate of the line then in existence would cross and recross the Atlantic. Nor could they picture in the mind's eye heavier-than-air machines hustling across the Channel, as they do to-day in half an hour, even against head winds.

The ascension over London, however, was in many respects more important than the flight across the Channel, for it gave the first information of the fall in temperature with elevation. Starting with 50° F., the aeronauts soon experienced freezing conditions, and, at their highest level, a temperature of 20° F., or twelve degrees below freezing. These figures agree quite well with modern values of the 'lapse rate,' as it is called, or the vertical gradient of temperature, to which we shall refer later.

Near the end of the eighteenth century there was much enthusiasm shown in connection with ballooning, and even so cautious a man as Franklin freely prophesied the complete conquest of the air by man. These high hopes were not fulfilled. For a century, indeed, the balloon remained just what it was, a

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gas bag. There were several ascensions that were noteworthy, but the one which attracted most attention occurred on September 5, 1862, when Glaisher and Coxwell thrilled the world with a dramatic ascent in which both men became unconscious. The exact height is uncertain, but it was approximately 11 kilometres — 6.6 miles. This was not equaled until June 30, 1901, when Berson and Süring ascended to a height of 10.5 kilometres, both men being unconscious for perhaps fifteen minutes.

III

Meanwhile this most excellent canopy, the air, was being bored into from below, if one may so express it, by inquisitive scientists. Not content with climbing mountains and flying kites larger and more complicated than Franklin ever dreamed of, the aerographers began to send up small free balloons carrying automatically recording thermometers, barometers, and wind registers, known as *ballons-sondes* — sounding balloons. As soon as the results accumulated, an astounding discovery was made. It seemed as if there must be some mistake, some error of registering, for the fall in temperature or lapse rate ended at a rather definite height, 10,000 metres. Above this the temperature remained stationary or grew warmer. It seemed unbelievable, but record after record confirmed the result; and the leading aerographer of that day, M. Léon Teisserenc de Bort, announced that this most excellent canopy, our atmosphere, was a double air sphere — that is, two concentric shells. Or we may think of it as a blanket with an under lining. This lining lies close to the earth, but is not of uniform thickness, being five miles thick — or high — in temperate latitudes, but thinning toward the poles and getting thicker over the equator. This lining is called the 'troposphere' or region of turning, while the upper part of the blanket is called the 'stratosphere' or layer region; and here, although the temperature is very low, some fifty degrees below freezing on the Centigrade scale, the region, no matter how high we go, is isothermal. This means that there is no marked difference in temperature from six miles up to twenty — unless indeed it grows somewhat warmer. A certain Oxford professor deduces from the study of meteors that at an elevation of fifty miles it is actually much warmer than on a summer day at the surface. This, however, is to be taken with reservation.

Teisserenc de Bort's discovery of the dual nature of our atmosphere materially modified all previous conceptions of its structure. A close friend and side partner of the enthusiastic Frenchman was Lawrence Rotch, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, class of 1884, founder of the Blue Hill Observatory, an institution working along much the same lines as Teisserenc de Bort's observatory at Trappes.

Sounding balloons found a practical application in the late unpleasantness between the leading civilized nations of the world, being utilized to advantage in warning airmen of the existence of dangerous conditions at flying levels. To-day they are extensively used by all national weather services. Free pilot balloons are also used, and as a result of all this exploration we have a fairly good idea of the structure of the air up to 35 kilometres or 21 miles. Here our knowledge might have rested but for progress in another field.

Early in 1902 an electrical engineer, Professor Kennelly of Harvard, published in the *Electrical World and Engineer* a paper on long-distance behavior of wireless waves. He announced the probable existence of a reflecting layer

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about 80 kilometres above the earth's surface; for, as every radio expert knows, signals fade out at certain distances and come in strong farther away.

A mathematical genius, the late Oliver Heaviside, in an article written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, December 1902, unaware of Kennelly's paper, also announced the probable existence of an ionizing layer at great heights, which would explain the behavior of radio signals. The layer is commonly called the Heaviside layer, although more justly it should be termed the Kennelly-Heaviside layer.

So we have come by slow marches to the top, or very near the top, of the canopy concerning which our young Hamlet spoke so disparagingly. But that was long ago; and neither Shakespeare nor any of the rovers of the Elizabethan age dreamed that some day ships midway between the cliffs of Devon and the far-away Bermoothes would carry on conversation with folks at home. How loud their laughter would have been at the mere suggestion that voices on the far-spread open sea could be heard distinctly at firesides a thousand leagues away! But so it is.

IV

To return to high levels in the air: the Radio Research Board has now no problem more pressing for solution than the determination of the part played by this stratum in the propagation of electric waves. A ship leaving the sending station will receive signals — especially if short wave lengths, say 10 metres, are employed in sending — until the ship is about 150 kilometres or 90 miles out. Then the waves die down, being probably flattened or attenuated. When, however, the ship is 1500 kilometres — 900 miles — out, the signals are heard again. On the vessel used by the Board in its experiments the signals were once more heard at 5000 kilometres or 3000 miles; and they can be picked up at 10,000 kilometres, or one fourth of the distance around the world. It is agreed by the investigators that a layer of thin air, very thin indeed, 90 kilometres above the earth, carries the waves and also deflects them. It has been actually shown that after sunset waves travel downward. Methods for measuring the angles and intensities have been devised and used with such success that probably in a few months radio engineers will announce important discoveries concerning the upper air.

Two other lines of attack on the confines of our atmosphere are open. Trails of meteors offer evidence of pressure and temperature at a height of eighty miles; and auroral displays that have baffled explanation so long now seem about to yield definite information of conditions at a height of one hundred miles or more. The seat of these phenomena is far, far above cloud land. Judged by these heights, the clouds are very near neighbors of man. Indeed, venturesome man has several times vaulted over the highest clouds, the cirri. M. Callizo, on October 10, 1924, reached 12,066 metres, — 39,586 feet, — while the high cirri measured at Blue Hill are as a rule below 10,000 metres. An American airman, Lieutenant Macready, reached an altitude of 11,797 metres — 38,704 feet — on January 29, 1926.

An astonishing thing about these trips above the clouds is the speed and ease with which they are made. The ubiquitous flea has long been hailed as the champion jumper, considering his size and weight, but man now hops up in the air seven or eight miles and returns to the starting point in an hour.

A year ago it seemed that positive knowledge of the nature of the aurora was in our hands. Vegard, bombarding

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nitrogen at extremely low temperature with cathode rays, obtained in the spectrum the characteristic green auroral line. Since then McLennan and Shrum at Toronto have definitely obtained the line by using admixtures of helium under like conditions. There is no positive evidence of free hydrogen in our atmosphere. Later experiments may, however, indicate the presence of oxygen at the auroral level. These studies make it plain that our atmosphere extends much farther than we thought. In fact, we may answer the question, 'How high is the sky?' At least one hundred miles!

V

Let us now approach our atmosphere from above. An observer on a near-by planet, studying our most excellent canopy, would see a bluish haze rotating with the same angular velocity as the earth, an elongated ellipsoid of revolution, bulging considerably at the poles. At the outer limit there would be no heat; the temperature would be the absolute zero. Far down in the very dregs would appear a shallow sediment where the temperature would average a few degrees above freezing. Mankind lives in that sediment and actually breathes it, a mechanical mixture of nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, helium, argon, krypton, niton, zenon, neon, and — last, but most important — vapor of water. Fortunately there are no chemical combinations, and the elements of our atmosphere get along quite peaceably together.

Our planetary observer with a big telescope and high-power eyepiece might discern small black specks. These — if we anticipate the future by a few months — would be squadrons of airplanes, darkening the streets below. Our extraterrestrial gazer might even make out infinitesimally small dots at the very bottom — that is, on the ground. These would be the 'chariots' that 'rage in the streets,' as a prophet of the Old Testament would describe them were he alive.

If he knew as much as our all-searching physicists on earth know, he would call cities atoms, and the inhabitants electrons. The designation of nations would be molecules. He would discover that there were far-flung whirlpools of air, commonly known as storms. He might somewhat hastily conclude that the affairs of men were determined by these vortices at the bottom of the bluish haze. He might tell his fellows that undoubtedly affairs at the bottom of the sky were controlled by wind. Would he be far wrong? Constitutions, political platforms, even commencement orations — are they not essentially air in motion? The very term 'democracy' carries the fine flavor of air in motion, for the *demos*, or crowd, like a wind vane, is blown about by every strange wind of doctrine.

Turning from the dregs and turmoil of the winds, the planetary observer would record that the heights were serene. Here no tumults, no congregations of pestilent vapors, but even, as a great playwright put it in the speech of Hamlet, an overhanging firmament, a majestical roof fretted with golden fire. And there on the majestical roof, keeping company with the aurora, electrical waves started heavenward from earth-born lips may dance their way onward. Perhaps the whispered tones of a maiden's 'Yes,' — a maiden of the days when the Autocrat wrote, — uttered within range of a microphone, may reach those uttermost skies. Traveling thence many, many miles, they may bend again earthward, and, caught by dull glowing grids, reclothed as audible speech, be heard by millions far across the seas.

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THE GOLDEN MOMENT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Does everyone, I wonder, experience at some time in his career a golden moment, when the veil of everyday life is rent and he looks through into a lovely world, which is here and yet not quite here? And if all hearts were opened, and all secrets known, should we find in most of them records of such moments of illumination? There seems to be some reason for believing so, for apparently the virtuous conceal their lovely experiences as jealously as the unvirtuous attempt to hide their ugly ones. Whether the Light comes to most people or not I do not know; all that I know about is Erica Hume's illumination, and this is the story of her golden moment.

When the walls of life opened for Erica, it seemed to her at first that they had done so entirely by chance, but afterward she realized that the whole astonishing experience had been directed, step by step, from the very beginning. It was directed, yet always she was a free agent and could at any moment have turned back, bringing the whole plan to naught. At first, too, it appeared to her to have been born out of her own family's tragedy, but later she came to know that their affliction was only a small part of the grim obsession which gripped the whole of the East Valley neighborhood under cover of a seemingly beneficent world.

Certainly the state of affairs in the Hume household was very distressing. Bob, the heart and centre of the family affection, was off again. Or rather he was just back from being off, retrieved from a ditch, and brought home dead-drunk the night before by their neighbor, Hiram Withers. Erica's father was in a black rage compounded of grief and hurt pride — chiefly the latter. Her mother was in far deeper. She had plunged straight down to the heart of the tragedy with Bob himself. So completely had she rushed forth to succor her son that it seemed to Erica almost as though her mother had slipped out of her frail body, leaving it a gray shell of desolation to go automatically about its duties, while all her real self was down in the quicksand engulfing Bob. As for Bob himself, Erica did not dare to think what he faced, as with returning sobriety he was forced to view all his brilliant young manhood devoured by an appetite stronger than himself.

'It is n't Bob! Some awful power has got hold of him. Oh, what a dreadful world!' Erica cried the words violently to herself as she began to dive into a trunk for the roll of material in search of which she had come up into the attic. The pieces were not there, and as she sat back on her heels and looked about her she caught sight of a pile of old books that had belonged to her great-uncle Stephen. Uncle Stephen had been dead and gone many years, but he had been a delight of Erica's childhood, and the sight of his books brought his kind and whimsical old face, with its young eyes, flashing back upon her. The remembrance of him was warm and comforting in the

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present bitterness of her world. So much so that she reached out toward the pile, anxious through contact to make the memory more vivid. The books had held their contents between reserved covers for years, for Uncle Stephen had a curious taste in reading unshared by any of his family. He had spent some years in India, and there it was whispered he had imbibed a hidden wisdom. Or had he? No one really knew for certain. Was he a white magician? Erica certainly did not know, and hardly cared. He had been dear and friendly, so that now she desired to touch his books. She took up one which was worn at the edges and had a yellow, musty smell.

'This is Uncle Stephen's book, which he often read,' she thought. 'Perhaps there was one passage he liked especially — I will see.' She separated her palms so that the book might fall open as it would. After a moment's uncertain flutter it settled down at a point where a page had been doubled over to the words, 'By perfectly concentrated meditation upon . . .'

I must not give the rest, or the name of the book. It is well known to all white magicians, and doubtless to the black ones also, but its wisdom is potent and dangerous, and should be approached only in a certain manner. It is not for everyone to plunge headlong into the heart of the adventure as Erica did. That the door swung open a crack for her was due, no doubt, to the pressure of the moment's need, and also to the fact that she was suitable material on which to build, being young, and having that nature which thinketh no evil and is as devoid of ulterior motives as is a child's or an artist's.

At any rate, when Erica read that by a certain meditation a certain unusual insight might be attained, a flash of desire to try the experiment swept over her. She had no time for it then, but that night, just as she was ready for bed, the desire returned. 'By perfectly concentrated meditation . . .' Erica knew almost nothing about meditation; nevertheless she set herself to the endeavor, and after a long period of persistent concentration she began to sink deeper and deeper, from one layer of consciousness to another. Suddenly there came a startling experience. She felt herself in the midst of a tremendous pressure and rushing excitement. The walls of her being appeared to open slightly, and she seemed to be slipping out of herself into a world that was wide and fluid, far less dense than matter. So terrifyingly wide was it that with a shock of fright she caught herself away from the abyss and scuttled back into her usual consciousness as fast as the leap of her frightened thoughts would carry her.

'Goodness, Uncle Stephen! You must n't do *that!*' she cried. After which she fell upon her knees and wove a protective chain of prayer all about herself. She had suddenly discovered the world to be a much wider place than she had ever supposed, and its walls most terrifyingly thin — so thin that she was half afraid to commit herself to sleep, for fear that under its dark veil she might fall through the confines of space and time and never again be able to get back. She did go to sleep, however, and that almost immediately.

She was awakened next morning just at daybreak by a golden shout of joy, a proclamation of life, a salute, a celestial gayety. So vivid was it that it appeared to be light as well as sound, a flash of radiance jetting up into the air. What was it — what could it be? A herald angel trumpeting the dawn? Surely she had never heard it before, and yet surely she had.

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Erica sprang out of bed. Something tremendous was about to happen: this was the prompt-call for which all her life had waited. Again the golden shout came, piercing the sky with ecstasy. She snatched the shade aside and looked.

On the garden fence, flapping his wings to crow, sat their big white rooster. And *this* was the herald angel! Erica stared and stared, her eyes incapable of getting enough of the revelation. What was before her was not a rooster, not flesh and blood and feathers, but a miracle of life, a vehicle for the ecstasy of God. Two tears leaped into her eyes and bubbled down her cheeks.

'I never knew — I never understood before! All my life I've seen roosters, but I never really saw one until now!' she whispered in a broken joy.

She turned back into the room, and the same ecstasy, filling it with unseen life, was there. Even the round print on the pillow where her head had rested was possessed of personality. The dressing table, her books, the chair she sat in, all had this suddenly manifested value, and presented it to her as a poured-out and loving gift. Her glance, traveling slowly around the room, in a stricken wonder came upon the reflection of herself in the mirror, and here was the crowning miracle of all, the sharp focus of life. She saw the spring of her neck, the delicate rounds of her breasts beneath her gown, the shower of her dark hair, and again tears leaped into her eyes. 'Am *I* that!' she whispered. 'O God, I did n't know, I never understood before.' For a moment she was overwhelmed by a conviction of sin, by the thought that she should ever have desecrated the shining wonder that was herself with anything short of perfection. But even contrition could not last. It vanished in a moment, like a vapor clearing from a mirror, and only left the ecstasy of life more poignant.

And this was what the 'perfectly concentrated meditation' had brought! She had shifted her perceptions just a hair's breadth, and the amazing value of life was revealed to her astonished eyes.

She could not linger between walls when a new creation was all without. Besides, there was something she must do. What it was she did not know, but someone else knew. With the swiftness of guidance she dressed, and, going downstairs, pushed open the front door and came out into a magic world. It was early morning of a summer's day. East Valley lay before her with the mists slowly dissolving from the mountains. She stood upon the threshold, and knew that she had been born again; this was a resurrection from the grave of her old blind perceptions. Wherever her eyes looked was a miracle; wherever her ears listened was ecstasy. The unfolded wonder before her and within herself was beyond laughter and beyond tears. There was no emotion of hers great enough to express it — only the words, 'Lord, here am I,' spoken in a complete surrender of self.

As she stood thus, she heard suddenly over her head in Bob's room the sound of broken, sobbing words, and her mother's tired gray voice trying to comfort. She was out in a golden world while her mother and brother, almost in touch of her, were in hell. Oh, she *must* bring release for them out of all her joy! But first there appeared to be something else she must do.

As she waited, not knowing for what, another sound saluted her ears. Like all the sounds that morning, it was imperious with hidden meaning. It was the whetting of a scythe. Hiram Withers was preparing to harvest the

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wheat in the Round Field. For some unknown reason she knew at once that this was the signal for which she waited, and on the instant she went down the steps, down the garden path, and out into the road. 'The play begins!' she whispered with a little shiver of expectancy.

The daisies, the grass, and the wild carrots saluted her as she passed with this intensely poignant life. Even the dust trailing away from her feet was filled with wonder. Once she paused and looked back, and the faintly seen tracks of her feet drew her with a thrill of ecstasy. They were only footprints in a dusty road, but they were infinitely more. Seen as she saw all things now, they seemed a pathway of life running across the heart of God.

Hiram Withers was standing with his back to her, still whetting his scythe, when she came up to him. He was a neighbor of the Humes, a small farmer, whose hands were calloused from the plough handles and the axe helve. He had not been in the Valley long and Erica knew little about him, but she remembered with gratitude that it was he who had brought Bob home the last time. She stood behind him for a moment in silence. The early sun poured over him, seeming to draw an effulgence from the man himself. Beyond him swam the yellow wheat field golden for harvest, and the whetting of his scythe was an exclamation in eternity. He turned and smiled at Erica.

'You have come?' he said, surprise as well as greeting in his tone.

Erica knew he meant, not that she had come to the Round Field, but that she had come into this real world, where, apparently, he was at home.

'I have only just come,' she confessed. 'I never dreamed of it before. It is all new, all different, yet all familiar.' She made a wide gesture toward the sky, the mountains, and the dappled farms. 'I've seen them all my life, yet never really seen them before. I heard a rooster crow for the first time this morning,' she said, looking at him with a lovely astonishment on her young face.

He returned the look with a deep and smiling comprehension.

'*You* have been here some time,' she said in awed tones.

He nodded. 'Many years. The turning of a hair brings one — but that hair is hard to turn.'

Suddenly Erica knew — she seemed to catch the knowledge from him — that she was to be in this strange new world for only a short time. 'I came by chance — I shall not be here long,' she said a trifle breathlessly.

'Then you have come for a purpose — they would not let you come by chance otherwise.'

'Yes,' she assented. 'But I do not know what the purpose is. I only see step by step. When I heard your whetstone, at once I knew that was what I was waiting for.'

'Then the purpose is with death, if it was the whetting of a scythe you listened for,' the reaper told her. 'And that to-day will be furninst Black Ridge.' He looked at her young face, and for a moment he seemed doubtful. A thrill of fear shot through Erica. 'It is a dark adventure,' he said. 'However, they know best, and if you win through 't will be a great deliverance for all concerned. He dies to-day, but unless he be turned at the last his evil will still possess the countryside. Speak to the spinner at the foot of the hollow — she knows the thread. Yonder is the way.' With a wide sweep of his arm he pointed up the draft toward the dark line of Black Ridge. Then he turned to Erica and made a strange gesture, a salute of reverence, as though he

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held her in deep respect. Again the stab of fear shot through the girl, but now it was tempered with courage born of his salutation.

The reaper turned back to the field, and with a sweep of his scythe took the first great bite out of the wheat, which fell across his blade with an expiring sigh, as though it fell into the arms of the beloved.

Erica went upon her way with the thrilling loveliness of life unfolding its heart to her in a beauty as poignant as pain. As she passed Mill Hill she saw an astonishing thing. At least on any other morning it would have been; to-day it seemed wholly natural. She saw that the old mill was still standing, although it had been burned to the ground three years before. Beside it, too, was a small gray cabin which she had never seen, although she was aware that there was a tradition that a cabin of pioneer days had once stood there. Now here it was, as complete and untouched by time as the mill by fire. She lingered a moment to stare, but her hidden purpose drove her on.

The spinner could only be old Aunt Rose Easter. She was the only one of the mountain women who still spun. She was a withered old woman who tied her head up in a colored handkerchief and smoked a corncob pipe. At least that was the way she had always appeared on all the days before — but what would she be to-day?

As Erica went up the beaten path to the cabin, she saw the old woman standing in the doorway by her great spinning wheel, with a roll of freshly carded bats on a chair near by. She appeared immensely tall — tall, and beautiful, and solemn. So beautiful that again Erica was dazzled by a flash of reverential tears.

'I have come,' the girl said simply, curiously sure that she was expected.

'I knew they were sending someone, but I did not know it would be you, little Erica,' the spinner answered, and she too made the same grave and deep salute that Hiram Withers had accorded Erica.

'I have come with a purpose, but what it is I do not know. I see only step by step,' Erica said, as she had said to Hiram Withers.

The other nodded. 'Yes, that would be the only way they could use you.'

'The reaper sent me to you. He said the purpose was with death, and that you knew the thread.'

'The thread is the light.' As the old woman made this statement she looked keenly at Erica, but the words conveyed nothing to the girl. 'The plague spot of the Valley, and of all the country round about, passes to-day. He has made a dark centre of iniquity through which the forces of evil that wait upon the outer wall of life could enter. To-day he goes. Bull Snyder is dying.'

'*Bull Snyder!*' Erica's heart leaped into her throat, and now she knew the reason for that thrill of terror which had assailed her. Yet why should she be afraid? How could Bull Snyder's evil touch her? It was whispered that he lived an unspeakably wicked life back there at the foot of Black Ridge with his feeble-minded daughter, and that his dark cabin was the scene of orgies of drunkenness and debauch. Men said — they said many things about him; but when people spoke Bull Snyder's name they lowered their voices and glanced behind them anxiously. People who spoke too openly about him were apt to lose their buildings by lightning, and to have their cattle die of unusual diseases. But nothing was ever proved against him. To suppose that he could direct the lightning was to suppose things that no one credited nowadays. Nevertheless men feared him on the

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surface, and feared him also for something just below the surface, which they dimly suspected but could not know.

'He has wrought great mischief,' the spinner said. 'Most of it has been in our world; but, use what precaution we might, some of it broke through to your surface world as well. To-day he passes. They will try to turn him at the last, but that will be only if you can hold the light.'

'Hold the light!' Erica cried, and knew at once that these were the key words for which she waited. But what did they mean? Was the doctor going to give Bull Snyder some treatment and did he want her to hold the light for him?

The other shook her head as though answering the girl's unspoken question. 'The light is the thread,' she said, as she had said before. 'You are a clear taper, else they would not have had you come.' She threw a look over the girl that was beautiful and tender, and appeared to wrap her about with courage as with a garment. Her eyes seemed to say, 'God be with you.' 'And the reaper and the spinner will be with you as well,' she added out loud. 'We hold the thread also.' Stooping, she took up one of the freshly carded bats of wool, attached it to the thread already upon the wheel, and began to draw it out in a long strand.

With the deep humming of the old woman's wheel following after her, Erica turned her face up the hollow at the head of which Bull Snyder was dying. As she went the shadow of the mountains crept upon her, and terror came with it. She tried to reason it away. For some purpose which she did not understand she was being sent to see a man who had lived an unspeakably wicked life and who now was dying; but even so, how could his evil touch her? It was not reasonable to suppose that it could, but to-day reason, as she knew it, was not to be counted upon. It was not reasonable for the old mill still to be standing when it had burned to the ground years ago, and yet there it was. What danger she faced she did not know, but some deep instinct told her that she was jeopardized by something beyond the physical plane. It was not her life which she took in her hand, but her very soul.

For a time the hum of the spinning wheel followed her reassuringly, but soon a turn of the hill shut it from her. Erica stood still then, clutching her hands tight against her breast. It seemed to her that she could not go forward. For a moment she hung there, caught in indecision, submerged in a horrifying tide of fear and loneliness. She stared up the dusky hollow beneath the outer semblance of which lurked that dread something. For the first time that day the sense of guidance was gone. It was as though secret hands which directed her were suddenly withdrawn. All decision lay completely with herself. If she turned back or went forward now she did so entirely of her own volition. Behind were sunshine and security, in front a dark path and an unknown terror. For a moment she hesitated; then she went on. She did so simply because for a long time now she had made it her practice to choose the most difficult way, some determined hardihood of her make-up finding a stern satisfaction therein. That was her habit, and she obeyed it now. As she stepped forward the feeling of guidance, as definite as a hand on her shoulder, instantly returned. Nevertheless she knew she was a free agent, pressing forward to whatever awaited her of her own accord.

It was dark going. It had been sunny out in the Valley where Hiram

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Withers harvested, but here the mountains stooped breathlessly upon her, and the path was assailed by black shadows. The sun too had lost its brilliance, as though clouds were banking up for a storm. Were they real shadows? Were they real clouds? They seemed to Erica more an emanation of wickedness distilled from Bull Snyder's evil life. There was a drawn expectancy and sense of something more, a vast nebulous and sinister personality, which drew its sustenance from human depravity, and which waited now, just beyond the familiar surface manifestation of trees and grass and wood perfumes, hideously expectant of some impending disaster. In a moment this vague, half-guessed evil began to take on a pulse, as though the unseen presence gathered to a point. At first it was hardly more than a disturbance of thought, something suspected but not defined; then as Erica went steadily on, around turn after turn of the hollow, the pulse became a vibration of the air, and at the next bend it was a sound, piercing, terrible, which in another moment resolved itself into a human voice raised in an anguish of screams and oaths. As these shrieks came through, every aspect of nature — the mountains, the gray stones, the ferns and grasses — appeared to fall into a stricken silence, standing aside, as it were, to give the right of way to this human disaster.

At the sound Erica began to run forward, and now if the guidance which had directed her all day had tried to force her back she would still have pressed on, so poignantly did that agony cry out to her. She made the last turn, she saw the dark log cabin facing her, she heard the voice within screaming; and with a last burst of speed she raced across the intervening space, indifferent to the frantic baying of two mangy hounds, and, springing up the rickety steps, rushed into the main room. Once inside the cabin, however, she fell back, suffocated and horrified. The place was a gray squalor. Swarms of flies buzzed everywhere, born of the reek and filth and stifling odors. On a broken chair lolled a half-grown youth, Bull Snyder's grandson, sodden with drink or sleeplessness. By the bed stood Snyder's feeble-minded daughter, dirty and unkempt, holding a tin can, to which the label of red tomatoes still adhered. On the bed, the centre of all the loathsomeness and horror, lay Bull Snyder himself, screaming and distorted in the rigors of a violent death.

The youth stared up astigmatically at Erica, his chin dropped, and his eyes squinting. 'He's got 'em ergin,' he said, jerking his head toward the bed. The woman corroborated the statement with a foolish giggle.

Erica took a tremendous grip upon herself and looked toward the bed. The figure that had been cursing and thrashing there was still for an instant, inarticulate also save for dreadful gasps. As her eyes rested upon him, all that was in the girl recoiled in horror.

'It's not a *man* — not human! It's — it's an appetite — a bloodsucker!' she gasped to herself.

The great hulk was flung back among the dirty bedclothes, the eyes bloodshot and staring, the mouth a huge voracious gap, the lips grinning back from teeth that looked like discolored tusks; and all the body from the head went down under the bedclothes in a great bloated swelling, the distorted stomach of the man — a monstrosity, an obsession, a dreadful incubus.

'It's not human!' Erica cried within herself again, her heart pounding in her throat. 'There's no soul — it's just a desire!'

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The swollen eyes stared at her a moment, then with a scream the horrors began again — sobs, shrieks, blasphemies, wild ravings, and thrashing of the arms and body in a desperate effort to escape some unseen terror. The woman stooped and offered the can of liquor to the beastlike mouth, but with a sweep of his arm the man dashed it away. The can clanked to the floor, rolling slowly over and over to Erica's feet, its paper label flapping like a grotesque animal, and leaving behind it a spill of corn whiskey.

'Is there nothing to do? Have you sent for the doctor?' Erica cried, turning breathlessly to the youth.

The boy nodded. 'They've done went fer the doc. There ain't nothin' ter do twill he comes. It's ther D. T.'s,' he added succinctly.

Yes, certainly that was what it was on the surface of everyday life, but Erica was no longer entirely in the surface world. She knew that much more was here than an alcoholic in the ultimate throes of his appetite. A renewed ferocious struggle was taking place now in the heaving mass upon the bed. Erica felt also the pressure of an intense excitement in the room. It was outside herself, outside every visible manifestation, even outside the physical aspect of Bull Snyder; but on a plane just beyond the reach of her perceptions tremendous forces were at grips. The body of the man was rigid, the eyes staring and the face glazed with sweat. Silently, terribly, something within him was fighting desperately. All at once she knew what it was. There was still a spark of divinity there, and now it was battling to drag itself free of the monstrous appetite that had engulfed it. That was what the conflict was, that was where all that strange rushing excitement was centred. Would the man's soul, what was left of it, win? His eyes stared at her and she stared back, awaiting, with all the unseen forces present, the outcome of the struggle. With an incredible effort Bull Snyder heaved up to a sitting posture, his fists clenched, and his dreadful gaze still upon the girl's face. Slowly, slowly, the spark of life dragged itself up from the death trap of his desires, up into his face, into his eyes. Suddenly the eyes blazed open, and the mouth screamed at her, 'Pray for me, woman! Lord God Almighty! *Pray for me!*'

For a flicker of time the soul hung there in the man's eyes imploring Erica; then it was caught back into a torrent of oaths and ravings.

Erica fell upon her knees on the dirty floor and prayed as she had never prayed in all her life. The appeal of that screamed despair tore her heart with an agony of pity. She thought of nothing save to throw out the life line of her prayers to that soul in hell.

She prayed and prayed, a confused jumble of petition, baby prayers, church prayers, and snatches of Biblical phrases. She was still aware of that intense pressure of excitement in the room, just beyond the reach of her physical faculties, and knew now that it centred upon herself and the dying alcoholic. But she could not pause over that at present; her one concern now was to pour out her very being in a flood of prayer. Such was her utter, self-effacing compassion for the soul that had screamed to her that all at once, most strangely, the pressure of it appeared to break through the walls of her heart, and floods of golden light broke in upon her. Generated from within, wave after wave of it swept through her, submerging her in its effulgence. One long, passionate beam streamed out of her heart straight across the room and poured itself upon the loathsome mass upon the bed.

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At the moment that the golden light broke within herself Erica felt a sigh go through the room. All the rushing excitement fell away; she was bathed in an ineffable, radiant peace, and knew that she was in harbor after a most perilous passage. A voice like a clear bell sounded within her head. 'Hold the light,' it said.

'They want you to hold the light' — that was what the spinner had said, and this was the light. It continued to pour through her in a golden joy, welling out of her heart across the room in shining strands of compassion. What the light was she did not know, but she knew she was the vehicle for some spiritual emanation.

Her eyes were closed, so that she did not know what took place, but she felt great forces in the room. Once the youth cried out, 'Looky! Looky!' in sharp excitement, and the feeble-minded woman gasped, '*God!*' Erica half opened her eyes. Instantly the long shaft of light wavered. The voice in her head commanded again, 'Hold the light.' Erica closed her eyes and plunged back into her deep self, from which her supreme compassion had generated the light. The voice had spoken only three words, but it went through her with a piercing ecstasy, understanding all she was, all she had ever been or ever suffered. For that voice all her life had waited, and in its service she would have knelt there upon the frontiers of good and evil holding the light forever.

How long it lasted she never knew, but at last she was conscious that the beam of light that had streamed from her had withdrawn itself once more into her own heart, because there was no longer anything for it to succor.

'He's *dead!*' the boy cried out, and opening her eyes Erica saw the woman slowly drawing the sheet over the face of Bull Snyder.

'He's dead, Mammy! He's dead! He'll never tech you ner me no more!' the boy screamed, and fell down across a chair weeping with joy.

The woman looked at Erica. 'What — what was it happened?' she gasped.

Erica shook her head. 'I don't know. I could n't look — I was holding the light. Did you see the light?' she demanded.

'No, I did n't see nothin' — but *some'n's* done set me free,' the other said in awestruck tones. Gazing at her, Erica perceived that the idiotic expression had been swept away by one of depth and understanding. She straightened up, threw her head back, and began tidying her unkempt person, as though a new, strong spirit had taken possession of her forlorn body.

Erica gazed about the room. It seemed sanctified, as though some beautiful, consecrated event had taken place there. The flies had vanished, and in place of the sickening odors was a perfume she had never encountered before. She glanced toward the bed, but the sheet was drawn up over the body with a sense of finality, and it was no longer her concern. She knew that she must return now to the spinner, where enlightenment awaited her.

As she came down the hollow, she moved in ecstasy. The sinister oppression which had overhung it had vanished, and every tree and green blade saluted her with a message of wonder. The inner effulgence still poured through her, and she walked, as it were, in a streak of her own sunlight. Once a gray squirrel in her path sat up abruptly on his hind legs, his little bright eyes adoring her, and all his body aquiver with joy.

As she came up to the spinner's door the old woman rose to greet her. 'You held the light!' she cried, her voice deep and exultant.

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'Bull Snyder is dead,' Erica announced. 'But I think they turned him at the last.'

The spinner bowed her head. 'He was turned with the light distilled out of your compassion. That was what we hoped for, but could not know. They knew that your habit of life was a brave one, so that you would go forward when it was easier to go back, but even they could not know whether you had the gift of compassion great enough to pierce through to the light.'

Then *that* was it! Erica knew now the reason for that rushing excitement in the cabin. Everything had hung upon her capacity for pity. Awestruck by the revelation, she looked humbly at the other, certain that there was more to come.

'Bull Snyder has been the black evil for all the countryside. He was possessed of many devils, all with ravening appetites. *One* mouth was not enough to satisfy their cravings.' She looked straight at Erica and spoke the next words slowly. 'To serve his devils Bull Snyder has been drinking with the mouths of the young men, and his thirst has been in their throats.'

'He has been drinking with the mouths of the young men!' Erica cried out, the revelation bursting upon her like lightning from a dark cloud. 'His thirst has been in their throats! Then it was he — it was Bull Snyder who has been drinking with Bob's mouth!'

The other bent her head in solemn affirmation. 'He has been the thirst in your Bob's throat, and in the throat of many another young man for miles around. The young ones were his victims. The old and settled in habit could resist the sudden craving. But the young men, in their pride and self-confidence, were an easy prey to his devils. You have wrought a great deliverance for many more than you will ever know. If his divine spark had not been rescued at the last, his evil at his death would have taken fresh grip upon the Valley.'

'Bob is free!' Erica cried in a burst of great joy. 'I did not know — I never dreamed *that* was it!'

'They could not have used you had you known. They could only work with a pure light born out of a disinterested compassion.'

'*They?*' Erica questioned. 'Tell me who they are before I go.' For she knew that the bright world into which she had come for a time was beginning to be replaced by what she had always known.

The other shook her head. 'Do not seek to know further. Your time for that has not yet come. You are returning to your dim surface world. Soon roosters crowing for dawn will be only what they have always been. I shall be just an old woman with a spinning wheel, and the reaper just Hiram Withers harvesting the Round Field. But because your gift of compassion brought the light when it was greatly needed, the light will come again, and' — she stooped and kissed the girl upon her bosom — 'your children shall be born with a clear vision.'

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ANGLING IN THE POOL OF OBLIVION

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

Of all forms of sport, angling is the most esoteric. Well does Walton call it the contemplative man's recreation. The angler is not only contemplative himself, but he is the cause of contemplation in other men. To a supercontemplator, sitting on a breezy hilltop, he is the subject of curious speculation. There he is in a superlatively damp place, surrounded by pestering mosquitoes, waiting for an accident that may not happen. Nothing that he can do seems to accelerate the crisis. No tempting variety of bait can ensure success against the procrastination of the slow, unwilling trout. Nor does he know that the trout is there. This may be his day out.

Wherein is the joy of this long trial of predatory patience? Why should a man spend the best part of a spring day dangling an unavailing hook over an unresponsive pool? Where is the sport?

To such a question the cheerful angler, returning with an empty basket, deigns no reply. He has the inner satisfaction that comes from an eventless day well spent. He believes in the values of what the sagacious Bismarck called 'the imponderables.' There are no scales in the fish market that could weigh the trout he was angling for. He does not believe that the pool was untenanted. He has been trying his wits against the Fabian tactics of a shrewd old antagonist. To-morrow he will try again. Hope deferred does not make the heart sick. It affords a healthy satisfaction.

This is the kind of pleasure some of us get in angling in that dark pool of oblivion that is called the Past. Our ordinary experience is with our contemporaries, but sometimes we like to wander off and try our luck in antiquity.

We pore over an ancient book, and for a long time nothing happens. The words arrange themselves according to the pattern of our own day. We discover facts, but they are dead facts. And then something happens. There is a sudden pull as of a living thing struggling in its own element. It is alive and fighting. There is a thrill that rewards us for our hours of watchful waiting. There is a swift motion beneath the surface, which is communicated to us and becomes a part of our present experience. Something that happened long ago is happening again in our consciousness.

There is a sense of immediateness, as if the barriers of time were suddenly removed. We are not looking back at the Past — we are looking around at what is passing. It is all present to us. It is a momentary glimpse of a living reality; we must be quick about it or it is gone. The word 'moment' means movement. The present is that instant of time when everything is presented to us as moving

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rapidly before us. The procession is passing our house, and the band begins to play.

This experience is something different from the knowledge of what is called 'History.' It is not so much historic as subhistoric. The contemplative man uses history as an angler would use a motor car to take him swiftly over the state road to a point in the woods where he leaves the highway to plunge joyfully into the wilderness, where he can loiter and enjoy himself in his own way. He is not interested just now in the course of events or the sweep of great causes; he is not curious of the grandiose things which are matters of careful record, but of the forgotten emotions of half-forgotten people. Suddenly someone who had been a mere name becomes a real person and is caught in the act of doing something interesting.

> Oh! the battle of the Nile —
> I was there all the while.

That is the way we like to feel. We have the sense of being a part of the performance.

I do not agree with the dictum of Mr. Henry Ford that 'history is bunk.' But the historian will be the first to admit that history as set down in a book is not what many people think it is. It is not a record of all the important things that happened during a particular period. It is an arrangement of selected facts, and the historian is responsible for the selection.

He may do his best to rid his mind of prejudice. But he has an ineradicable prejudice in favor of intelligibility. He tries to set down the facts in such a way that their relations may be readily understood. They are marshaled in an orderly fashion. Unfortunately that is not the way they happened. So for the sake of an intelligible narrative he must eliminate those happenings that were irrelevant, confusing, and incoherent.

His history must be the history of something and not of everything. In spite of himself he must select his facts. He is the potter with power over his clay. Some facts and persons he chooses for vessels of honor and some for vessels of dishonor. The clay cannot say to the potter, 'Why hast thou made me thus?' A history book is a manufactured article. It is assembled and put together by competent workmen, like a Ford car. It is made to go, and if it won't go it is scrapped.

The historian deals with great masses and long periods of time, and he is apt to ignore the fortunes of the little people. The individual is but an atom. Still, the atom exists as well as a planet, and an atom can get along without a planet easier than a planet can get along without its atoms. The saucy little atom, with its galaxy of electrons revolving within it, is imperturbable. Its atomic weight is what it is, and its attractions and repulsions are all its own. It will join huge and temporary aggregations of matter, but always on its own terms, and with reservations. Secure in its littleness it says to the big Universe, 'I stand for the self-determination of atoms. Thus far thou shalt go and no farther. No more pushing, no more crowding. I require but little space, but that space is my own and I propose to fill it.'

The idiosyncrasies of atoms are not to be despised. The historian describes epoch-making events and is apt to take for granted that the people who were participants or eyewitnesses were as much impressed by them as he was. But how could they, poor fellows, be expected to know which events were

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to have historical importance and which not? There are any number of events which promise to be epoch-making that turn out to be false alarms. Whose fault is it? The event, in bridal array, starts at the church door, waiting to be joined to the new epoch. The fickle epoch delays his coming, and finally weds another event.

II

'It is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time,' wrote Horace Walpole in 1759, 'that one never knows the truth about it till one is dead.' Future generations, he said, would take it for granted that everybody at that time was absorbed in the fortunes of Frederick the Great and the world-wide war. But they were n't.

'A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace and from Madras to California don't produce an article half as long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. Europe is a dull, insignificant subject to one who knows little and cares less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post days, does n't occupy a quarter of an inch in my memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes who do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a long time to their contemporaries. And how it would humble a great prince who expects to occupy the whole stage to hear an idle man in his easy-chair cry, "Well, why don't the King of Prussia do something?"'

Even amid events of the most tremendous importance the trivial has a way of taking the centre of the stage and holding it for its brief moment.

In the supreme crisis of the World War, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Lloyd George hurried across the Channel to consult with the French Government. What were their thoughts as they returned? One of them repeats their conversation. Sir Edward Grey: 'I could not help thinking of mines all the way over.' Mr. Lloyd George (wearily): 'Oh, I was feeling too bad to think of mines.' Mr. Balfour (with convincing emphasis): 'I longed for a mine.' This is not the pattern that the historian chooses, but it is the stuff that human life is made of. In the stream of consciousness all manner of things float by. Most of the little things are forgotten, but when they are accidentally called to memory they enable us to reproduce a scene, and give it reality. They give just the touch of incoherence that makes it akin to our daily experience. We feel that we have an instantaneous view, a picture that has not been retouched.

The Apostolic times seem far away, and Saint Paul is an heroic figure moving rapidly through the ancient Roman Empire. I see him through the mists of time. But I ask myself how I should have reacted to his presence. Were I among those who listened to him, should I be astonished at his doctrine? Should I reject it or enthusiastically accept it? What I do not consider is that my reactions would largely depend upon circumstances.

I take up the book of the Acts of the Apostles. 'We sailed away from Philippi . . . and came unto them to Troas in five days; where we tarried seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when we were gathered together to break bread, Paul discoursed with them . . . and prolonged his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where we were gathered together.'

Now I can feel that I am a part of the company. We all came to hear Paul. But the plain fact is that he

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has been preaching too long. It is midnight and the room is crowded, and there are too many lights.

Then when he goes on, unconscious of the passage of time, our attention is distracted. 'And there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, borne down with deep sleep; and as Paul discoursed yet longer, being borne down by his sleep he fell down from the third story.'

We who are there have our minds distracted. When we look up and see the young man, in his precarious situation, beginning to nod, our attention turns away from the Apostle. All our sympathies are with Eutychus. The secondary figure takes the first place in our consciousness. The chances are that when afterward our friends begin to discuss their favorite preachers, and one says, 'I am of Paul,' and another, 'I am of Apollos,' we take the part of the brilliant Greek orator.[1] This is only because we heard Apollos under more favorable circumcumstances.

These discrepancies of judgment are the very essence of contemporaneousness. We appeal to Posterity to reduce everything to certainty. But Posterity is somewhat absent-minded, and is likely to confuse its own troubles with those of the generation it is judging. It is enlightening to see things while they are happening. Always there is a mixed multitude watching the mixed happenings with mixed emotions or with no emotions at all. There are those who take sides fiercely and those who take sides mildly and those who look on with bovine incuriosity. They are never all excited at the same time or over the same thing.

In the last great battle of Armageddon there will doubtless be noncombatants strolling over the field asking languidly, 'What is all this about?'

[1] Racially an Alexandrine Jew. — THE EDITORS

It was so in the first battle of Armageddon, described so vividly by Deborah, the prophetess: 'The kings came and fought; then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo.'

There was no lack of martial ardor. 'Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. . . . The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' There was much shouting of the captains, and 'then were the horsehoofs broken by the means of the prancings, the prancings of their mighty ones.'

But the enthusiasm was not universal. The tribe of Reuben looked on with indifference, being chiefly interested in the wool industry. Reuben, 'why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the flocks?'

Why indeed? I should like to interview an honest Reubenite, and discover why he preferred to hear the bleatings of his flocks rather than the noise of the battle.

'Gilead abode beyond Jordan: and why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on the sea shore.' And these were the people of Meroz, who, in spite of the bitterest invectives hurled at them, insisted on preserving a benevolent neutrality.

It would appear that at the battle of Megiddo, in that far-off time, there were all sorts of people, and they reacted to the questions of the hour in all sorts of ways. There were pacifists, militarists, profiteers, pro-Canaanites, agriculturists, and imperturbable seafaring folk, while above all was heard the shrill voice of an emancipated woman.

'Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake.' She was awake, and she succeeded in awaking some, but not all. There was a great difference of

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opinion. To some the battle was the most important in all history; to others it was a regrettable interruption to trade.

III

When we are traveling rapidly through a foreign country we see crowds and classes, and when by chance we are introduced to individuals we treat them as types. We unconsciously multiply them and draw conclusions as to the group to which they belong. Only when we have been long enough in one spot to feel at home do we see particular persons clearly differentiated.

Wordsworth complained that Scott in one of his novels misquoted his lines on Yarrow. 'He makes me write:—

> 'The swans on sweet St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swans and shadow.'

Wordsworth had written 'still St. Mary's lake' and wished to emphasize its stillness. 'Never could I have written "swans" in the plural. There was one swan and only one, and that is the reason I recorded the Swan and the Shadow. Had there been many swans I would have said nothing about them.'

This is something to be remembered by those who are dealing with the literature of a former age. When we discover a lifelike individual it is better to see him as he is without jumping at the conclusion that there were vast multitudes just like him. Perhaps he was an exception. Why not enjoy him as he is? There are times when one swan vividly seen makes a deeper impression on the imagination than a dozen swans accurately counted. And the same thing may be said of geese.

In Ben Jonson's *Volpone, or the Fox*, we come across Lady Would-Be, who with her husband, Sir Politick Would-Be, is on her Italian journey. She is a very advanced lady, with a great contempt for all conventions and taboos. She is anxious that everyone shall know how sophisticated she is. She has arrived in the advance guard of the intellectuals.

> I have a little studied physic; but now
> I'm all for music, save in the forenoons
> An hour or two for painting. I would have
> A lady, indeed, to have all letters and arts,
> Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
> But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
> And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
> Is your true rapture.

As for poetry, she dotes on it. All the poets are at her tongue's end.

> Petrarch or Tasso or Dante?
> Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?
> Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

But chiefly she admires the poet who 'has so modern and facile a vein, fitting the time. . . . Dante is hard, and few can understand him. But for a desperate wit there's Aretine. Only his pictures are a little obscene.'

Lady Would-Be plunges at once from the latest poetry into the latest philosophical speculation, choosing by preference to dwell on those things which 'overwhelm the judgment, cloud the understanding,' and finally 'assassinate our knowledge.'

Poor old Volpone cries, 'Some power, some fate, some fortune, rescue me.' Now if one were writing an historical thesis Lady Would-Be might be taken as a type of early seventeenth-century culture. It would be safer to say she was a character that amused Ben Jonson. If Ben Jonson were alive to-day he might find the same kind of amusement, if he knew where to look for it.

IV

I take up a history of the Protestant Reformation. I get a general idea of

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the course of events. I read of the dissolution of the monasteries, the new learning, and all that. But how did people feel when all these changes were going on?

Then I take up Stow's *Survey of London* in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I am taking a walk with an amiable and intelligent gentleman whose only intent is to show me the interesting sights before it is too late. For London is in a state of transition.

Once London was full of springs and brooks. 'There were wells, sweet and wholesome, frequented by scholars and youths of the city on summer evenings when they walked forth to take the air.' There was Clerkenwell, 'where the parish clerks used to assemble and play some large history out of Holy Scripture.' That has all passed away — more's the pity! The parish clerks no longer assemble to play some large Scriptural drama. The new theatre is changing all that.

'Once the wall of the city was all about furnished with towers and bulwarks in due distance one from the other.' But all this picturesqueness is being rapidly destroyed by the march of improvement.

I begin to feel differently about Elizabethan London. I feel its ruthless modernism and realism in contrast with the picturesque past. That is the way the Elizabethans felt.

Stow begins to talk about education as any gentleman of mature years would speak. In these days there are a great many educational fads, and the schools are being revolutionized, but for all their pretentiousness it is a question whether they make better scholars than they did when he was a boy. As for the disputing of the scholars according to the rules of logic, that has been discontinued. 'I myself in my youth have yearly seen, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, the scholars of divers grammar schools repair unto the Church in Smithfield, where upon a bank boarded about, under a tree, some one scholar both stepped up and there opposed and answered till he were by some better scholar overcome and put down, and then the newcomer, taking his place, did like as the first, and in the end the best opposers and answerers had rewards, which I observed not but that it made good schoolmasters and good scholars.'

Now I get a glimpse of the way in which people actually felt when the new learning was crowding out the mediæval scholasticism. It was not a matter that interested only the great scholastics we read about. It was a matter which affected every school and the proud parents whose sons got prizes in those exciting contests which were conducted like our old-fashioned spelling bees. If I had in my youth stood up under a tree on St. Bartholomew's eve and astonished the whole village by my precocity, and had been the last on that glorious day to be argued down, I would not listen to the radicals who were trying to introduce a newfangled intelligence test. Wait till these educators produce scholars of the old type — which they never did.

We take a walk through a large street recently replenished with comely buildings and go out to the Whitechapel region. Stow calls attention to the fact that Whitechapel is not what it used to be. It is becoming sophisticated. We pass the new church of St. Botolph. 'The parishioners being of late years mightily increased, the church is pestered to find seats for them.'

To get into the country, let us take Hog Lane. 'This Hog Lane, within these forty years, had on both sides fair hedgerows of elm trees, with

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bridges and easy stiles to pass over into pleasant fields very commodious for citizens to walk in, and shoot, and refresh their spirits in the sweet and wholesome air, but now is turned into a continual building of garden houses and small cottages, bowling alleys, and suchlike, as far as Whitechapel.'

In this region that is now being built up Stow can remember rural delights that are no more. 'There was a farm at which I myself in my youth fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk and never less than three ale pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfpenny in winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trollop and afterwards Goodman were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail.'

Now Trollop and Goodman are not historical characters, but they are very real persons to me, which is more than can be said of many who had greater names. I can see their burly figures at milking time. I sympathize with Stow in thinking that it was a pity that when the elder Goodman died his son did not follow in his ways and keep the thirty cows and sell milk to thirsty pedestrians at three pints for a halfpenny. Instead of which young Goodman, when he came into possession, yielded to the prevailing fever for real-estate speculation. He subdivided his farm into city lots and thereafter, says Stow, instead of being an honest yeoman, moved into the city and lived like a prince.

That sort of thing I see to be happening all the time. And the worst of it is that nobody knows how to stop it.

When I walk about with Stow and see all the fine old abbeys dismantled, and think of the way the fair old elm trees in Whitechapel have been cut down, and think how much better a man old Goodman was than his popinjay of a son, I begin to feel reactionary. Three or four hundred years from now there may be historians who will take it all coolly, but they won't know what we know.

Stow takes me by the Priory of the Holy Trinity, which was scrapped. It was Sir Thomas Audley who did it. He sold the bells for what they would fetch, which wasn't much. Then he offered the priory church and steeple to whoever would take it down, but no man would take the offer! Stow remembers when this sort of thing was going on all over London. 'At that time any man in the city could have a cartload of hard stone brought to his doors for sixpence or sevenpence with the carriage.'

We come in our walk to the old church of St. Andrew Undershaft, on Cornhill. Stow explains the name. There was an immense timber shaft or pole which every May Day was set up in front of the church, and when it was thus placed it was higher than the church steeple. Chaucer had written of the great shaft in Cornhill, testifying of the ancient union of mirth and religion. It had not been raised since 1517, but it rested on six hooks till the third year of King Edward VI, 'when Sir Stephen, curate of St. Katharine's, preaching at Paul's Cross, said this shaft was an idol.' Sir Stephen cried out against the name of the church. That was the kind of man he was. 'He would have fish days any day but Friday, and Lent at any time except between Shrovetide and Easter. . . .

'I have ofttimes seen this man, forsaking his pulpit in the said church, preach under a high elm tree in the midst of the churchyard, and entering the church, forsaking the altar, sing Mass in English on the tomb of the

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dead toward the north. I heard his sermon on Paul's Cross, and I saw the effect that followed; for in the afternoon of that present Sunday the neighbors and tenants over whose doors the said shaft had lain, after they had dined to make themselves strong, raising the shaft from the hooks on which it had rested two and twenty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking his share. Thus was that idol, as they termed it, mangled and afterwards burned.'

When I watch the proceedings and remember how Chaucer had chuckled over the thought that the May pole was higher than the church steeple, I have a dislike for thin-lipped, sour-faced Sir Stephen. Why couldn't he leave our May pole alone? Why wasn't St. Andrew Undershaft a good enough name for our church? Our fathers saw no harm in it. And then to think that those hypocrites sawed the May pole up and carried it to their own homes! If they had made a jolly bonfire in the street and danced around it we could have forgiven them. But the pious rogues carried their sticks to their own fireplaces, where they could show their hatred of idolatry and save their fuel bills at the same time.

V

When I read of the religious persecutions of those days I find it hard to realize what they were like to the people who engaged in them. I think of one side as habitual martyrs and the other side as habitual persecutors. I do not take into account the fact that these parts were changed with the utmost alacrity.

But one day I drop in at the trial of Bishop Hugh Latimer in the reign of Queen Mary. It is all so different from what I had expected. It isn't a criminal trial. It is a spiritual tournament, a grammatical exercise, and a revival of religion, all in one.

I see the old Bishop 'holding his hat in his hand, having a kerchief on his head, and upon it a nightcap or two, and a great cap with two broad flaps to button under the chin, wearing an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, from which hanged by a long string of leather his Testament and his spectacles, which were without a case.'

He has just come from his prison and is weak physically, but he has the fighting spirit. He is a knight, lance in hand, ready for all comers. There is a sharp clash of texts.

WESTON. 'Where do you find that a woman should receive the sacrament?'

LATIMER. 'Will you give me leave to turn to my book? I find it in the eleventh chapter to the Corinthians. I trow these be the words. *Probet autem seipsum homo.* I pray you, good master, what gender is *homo?*'

Immediately the assembly is in an uproar. Weston, Cole, Harpsfield, and Feckenham begin to shout their answers. Latin grammar was a live subject in those days, and angry passions were aroused. Weston cries, 'Marry, it is common gender.' Feckenham asserts, 'It is *probet seipsum,* indeed, and therefore it importeth the masculine gender.'

In the first round Latimer has the best of it. Weston finds a new passage of Scripture and begins the battle anew.

'"I will be at host with you anon"! When Christ was at his supper none were with him but the Apostles. Ergo — he meant no woman.'

LATIMER. 'In the twelve Apostles was represented the whole Church; in which you will grant both men and women to be. Well, remember that

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you cannot find that a woman may receive by Scripture.'

I can hear a deep voice crying, 'Master opponent, fall to it!' In those days pugnacity and piety were not strangers. Latimer is plucky, but he is an old man, and when he is pushed too far he admits his weakened powers.

LATIMER. 'Disputation requireth a good memory. My memory is clean gone and marvelously weakened, and none the better, I wis, for the prison.'

WESTON. 'How long have you been in prison?'

LATIMER. 'These three quarters of this year.'

WESTON. 'I was in prison six years.'

Our preconceived ideas of persecutor and martyr do not cover this situation. Weston is as proud of his six years in prison for conscience' sake as a soldier would be of the battles he had fought. These men understood each other. They were of the same bulldog breed. Our doctrine of toleration would have seemed to them to be very flabby.

When he comes again before the commissioners, Latimer asks, 'Will your lordship give me leave to speak a word or two?'

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 'Yes, Master Latimer, so that you use a modest kind of talk without railing or taunts.'

Latimer expounds his faith and ends with 'Now I trust, my lord, that I do not rail yet.'

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 'No, Master Latimer, your talk is more like taunts than railing. What was that book you blame so much?'

LATIMER. 'It is by one which is Bishop of Gloucester, whom I never knew, neither did I at any time see him, to my knowledge.'

'With that the people laughed, because the Bishop of Gloucester sat there in commission.'

Then the Bishop of Gloucester stood up and said it was his book.

LATIMER. 'Was it yours, my lord? Indeed I knew not your lordship, neither did I ever see you before, neither yet see you now through the brightness of the sun shining betwixt you and me.'

'Then they all laughed again.' The Bishop of Lincoln commanded silence.

Then they all laughed again! This was not the Spanish Inquisition. The laughter was the laughter of sixteenth-century Englishmen who were accustomed to give and receive hard blows. When they had laughed for a moment they would take up the cudgels again. To-morrow would be a time for grim tragedy; to-day they would fight the good fight.

VI

In the preceding reign, a Protestant statesman was asked to fulfill engagements made by King Henry VIII. He answered bluntly: 'That was made by the King of England who now dead is to the King of France who now dead is. Then was then, and now is now.'

That is the practical man's dictum. Then was then and now is now, 'and never the twain shall meet.' What happened then is nothing to us. What happens now will be nothing to those who come after us. But the contemplative man is not satisfied with this bleak view of Time. Now is now; but he is interested in thinking about how our now will appear to our successors. What is there that will be found to have permanent interest? How will our fashions appear when they have become old-fashioned? Which of our institutions have survival value? He is accustomed to project his thoughts into the future and to think of now as if it were then.

In like manner he takes delight in

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sudden glimpses into the life of other days. He does not conceive of that life as altogether outside his personal experience. There is for him a dramatic revival of old comedies and tragedies. They have been enacted before, but it is his privilege to see them presented again on the stage of his imagination. Perhaps some of the actors will be more kindly received and more fully appreciated than on their first appearance.

To help us to reset the stage, to recall the actors, to turn on the lights, and to enjoy the play — this is the aim of a liberal education.

But after all, every man must be his own stage manager.

RAVISHER OF TOMBS

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

If I kept a check list of birds — I make no such record of my other friends, why should I of these? — the sapsucker would rank high on it. He visits us constantly. He is no dandy, for all his effective coloring; he is n't particularly friendly, but we like him.

It is rather the habit just now to cast aspersion upon the sapsucker. The ancient accusation stands, of course, that as he drives his precise rings around bole and branch and takes his fill of the tree's blood he is an active — if not, indeed, an immediate — menace to its life. Some are saying in addition that it is not food alone he seeks in his methodical rounds, but drink, and strong drink at that; so strong sometimes that he staggers in his flight to find a place where he may sleep off its effects.

But these indictments leave me cold. The sapsucker has killed no tree of mine, and never yet has he made one the scene of a debauch. I rather wish he might; the morality of most birds falls little, if at all, short of monotony. I must confess, however, that he is a ravisher of tombs. I have seen him at it.

Spring was just around the corner. There was neither sound nor shadow to declare her presence, but one needed no sensible proof; one just knew she was there and that the most engaging, most exasperating days of the year were at hand — the days of waiting for her to come out from her retreat.

It was not quite time for me to start for the office and I was taking a final dander among the shrubs and trees in search of some swelling bud whose discovery might ease the irk I knew would await me at the office. I like my job, but not on the first days of spring! My thoughts were filled with the things I would do, once frost and rain would let me — where the zinnias should go, and where the calendulas; whether the poppies should have their old place around the turf oval; how the phlox might be given more morning sunlight. Vagrantly my thoughts ran on to others of my small husbandries and, as I came into view of the biggest of the birches,

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settled on the cocoon that must be removed from it before it was burst by its sleeper.

The cocoon had, of course, been there through the winter, but it had gone untouched in tribute to its beauty and mystery. Three leaves at the tip of a lower branch had been drawn into its making, with a silvery coating as lovely and as lively in the shifting light of the gray days as frost on the nodding dead grass of a fence corner. The angriest winds of the northwest had torn in vain at the casing, rain and snow and sleet alike had beaten upon it, but still it held its place, not so much in defiance as in an indifference that had even more of contempt. Save for these three leaves the tree had been whipped bare to its twigs, and in their triumph there had been but one concession — they had been chosen from the lee of the prevailing winds.

The mystery of the processes by which these domiciles are fashioned is as profound as the results are beautiful. Man's best achievement is a ludicrous futility beside them. Miles, perhaps, of gossamer threads had been used in binding these leaves together, and into each had been spun some element that made it — and the whole of which it became a part — impervious to wind and rain, impervious to cold, impervious to every ordinary attack. No one has ever determined the formula through which it is accomplished; perhaps no one ever will. It would be good for the arrogant soul of man to contemplate more often the might of these feeble folk.

I came, then, to the walk's nearest approach to the tree of the cocoon. I looked perfunctorily at it, then looked again. It had suddenly more than doubled in size!

I goggled for a moment, then pulled myself together for a narrower look. I saw what I saw; there was no question about it. But in another instant I realized that I had merely been looking, not seeing at all. The cocoon was unchanged in size, as in place. The 'growth' was a sapsucker, clinging, back down, to the under side of the cocoon.

I *did* goggle then. The illusion had been extraordinary, but reasonable enough. Cocoon and sapsucker had blended into an almost exact identity of color as the branch sagged under the new weight and by that very sagging hid the sapsucker's distinctive marks. But to see a sapsucker feeding elsewhere than on the body of the tree — to see one feeding on larvæ, or at least such a larva as this!

For this sapsucker *was* feeding. Cautiously I shifted my position until I could see unmistakably what was happening. (It was a happy chance that I did, for so I was able to affirm that it was a sapsucker and not a downy woodpecker, as the cognoscenti would have had me concede.) This sapsucker was feeding, I say, and Lucullus himself never yielded more utterly to the enjoyment of a repast.

His busy bill was deep in the cocoon. I could fairly see his sides contract and expand as he drew forth the luscious store. At intervals he withdrew his bill and, as I thought, drilled with his lightning tongue another tap hole. Later I found I was wrong, in so far as I thought he drilled anew through the outer shell. I have never seen a creature work with such rapidity, such efficiency, and withal with such delight. He swelled as wisibly before my wery eyes as did the tea drinkers to whose exploits Tony Weller paid his amazed homage.

It is part of my curse that so many of my adventures come just at train time. This was but another instance, and before the feast was over I had to be on my way. I do not know how

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long it lasted, but I could not have missed much of it — the job was being done too expeditiously. But how I did want to stay!

The birch tree was my first objective the following morning. There was more of sunshine, and a freshening breeze was setting prophetically into the south. In the breeze the cocoon lifted and fell as though to hasten me to my inquest. In the sunshine its silvery sheen lighted in new beauty. I drew the branch down. On its upper surfaces the cocoon was quite as it had been all winter long. I turned it over, and saw in almost the mathematical centre of the under side a tiny hole. Around it was the 'darkening stain' that goes with all good murders.

No other trace of the ravage was to be seen, not even the marks of claws where the sapsucker had clung. I had expected to find these; it must have required a firm grasp to hold him. A glass might have revealed the scars, but my curiosity does not run to such niceties of inquiry. If they remained hid to the unaided eye it merely added a new and fascinating detail to the exploit. What I should have preferred greatly to find was some clue to the reason why the sapsucker had chosen the under side of the cocoon for his point of breaking. To my notion he could not possibly have contrived a more awkward position. If it had been the deed of a nuthatch I should have expected it, for the nuthatch loves topsy-turvy ways of going about his affairs. All other sapsucker activities I had ever observed had been carried on with due regard for traditional posture. There was, however, no clue to this problem, and I did not long vex myself with it — I was too eager to learn what was left inside the cocoon.

To determine this I sought the services of a specialist. By occupation he was a commercial artist, his drawing board beside a window looking out over the towers of Brooklyn Bridge. But, like thousands of whom it is rarely suspected, his abiding interest was in things far, far removed from his six-days-a-week surroundings. He really lived for his seventh day, when he could flee the brick and plaster of the city for parks and meadows where butterflies and moths fill out their hurried, harried spans.

I laid the cocoon on his drawing board.

'Oh, yes,' he said, with the indifference the most gracious of experts must feel for the amateur's discoveries. He would have gone on, I suppose, to tell me just how common this sort of thing was, but I forestalled him with the story.

'A sapsucker?' he repeated, and incredulity took the place of indifference.

'A sapsucker,' I assured him, and he looked, first at me, and then at the cocoon, as though an Einstein had taken his place among naturalists.

I nodded assent to his unspoken question, and from a waistcoat pocket he drew a little leather case, and from it a pair of scissors — the sidearms of his avocation. They were so exactly at hand, even in the desert space of that workroom, I wondered for a moment if they found a place, too, in his pajamas. But, after all, my trove and I were justification for such preparedness; some day I shall go back and find how many other occasions he has found for his scissors at unexpected times and places.

The scissors flashed once, and the cocoon's outer shell was opened. Inside lay a still more perfect case — perfect in its fit, perfect in its proportions, perfect in its workmanship, perfect, too, in coloring, for it would have blended as

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protectively against the twigs of the birch and against the dull winter skies showing among them as did the outer shell.

The scissors flashed again and slit the inner case. The artist laid his scissors down and placed deft thumbs on either side of the incision.

'And here,' he said, 'is Prince Tut himself.'

He pressed the case open and out fell the emptied shell of a grub that had been almost ready to burst his prison.

The Prince Tut simile was precise. As long as the phalanx of one's thumb, not quite as thick through, the shell was the very brown of the age-old cerements of a Pharaoh. But more than that, the shell showed in perfect balance of line the members that had been taking form within — here were the head and its horns, here the snugly folded legs, here the wings, here the slim body. No veritable scarab, no idealized one, could compare with this. There was sheer beauty in every aspect — even the sophistication of the specialist wavered before it.

The sapsucker's first thrust had been through the breast; the indication of that was plain. But this thrust was only one of six. *That* was why he had seemed to withdraw his bill and drill anew. What he had done, though, was merely to draw back far enough to roll the body over a little way and strike again. The six holes made a complete cincture; no one of them varied a hair's breadth from the line of the others. The workmen in the Valley of the Kings could not have been more systematic.

For a long, silent moment we viewed the evidences of the tragedy. My fancy leaped on to the time when this tomb would have been rent in its natural, orderly way, when a gay, lovely creature would have danced in the sun, when another miracle of life and procreation and death would have been wrought. My fancy leaped on to these, and then came back to the violence before me, a violence that was, after all, as natural and — who knows? — perhaps as orderly.

'By the way,' broke in the voice of the specialist, 'this is the cocoon of the American silkworm.'

He paused and returned to his former incredulity.

'Are you sure it was n't a downy woodpecker?'

I was — and I am.

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PARTING, WITHOUT A SEQUEL

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

She has finished and sealed the letter
At last, which he so richly has deserved,
With characters venomous and hatefully curved,
And nothing could be better.

But even as she gave it,
Saying to the blue-capped functioner of doom,
'Into his hands,' she hoped the leering groom
Might somewhere lose and leave it.

Then all the blood
Forsook the face; she was too white for tears,
Beholding the ruin of her younger years;
She went and stood

Under her father's vaunting oak
Who kept his peace in wind and sun, and glistened
Stoical in the rain; to whom she listened
If he spoke.

And now the agitation of the rain
Rasped his sere leaves, and he talked low and gentle,
Reproaching the wan daughter by the lintel;
Ceasing, and beginning again.

Away went the messenger's bicycle,
His serpent's track went up the hill forever,
And all the time she stood there hot as fever
And cold as any icicle.

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GET AT THE FACTS

BY WILLIAM E. DEVER

I

THE writer was elected mayor of the city of Chicago in the spring of 1923. During the three and one half years that have elapsed since his induction into office he has acquired an experience in efforts to enforce the national prohibition law which has led him to the conclusion that in the interest of domestic peace, and even public safety, definite and reliable information should be obtained, if possible, as to the effect upon the national welfare of the passage of this law — whether that effect be good or evil, or both.

In the year 1920 Congress passed the Volstead Act, intended to give vitality to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which prohibits traffic in intoxicating liquor.

At the time the Volstead Act was passed twenty-four states of the Union had prohibition laws in full force and effect, so that the Federal Constitution and the Volstead Act, in the main, created new social inhibitions in the north central and northeastern sections of the country. Six years have elapsed since the passage of the Volstead Act, and the national policy prescribed by that law is to-day our most discussed and disturbing domestic question.

Many prohibitionists assume that because of the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead law the liquor-traffic question is permanently settled. Clearly, facts that are obvious to everybody are against this assumption.

At a recent hearing before a subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate, advocates of prohibition with much ability and earnestness argued that the new national policy had brought widespread beneficial results to the nation, and their opponents with equal candor and force urged that these laws are responsible for an increase in drunkenness, insanity, and other evils, and have caused an almost general disrespect for law and order.

The evidence submitted to the subcommittee was illuminating, but the vehemence and even the extravagance of both the proponents and the opponents of prohibition at the hearing were so marked that the Committee seems to have been unable to make a report promotive of domestic peace.

Neither side at the hearing showed a disposition to concede an iota of merit or truth to the contentions of the other, and each seemed unable or unwilling to search for a basis upon which any adjustment of the problem could be reached. At least they did not agree that prohibition laws, where desired by the people and enforced by public officials, had promoted in a large way the public welfare, or that the adoption of the new national programme had been followed by serious social evils.

For more than fifty years there has been in this country an increasing wave of opposition to the liquor traffic. Temperance and total abstinence during

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those years have made rapid strides. In addition to the twenty-four states which had adopted prohibition laws before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, large sections of those states where the traffic was legally permissible, through local-option measures, had become dry. The fact, then, is that prohibition had become the policy of a large part of the nation before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, and this fine progress was accomplished without causing any marked social or political disturbances.

When, however, by Federal enactment it was attempted to impose prohibition upon many of the northern and eastern industrial states, our troubles began. A large majority of the people here were and are opposed to prohibition laws. They do not and they cannot by force be brought to respect them. Hence, such efforts as have been made to enforce the laws in those states — or, more correctly, in their larger communities — have been followed by social and political evils of the first rank. The wise legislator in a democracy will not attempt to impose by law any special programme, however desirable in the abstract, that will not receive general support of the people, if for no other reason than that such attempt will in practice be found unworkable. It is not what people should think, but rather what they actually believe, that determines whether they may be likely to respect and obey certain of our laws; and men, except through the slow process of education, cannot be brought to support a policy that they believe to be oppressive and unjust. The practicability, then, rather than the desirability of national prohibition should be given more careful and tolerant thought.

There is a widely entertained feeling that Congress in enacting prohibition legislation had exercised powers never intended to be reposed in the national government by the framers of the Constitution. Even though it be conceded that Government has the right to interfere with the free will of the individual as to what he may see fit to drink, still it is a debatable question whether such powers, under the spirit of our Constitution, should not be exercised by the several states and their constituent governments. It is true, of course, as so often answered, that the Constitution cannot be unconstitutional, yet within its general spirit and purpose, and with the nature of the question under consideration in mind, there is practical value in the argument that the enforcement of the policy of the Eighteenth Amendment in the interest of social peace and good government could be better assigned to the state governments. But this question, important and interesting as it is, may for our purposes be disregarded. The Federal Government has assumed to act in the premises, and the United States Supreme Court has held that such action is at least legal.

II

An ever-present danger in a democracy lies in the possible abuse of power reposed of necessity in the majority. Majorities are sometimes quite as unwise and may on occasion be as lawless as minorities. In a republic, where the will of the people is crystallized into law through elected agents, there is a constant possibility that the agent may at times and to the great damage of the people misinterpret his instructions, whether expressed or implied, and this has been our too common experience.

Consider the liquor question. What the majority opinion of the nation is thereon is uncertain; and, again, the majority opinion of to-day may be made up in part of the minority opinion of yesterday. In the flux and flow of public opinion an elective

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representative not infrequently is at a loss to know what the people may actually require of him; as a result, representative government, so unavoidably hampered, is often led into gross error, and particularly so when it attempts to interfere in matters that until recent times have, with reasonable limitations, generally been regarded as properly within the free will of the individual.

The concurrence of thirty-six states of the Union is required to make an amendment to the United States Constitution. In ordinary times this requirement serves as a sufficient protection from unwise or undigested amendments to that fundamental law, which, as was intended, in the main prescribes only rules of the most general character for the guidance of the national government. But in a time of national excitement, when public attention was temporarily diverted to a great world struggle, which so engaged the passions of men that it was thought not impossible that the older European civilizations might sink in chaos and ruin, it was found not difficult to adopt an amendment to the Constitution that in normal times might have received more serious thought and consideration. The exaltation of spirit of those days brought somewhat similar social changes in other countries.

It is not urged here that the Eighteenth Amendment did not receive the assent of a majority of the people. That question may be disregarded for the moment, but it is insisted that the representatives of the people acted upon this important subject under the inspiration and exaltation of a time that was altogether exceptional in our history. In a less degree it recalls experiences of the French Revolution, when men and women in a frenzy of fraternal zeal entered upon the impossible purpose of attempting to cure in a moment of time, through the power of the majority, all of the social ills with which France was then afflicted.

Once a constitutional amendment is adopted, it may become practically impossible to repeal or modify it. Thereafter the policy declared by the amendment may rest, because of a change in public opinion, entirely in the will of a minority, and even though subsequent thought and investigation may convince a majority of the people that an error of first importance has been committed by the adoption of the amendment, the policy becomes practically fixed, and in the end may express the will of a relatively small minority of the people. This may or may not be our predicament at the present moment, for no one knows to-day what the majority of our people desire on this question, although signs are not entirely absent of a growing belief that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment constituted a serious social error.

Our Constitution is the fundamental law of the nation, and its provisions in the main are, as they should be, the expression of general principles that meet with the almost unanimous respect and support of an intelligent, moral people. Questions of a widely controversial nature have no place in such an instrument. They should find treatment at the hands of legislative authority to the end that the law at all times may at least be expressive of popular will. That public opinion in this republic is liable to marked changes will not be denied, and of our domestic questions few have been the subject of more popular interest, debate, and changes than the liquor-traffic question.

III

It is believed by many that there is in the nation a growing disrespect for nearly all our penal laws, and that particularly in the larger cities and

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towns of the country such laws are not obeyed or enforced; and, further, that these conditions are in large part due to the attempt to enforce national prohibition. The extent to which this belief is well founded, and the effect upon the social progress of the nation, might well be the subject of careful study.

It cannot be denied that the purpose of the new national programme — that is, the prevention of drunkenness and the use of intoxicating liquor — has not as yet been realized. Drunkenness does exist to an alarming extent, and whether it is on the increase or the decrease is one of the undetermined issues in the case.

A further fact that is worthy of intensive study is that the illegal traffic in liquor is corruptive of our official life. Law enforcement officials, not only in the large cities and towns but throughout the nation, are being subjected in a very positive way to the degrading influence of this traffic. It does not solve the question to say that if all public officials would enter into a whole-hearted purpose, by coöperative efforts, to enforce these laws they could be enforced, for the fact is that the unpopularity of the laws renders such coöperation and coördination of effort well-nigh impossible.

The writer has said quite publicly that even these, in some quarters, unpopular laws could be enforced were all public officials — Federal, state, and municipal — to enter into a definite programme for their enforcement; but, even so, this would tend only to intensify rather than solve the problem, for not much of permanent benefit can be expected from efforts to enforce a particular law upon an objecting and protesting people, otherwise law-abiding.

Public officials are only human and they will react humanly to their environment. Where such officials depend for office upon votes, they will not in every case in good faith enforce laws which citizens of their communities oppose. And one of the most disturbing results of our Federal prohibition law is that so many elective officials — national, state, and municipal — are chosen, not for their probity or capacity, not in accordance with national, state, or community needs, but rather because of the attitude they assume on the liquor question.

Candidates for public office make very practical use of the prohibition question, even in cases where the office sought has no power or jurisdiction over the subject; too many of them do not entertain the belief that any duty rests upon them to educate or direct public opinion. Witness the recent primary election in the State of Pennsylvania.

The demoralizing effect of the illegal traffic in liquor upon our national, state, and municipal governments is so widespread and deep-rooted that it cannot be even summarized, much less adequately discussed here — in one way or another the malign influence of this traffic is felt throughout public life, to the great injury of much that appeals to the pride of the patriotic American. Even our courts have not been free of its corroding influence; judges and prosecuting, as well as executive and legislative, officials in many disturbing ways have indicated a political sensitiveness to this influence; and it is not extravagant to say that where the national prohibition law is unpopular it has been found extremely difficult to procure that prompt and efficient administration of the law so necessary to effective, decent government.

In the progress of the nation, the proper government of large cities, because of their extraordinary growth in population, wealth, and influence, has become a matter of consequence to the national welfare, and officials charged with this responsibility should be chosen

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with intelligent thought of their character, experience, and abilities. Problems of increasing difficulty and complexity confront such officials, and no argument is needed to prove that persons of high moral and even technical quality should be selected for these most important posts. Yet extremists on both sides of the prohibition question have been so prolific and loud of argument that, with damaging results to the country, almost every other matter of social or political consequence is driven from the public forum.

A new and increasingly dangerous and difficult element has entered as a factor in the problem. In recent years the making of beer and moonshine whiskey in the private home is expanding at an alarming rate. In the days of the saloon, drunkenness touched the family life in the majority of cases only intermittently, but under these later conditions the use of intoxicants has so entered the daily life in many of our homes that strong and even poisonous liquors are becoming as staple a commodity therein as is the daily bread. There is much evidence which tends to prove that this demoralizing practice has entered the homes of the people, not only in industrial centres, but also in sparsely settled regions throughout the country. The only legal method by which this evil may be attacked is through the use of the search warrant; to employ this unpopular writ in so extensive a manner as to reach this newer development in an effective way would be followed by consequences that, to put the matter lightly, would be undesirable and even dangerous. Here, again, is needed an intensive study of a phase of the question that is fraught with great difficulty.

Mr. James C. Carter, a profound student of the law and in his day a leader of the American Bar, in notes written by him in 1906 for his Harvard University law lectures said, concerning a proposal to pass prohibition laws: —

> The object the lawmaker seeks to gain by this legislation is to do away with, or greatly diminish, the indulgence in intoxicating drinks, for, although the sale only is prohibited, the real thing sought and expected is the prevention of the use. He wholly fails to gain the object in view; but objects not in view, and by no means desired, are brought about on the largest scale — vast and useless expenditures, perjury and subornation of perjury, violation of jurors' oaths, corrupt bribery of public officers, the local elections turned into a scramble for the possession of the offices controlling the public machinery for the punishment of offenses in order that that machinery may be bought and sold for a price; law and its administration brought into public contempt, and many men otherwise esteemed as good citizens made insensible to the turpitude of perjury, bribery, and corruption; animosity created between different bodies of citizens, rendering them incapable of acting together for confessedly good objects.

How completely this amazing prophecy has been realized is shown by Mr. Edwin M. Abbott, counsel for the Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia, in the May 1926 issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science:* —

> The enforcement of the Volstead Act has opened many channels for the illegal use of money. Disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment, which is a part of our Constitution, and as much a part of the Constitution as the Bill of Rights, has led to the commission of many other crimes beside that of bribery. A most amazing condition has resulted to the body politic through the honest attempt in Philadelphia to enforce the prohibition laws. Perjury struts naked through our halls of justice, and disregard for the sanctity of the oath prevails in most of these cases. Public officials, police officials, magistrates, grand jurors, petit jurors, and even some judges upon the bench forget that they are all sworn to uphold the

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Constitution and laws, both of the nation and the commonwealth, before they enter upon the activities of their offices. Witnesses in court no more regard the oath as binding them to tell the truth, but use their testimony to their own advantage, irrespective of its truth or falsity. If jurors do not like the law they acquit defendants who are charged with transgressing it. If jurists find the law obnoxious to them they discharge malefactors convicted of breaking it. If police officials have been tainted with avarice and have fallen for a price, then memory becomes hazy and faulty, and so we have farce after farce enacted in what should be courts of justice.

IV

One need not deny that prohibition, where accepted by the people, has brought peace and happiness to innumerable homes, and that in an impressive way it has caused moral, intellectual, and material enrichment to the nation.

It is neither fair nor in the least helpful to assail prohibitionists on the ground that they are narrow-minded, and are engaged in a purpose to deprive others of reasonable opportunities for pleasure. Every great social movement has as its almost certain attachment persons who have only a superficial or selfish interest therein. Demagogism and hypocrisy in connection with a matter of such deep social interest are inevitable, but the human misery caused by the intemperate use of intoxicants has resulted in such social, family, and individual loss that there was bound to follow an impressive movement to eliminate this evil. This is just what has happened; and the men and women who have devoted even lifetime efforts to eradicate the evil of intemperance have done and are doing a tremendous humanitarian service.

But, while this seems to be quite true, there is another side to the picture. Can it reasonably be denied that in important parts of the country national prohibition laws are found not workable, because they are not respected, and hence are not obeyed by that section of the people who by heredity, tradition, and custom have been taught that the moderate use of intoxicating liquor is not only harmless but actually beneficial?

If man, as has been said, is a sentimental rather than a rational animal, then the lawmaker is often charged with the difficult task of determining, not what can be done for, but rather what may be done with, him. The beliefs of men have their source so largely in tradition, custom, environment, and heredity, and personal habits and desires of widely varying kinds have so modeled and differentiated the characteristics of so many groups of our American people, that one becomes doubtful of the advisability of any attempt to compel people so impressed to obey, against their will, any rule of conduct not involving moral iniquity, however desirable in the abstract.

Canada and Sweden, nations of homogeneous population, have tried and, to a considerable extent, abandoned the experiment of national prohibition. In the United States, because of its territorial extent, its divergent industries and occupations, its heterogeneous population, and even its climatic influences, the liquor problem is one of peculiar difficulty. Racial differences alone make it quite dissimilar to what it is in other countries.

Generally, the southern and western states support prohibition laws, while the north central and northeastern states, the important industrial sections of the country, in the main oppose them. The question is one of such sectional, social, and economic complexity, and the factors involved in it are so unknown, that the writer

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ventures the opinion that there is no person in the country possessed of information on the whole subject that would enable him to affirm dogmatically, as so many do, the effect of national prohibition upon the country and its future progress.

No effort is here made even to list what are claimed to be both the benefits and the evils that have followed the passage of the Volstead law. But if it be conceded that benefits have resulted therefrom, and also that evils have followed in its train, then is it unreasonable to express the hope that statesmanship may in some manner devise means whereby it may become possible to determine whether the benefits, by constructive legislation, may be retained and extended, and the evils eliminated? This, it seems to the writer, presents a problem the proper solution of which is a matter of first importance to the nation.

Notwithstanding the complexity and intricacy of the problem, and though it affects in a most important and varying way almost every home in the nation, and even though efficient government itself may be seriously threatened, no intelligent and farsighted attempt has as yet been made by an organized body, made up of persons without preconceived prejudices on the matter, to learn the actual facts in the case.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give advice as to what settlement of the question would be the part of wisdom, but merely to indicate that in the welter of charges and countercharges and the contradictory reports and statistics presented by the contestants no one is in a position to determine what has been the actual effect of the attempt to enforce national prohibition; that in the present chaotic state of public opinion and knowledge on the question the factors upon which a final conclusion may be reached are not known to anybody; and that our first duty is to set about to find the truth or falsity of the conflicting claims and counterclaims made by leaders in a strife that is becoming more and more intensified, and is distracting the public mind from other matters of vital importance.

Is it possible, then, that a carefully planned study of the entire question may be begun by an agency made up of intelligent, open-minded persons, to whom may be delegated the responsibility of investigating and reporting upon conditions as they actually are, and who will be authorized to recommend new or additional legislation, if such may be found to be advisable?

The selection of the personnel of such an organization would, of course, be difficult, but it can be accomplished. Such a body, if and when organized, should be provided with legal power to receive and compel the production of any evidence competent to shed light upon the problem; and, more important, it should be supplied with adequate machinery to make on its own account an intensive study in the field to determine the truth or falsity of the claims made by either side to the controversy. Quite clearly this work, if entered upon, would be expensive and arduous; but if, as a result of such investigation, a solution of the problem could be arrived at that would meet with general approval, it would be money and effort well spent.

Is it, then, practicable to set up such a body, the personnel of which would be so outstanding in character and ability as to have and retain the confidence of the public?

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THE PERSONAL PROBLEM

BY JEROME D. GREENE

THE opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have quite unnecessarily weakened their case by the usual argument based on personal liberty, and, to a certain extent, by their advocacy of light wines and beers.

Every civilized community is so accustomed to the limitation of individual freedom in the public interest that the appeal to personal liberty as such carries no weight in this connection and means almost nothing. If a community, with substantial unanimity, once chooses to regard any particular act by an individual as seriously detrimental to social welfare, the appeal to personal liberty becomes academic, if not unsound, however just it may seem from an individualistic standpoint. Thus the restrictions on the sale of poisons and narcotics are made with general consent, and their enforcement has the support of public opinion. The infringement of liberty thus involved creates no grievance. The same is true of traffic regulations and scores of others. It is in the realm of local discussion and local legislation that the difference of individual opinion as to interference with personal liberty presents a real issue and one that often has to be thrashed out until a conclusion satisfactory to the local majority has been reached.

The practical question, therefore, is not whether a given restriction is an infringement of personal liberty, but whether the preponderant and effective sentiment of a community regards it as necessary to social well-being. The word 'community' is the key to the problem, and the case against the Federal Amendment and the Volstead Act is that they are infringements of community liberty, because they impose the will of the national government in a domain appropriate to local control.

As the disastrous experience with the Eighteenth Amendment has shown all too clearly, the enforcement of temperance is peculiarly a matter which depends for its success on the attitude of the community — that is, the city, town, or village in which one lives. If the preponderant sentiment of such a community is against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, there is no serious difficulty about enforcement. This has been shown by a long record of no license under local option in hundreds of American communities; and when such communities comprise practically the whole population of a state, which is simply a larger unit of community life, enforcement by state legislation has in many instances been equally successful. By the same token national prohibition would create no grievance, however objectionable theoretically, if it represented the substantial unanimity of all local communities. That it does so now would hardly be claimed by its most ardent champions.

The great mistake of the Eighteenth Amendment from the temperance point of view has been that it substituted a drastic national law, wholly regardless of community sentiment and community liberty, for the method of gradual

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prohibition based on local and state enactment. The experiment of national prohibition might be justified from the point of view of a temperance extremist indifferent to our political traditions if the record of the temperance movement had been a dismal failure and the evils of intemperance, as reflected in crime and social behavior, had been correspondingly aggravated. But the facts, whether based on temperance statistics and propaganda or on general experience and observation, pointed in quite the opposite direction. So far from being discouraged by the progress of temperance in the United States up to the time of the war, its advocates had every reason for optimism regarding the final outcome. We have all seen the charts that used to be printed from time to time showing prohibition states in white, local-option states shaded, and license states in ominous black; and the gradual advance of the white areas, the changes under local option from license to no license, and the tendency of the black areas to dwindle down to the large centres of population were apparent to everyone. The speed with which prohibition and no license advanced, rather than their slowness, was the striking fact during the twenty or thirty years before the war.

There were other encouraging phenomena which were doubtless related to the changes above mentioned. No one whose observation has extended over the last thirty or forty years can have failed to notice the difference in the drinking habits of the community. Drinking during business hours or at luncheon, formerly a grave abuse, had practically disappeared from business districts in our large cities. It is a well-known fact that in and before the nineties reunions of college and university men were characterized by a good deal of drinking, whereas the experience of many, if not all, colleges and universities since that time was that drunkenness among undergraduates and graduates had become exceptional, even on festive occasions. At one large convivial gathering of university graduates in New York a few years before the war, where over a thousand men sat down to dinner, champagne was provided without extra cost and in quantity practically unlimited, except by the tastes and habits of those present. The number of men in that gathering who gave any signs of having taken too much was certainly not more than two or three, and the assembly was in perfect order during the after-dinner speaking. Could that experience, impossible thirty or forty years ago, be repeated today? It may be a reflection on such a collection of men to admit that they might allow their annoyance with the Volstead Act to drive them to an excess against which their taste and moral sense defended them a few years ago, but Burke's dictum about indicting a people would seem to have some application here. Certainly the general reaction to prohibition is too obvious a psychological fact to be dismissed with a hasty condemnation. As for undergraduate life in our colleges and universities, the change from a situation in which, with perfect liberty to drink, the habit of being 'on the water wagon' had come to be regarded as desirable and creditable, to one in which a boy finds it rather amusing and clever to buy and drink what he can get, is certainly one which does not conduce to satisfaction.

Another phenomenon to which the public was becoming accustomed before the war was the prohibition of drinking on duty, off duty, or both, by employees of railroads and other industries. This was a limitation which did not depend upon legislative enactment and the enforcement of which, to a growing extent, had the acquiescence

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of all concerned, including the public.

No worse blow could have been inflicted upon the temperance movement than the sudden and hastily contrived legislation by which it was sought to impose the Federal authority in a field which peculiarly required, not the sanction of Federal authority, but the sanction of local opinion. Herein lies the constitutional objection to the Eighteenth Amendment, using the word 'constitutional' in the British sense, as applying to the spirit and tradition of American institutions. There is much to be said for the point of view of a recent British commentator on the American Government, who distinguishes between the written and the unwritten constitution of the United States. It is theoretically possible that by a series of amendments rushed through under stress of popular excitement other changes in our political organization affecting the fundamental rights and privileges of individuals and communities could be made nominally constitutional; but does it necessarily follow that the loyalty of a citizen of the United States is engaged in perpetuity against anything which the Constitution may do to him? He must perforce reserve the right of individual judgment in determining his attitude toward a governmental act which is repugnant to his conscience or to the fundamental principles of our constitution, in the broad sense of the latter term; and of course he must be prepared to take the consequences of his decision.

The legitimizing of light wines and beers through some amendment of the Volstead Act would doubtless mitigate, in the minds of a large proportion of the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment, the inconvenience and evil of its rigid enforcement; but in principle it is just as obnoxious to have the Federal Government interfere in such a matter as the precise alcoholic content that can be legally consumed as it is to have the Government prohibit alcoholic drinks altogether. It is really none of the business of the Federal Government to do either. It may well be the business of town, city, or state, speaking for an effective majority of its citizens.

A real danger that menaces this country is that of using the Federal Constitution and legislature as instruments for accomplishing the desires of groups or even majorities of the population in matters which the Anglo-Saxon mind, at least, regards as the sacred domain of community, if not of individual, action. There is hardly an argument in favor of prohibition by Federal enactment that would not apply to other forms of benevolent regulation calculated to satisfy the desires of overhasty social reformers; but it is doubtful whether there is any social reform so important as to justify the abandonment of our tradition of local or state control in such matters. Once open the door to the regulation of local and individual affairs by the Federal Government and it may prove that much of the work of centuries in gaining individual and local liberty will have to be done over again.

What attitude or course of action should be commended to those who find themselves in general agreement with the opinions here expressed? The attitude, it would seem, should be one of acquiescence in and encouragement of the process of nullification through which a community with American traditions normally asserts itself against the improper or unwelcome intrusion of governmental action in individual or local conduct. As has been frequently observed, there are now on the statute books and even in the Constitution of the United States regulations having the form of law

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which, at least in certain sections, nobody regards as the law. They have failed to receive the essential ratification of local or sectional opinion and are now more or less completely ignored. There is a point at which an obnoxious law, meeting with less and less observance, reaches the category of a dead letter. This may be the fate of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act in communities which choose to disregard them — and by this I mean disregard of the law, not by persons of criminal tendencies, but by those properly described as law-abiding citizens. Those who oppose in principle the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act should, if they are honest and have the courage of their convictions, openly approve and encourage this tendency.

As to a programme of action going beyond verbal advocacy of nullification, the most obvious and effective measure is that of electing to Congress men who sympathize with state regulation of the liquor traffic and oppose the intrusion of the Federal Government in all such matters. In the second place, the withholding of appropriations for enforcement should be advocated as the consistent and legitimate means whereby a reawakened public opinion on the respective rights and functions of the Federal and state governments should assert itself.

This is not a counsel of lawlessness, for law rests fundamentally on public opinion; and public opinion can assert itself as effectively and rightfully in breaking as in making a law, provided it is really public opinion which is acting and not the capricious action of lawless-minded individuals.

If it be said that the foregoing remarks imply a humiliating confession of the breakdown of legislative procedure for the correction of errors in legislation, under a government supposedly based on law, the humiliation may be admitted; but the responsibility for it rests on those whose rash advocacy of the prohibitory amendment combined with the pusillanimous action of some politicians in the state and national legislatures to fasten upon the country a constitutional amendment which, owing to difficulties inherent in the process, practically cannot be repealed, though it is plain as a pikestaff that if the amendment were to be freshly proposed to-day, after seven years of popular education on the subject, it could not possibly prevail.

It is wholly to the interest of the temperance cause that the present abortive effort to make people temperate by Federal legislation should collapse, so that the healthy progress of temperance, so unfortunately interrupted by the Eighteenth Amendment, may be resumed. Such an outcome would leave in full force every moral and social consideration in favor of temperance and total abstinence as legitimate objectives of public education and of state and local legislation.

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CURIOUS MEALS IN CURIOUS PLACES

BY MARY W. GRISCOM

'VERY well,' said my sensible Quaker mother, when I made clear my determination to study medicine, 'thee may go to the medical school, but first thee must learn to cook well and to care for a home.' Incidentally, no modern institute of domestic science could have provided a finer teacher than my mother; like many other unsung mothers of the older generation, she not only knew how to prepare delicious and wholesome food, but she gave her family a well-balanced ration, even though she did n't tabulate the vitamins, proteins, and calories. She gave us other valuable lessons, in resourcefulness, endurance, and self-control, and years later I found her philosophy of getting along with people well expressed in an old Chinese maxim, 'Be square inside and round outside.'

In the beginning my practice often blended domestic and professional details in amusing ways, as when I had to operate in immigrants' rooms, where the one cooking utensil served for surgical purposes as well. A knowledge of cooking never came amiss, even when my practice improved and stylish cooks had to be instructed tactfully what to make for patients; sometimes I had to turn to and prepare the things myself. And when, still later, work in the Orient began, I was especially thankful for my home training. In long journeys by chair, boat, litter, or cart, in wild mountain regions, in camps, missions, or hospitals, there was use for every bit of knowledge and experience. My own housekeeping days heightened my interest in the household ways of Oriental women; as a woman doctor I was privileged to go behind the scenes, and sometimes to partake of hospitality in an intimate way. I learned also to take meals as they came, to make the best of it when they did n't come, and to eat strange things in strange surroundings.

I

In China the New Year is a time for ceremonious observance as well as feasting. The kitchen god must be well smeared with a sticky confection known as New Year taffy, to sweeten his temper, so that when he goes up in flames immediately after the treat he may report kindly of the family to the God of Heaven. The new kitchen god is not set up for some days, and with neither old nor new on duty there is an opportunity to do many gay, reckless things which the gods might not approve, but which they can never know! I have attended New Year celebrations which were festive, but one New Year in western Shantung, northern China, was more like a fast than a feast. The doctor at the mission had decided that she must take the holiday time to go to Tientsin for some dental work. As I was due there for an operation, we planned to take the two-day trip by mule cart together to the railroad, in spite of the Chinese proverb, 'Never travel in the first month of the New Year.' In view of this journey we had had to decline an

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invitation to a feast given by the wife of the mandarin of the district, whose baby I had been taken to see. Before we left she sent bearers with holiday food — literally a movable feast — and her regrets that we could not stay to eat at her home. There were many good things, chicken and meats served in various styles, fruits and sweets. We ate some of these, and I packed some to take with us to vary our roadside meals. This proved to be a fortunate inspiration.

'Little parcels' for us to carry and deliver began to arrive the night before we started, for all through China, as a matter of course, travelers are friendly about carrying things to people along the route. We decided to take a 'big cart' so that we might ride together and talk on the journey, in spite of the fact that big carts have very inadequate bamboo mats as covering, and are open at the front and back and practically open at the sides. When I saw the cart I wondered where the passengers were to be stored, for our 'little parcels' included about a hundred pounds of meat, packages of money, a hamper of lamp chimneys to be exchanged, and a ten-year-old Chinese girl, large for her age, who was to be left with her mother for the holidays, at a hospital near the railroad. The housekeeper at the mission was ill that morning, and the servants, unsupervised, packed the food cabinet and strapped it on somewhere. It was bitter cold and beginning to snow, but our head carter, as usual, wore his mouth so wide open that I feared his front teeth would freeze. The doctor and I crouched down among our own belongings, and the Chinese child sat on our feet or any other handy portions of our anatomy, and got under our covers for warmth.

When the noon stop was made, we found that the servants had left out an important half of the provisions, as well as all the cooking utensils and the dishes. Our only hope for anything hot lay in the little spirit lamp, with its tiny tin, which I always carried. The inn where we had halted would supply nothing because of the beginning of the New Year season. 'No fire this day; no food this day,' was the innkeeper's ultimatum. We sat down to luncheon in an open shed, with the thermometer at zero, heated an odd blend of bran, coffee, and sugar mixed by a blundering packer, and ate some cold bits of the mandarin lady's feast. Then we heated some water for our bags and went on.

The night was to have been spent in a little mission chapel, but long before we reached it the men pulled up at another inn and refused to proceed; they were cold, it was snowing, and the wind was high. Such an inn! The carters said that there was 'a warm place' we could have, and we were deposited in a mud-walled shed. It had a door, to be sure, but there were four inches of open space all around it and it had to be propped shut with a big stone. There was a mud kang, or bed platform. I made a bit of tea on the spirit lamp — by the time I rinsed the pot the lid had frozen on and the tea leaves were frozen inside. Having eaten a little cold meat and bread, we went to bed on the kang, in our clothes and wrapped in all available coverings, but we did not sleep comfortably or late.

The next morning at four, in a blinding blizzard, we sallied forth to coax the carters out of the shed which they shared with the mules; they were in no hurry, and merely grunted and sat closer to the warm animals. Before they stirred we had finished our modest allowance of coffee bran, and the grounds were frozen in the pot. Public activities were still suspended, for 'No

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fire this day' was the motto of the innkeeper, and we began to realize the wisdom of the native proverb about traveling too early in the New Year. It was snowing and blowing harder than ever when we got off, with a pint of hot water in my bottle, the vapor frozen on its spout. About ten we reached the chapel village where we should have spent the night. There we got some hot water for our bags. As we left, the men stopped at a fair to eat bowls of mush, a mixture of *gauliang*, sesame, and millet, seasoned with ginger root instead of salt. I clamored for some, and insisted, though the doctor thought we could get a better meal farther on. We could get but two bowls, and shared with the little Chinese girl, who recovered quickly from her cart sickness when she smelled the hot porridge. It was well that we ate something hot when we could get it!

At one o'clock we stopped again — the carters had discovered another inn! This time, however, there was flat rebellion on the part of the passengers; we insisted firmly that we must reach our destination that night, in order to take the train to Tientsin in the morning. The argument lasted all that long, bitter afternoon; though the carters yielded they were far from happy and wanted to stop at any shelter that offered. For a while it looked as though they knew best, for we struck a sunken road full of drifts, which the three mules refused to pass, dashing first up one side, then the other, until one of the men had to walk ahead and drag them. Had we chosen two of the little single carts, our case would have been hopeless. When the pangs of hunger became violent we did some New Year feasting in the cart, and ate fragments of chicken, frozen stiff in watery gravy and pried loose from the pan with difficulty and a spoon handle; this we varied with salted peanuts and, oh, such cold bread! At one stop, late in the afternoon, the men did get us a bowl of tiny meat dumplings, an atrocious mess, with which I tried to warm up the frozen chicken. Finally the wind went down a bit, and our relief may be imagined when, at about eight o'clock, we saw the lights of the hospital which was our goal. Before long we were crouched around a red-hot stove in one of the new wards, wondering whether we should ever be really warm again. We slept on a bed pulled close to the same fire. We were well cared for by the hospital people, and made our train the next morning, luckily none the worse for all the exposure. The operation went through successfully, even though the surgeon had celebrated the New Year neither wisely nor well.

II

During my school and hospital work in India I partook of some meals that were strange even in that strange land, and one of these was a feast given by a *begum*, a Moslem lady of high degree. Her daughter, the younger begum, and her granddaughter, the youngest begum, or 'Bee-Bee,' were at the hospital awaiting the advent of a baby begum, and, in Indian fashion, Grandmother Begum thought to ensure the special favor of gods and men by means of gifts. Her mother was a Persian, and she regarded me with especial favor because I had been in Persia. She was a determined old lady, and one day when I went to midday breakfast I wore two beautiful sapphire rings. The head of the hospital was a doctor who had been in India for many years, and she was shocked and scandalized.

'You must take them back now, at once!' she exclaimed. 'Gifts make a great deal of trouble, and they are never allowed.' After breakfast I gave

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the rings to my stern senior, saying that I had tried to refuse them, and that it was up to her to succeed. She did, but the begum was resentful and determined to gain her end in some other way. This she did by sending to me each day at breakfast elaborate special foods, prepared by herself and her daughter.

After the littlest 'Bee-Bee' came, the proud great-grandmother gave a treat to the entire hospital, except the Hindu caste people, and great was the day in the hospital annals! A date was fixed when a noted Moslem cook could be engaged, and a giant pilau was prepared, for which three sheep were sacrificed. The meal was cooked at noon in huge cauldrons swung over small fires, out in the blazing sunshine of the compound — hot enough, it seemed, to do the cooking without the little fires of twigs and straw continually fed by one of the attendants. The meat was thoroughly cooked, with special rice sent from Nisan, mixed with raisins and nuts, and yellow with saffron from Kashmir.

We sat in long rows, cross-legged, on the floor of the surgical ward verandah — doctors, nurses, attendants, and patients. For plates we used the customary banana leaves, and we were served with brass shovels from the great pans loaded with pilau. Around the edges of our heaps of pilau were many varieties of chutney, in little dabs of different colors, and each, it seemed, a little hotter than the last. We ate with our fingers, of course, which is quite an accomplishment, especially in southwestern India where, with a certain curry, the way to eat a banana is to squash it between the fingers. The Indians could do it without soiling their fingers above the second joint, but I always got my whole hand messy before I was through. Later, in the same banana leaf, we all had curds and whey, after a special recipe known to the begum and her family. The old lady was the life of the party, directing the feast and absorbing the glory which was due her as its giver.

Meanwhile, out in the compound the servants and pariahs were served. After the feast the big cauldrons were carried away, doubtless with much useful food adhering to their sides, which would not be overlooked by the famous cook and his attendants. The begum must have felt that she had 'got even' with the hospital rules, for the feast doubtless cost more than the rings and reflected more public credit upon the giver. By late afternoon the hospital had returned to its routine, and the matron sat on the verandah of the children's ward as usual, to watch the milkman milk the cows for us, and to see that either the heads or the tails were turned toward her, so that an accomplice could not put in water from the other side.

This was a Moslem feast, but I partook also of meals in high-caste Hindu houses, where during a vacation another woman and I were entertained by two of our girl students from the medical school. We were met at the station by a manservant who was placed at our disposal, and who by some subtle adjustment had broken caste enough to cook for us, but not too much to go on cooking in the family utensils. We were escorted to the house in the local tonga, which looked like a little Swiss chalet on wheels, even to window curtains with frills, and we were graciously received by our student, her mother, and her grandmother. We were ushered into one of the two rooms that had been furnished especially for us in European style, to make us feel more at home, and also to lessen the difficulties of caste observance. Left alone, we sat upon one of the red plush sofas, with our bedding rolls and suitcases on

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the other, and marveled at the vivid chenille tablecover with its made-in-Germany travesty of Oriental hues. Only Grandmother was in sight, as at her day-and-night vantage point by the front door she cut and pounded and mixed and chewed her betel nut. We felt out of place and uncertain as to what would come next; but the thing to do in the East is to wait, and we waited.

Finally the partly 'un-caste' servant appeared, and we followed him into the next room, where, lo, 'eats' awaited us! Sweets and tea were plentifully provided, but our hostesses could not join us, — according to caste rule they must eat in the dark, that no alien shadow might fall upon their caste food, — so the tea party was a bit one-sided.

Later the other medical student came to call with her father, a native Indian doctor, who in a spirit of fraternal courtesy insisted that we move to his house. Our hostesses would not consent, but it was arranged that we should take breakfast with the doctor's family the next morning. Then we went for a wonderful ride in the Swiss chalet, along the rocky ledge above the Arabian Gulf, and returned for a dinner for two, served in our little special room; as we ate we wondered how it must feel to dine in the dark as our hostesses did. We slept in a room furnished with two beds and a locked wardrobe, and, having no light and no mirror, dressed and combed our hair by the touch system. Then we had *chota hasri*, or little breakfast: syrupy-sweet coffee, many sweets, and *oppems*, great cakes of rice with crisp brown edges — very good.

The ceremonial breakfast given by the native doctor's family was served in a hired room reserved for illustrious visitors. By such an arrangement the host does not lose caste or have to pay for purification, as he must do if his own house is used. As a compliment to us, foreign food was served at this meal. We ate, while an ever-swelling procession of townsmen and women strolled by and peeped, to see American women eating in a high-caste place. The family stood by to make sure that we were enjoying the meal, and then considerately retired to allow us to take naps. Tea, at this house, had to be early, and we were served with nine different varieties of sweets, composed of coconut, sugar, and *ghi*, or buffalo butter, variously flavored, and we ate these nine rich sweets to music, as two noted Malayalam singers had been brought to entertain us. Then, after a drive, our hospitable friends tried to make us feel an appetite for dinner. They were all very kind and courteous, and when we left we felt remorseful to think that in spite of all the special arrangements many purification ceremonies must have been necessary after our visit.

Among the characteristic refreshments in India, available on journeys or at almost any time, were shoots of the palmyra tree, cooked in their husks, pithy but good, and young or 'tender' coconuts, which were delicious eaten or drunk from the shells, satisfying both hunger and thirst. It was curious to note the distinctions drawn between the different varieties of the ubiquitous banana. Those of one region were practically tabu in another, though the foreigner could see little difference.

III

Another breakfast I remember was eaten at dawn in the Mesopotamian desert during the winter season. On the previous evening the Fords of the Relief Expedition had refused to go, and we had made camp near an English military encampment. The kindly British officers had supplied the elderly

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woman of the party with a tent, while the men of the Expedition slept in the open, though chilly weather and uneasy consciences may have marred their slumber. Clinging to the obsession that woman was created to cook and minister to man's comfort, they had from the start protested against hiring a Persian man cook for the journey; since I was there, why should I not do the cooking and dishwashing, in addition to buying supplies and doing medical and surgical work at the relief stations? I had been firm, but here was a chance to force the situation. Two of the men had serenely sent the servant ahead on some errand, and the stage was set.

'Where's the lady doctor? The lady doctor who slept here last night? I want the lady doctor who slept here last night!' It was cold and dark and dreary, and the voice crying in the wilderness waked the lady doctor at six, in her borrowed tent in the English camp. She had an invitation to breakfast there at eight, but she emerged to see what was the matter.

'Breakfast is all ready and we are just waiting for you; please come at once,' said the man from the Relief Expedition. Rather puzzled, I went to the camp in the open, and found that 'breakfast is all ready' meant that a little cocoa had been made, and that the rest of the job had been saved for me. I decided that it was time to settle this much-debated question, so, sweetly ignoring the display of uncooked food, bacon, eggs, and so forth, I munched dry bread contentedly and was about to help myself to cocoa when I was told that it must be shared with a number of other members of our caravan, and that the pot was small. Knowing the appetites of the men, I thought I could stand what was coming as well as anyone, so I made myself a little coffee from my own basket and finished my bread. Then I gazed on the sunrise, and on the dreary waste of desert, Ford cars, bread and cheese, and baffled conservatism, and observed cheerfully that when they had finished breakfast and washed the dishes I should be glad to show them how to pack.

Yes, they found the cook before time for the noon stop, and I saw to it that a good meal for all was promptly prepared. It was eaten with zest. After that there was a clear understanding that the cook should not be sent away without my leave, and that I was perfectly willing to go on taking charge of supplies. It is strange how some men still feel that woman is a rib — useful, so to speak, in keeping man inflated. Weeks later, when we settled down in Persia to do relief work, there was another rosy plan: to take a vacant house and have me keep house for the men, in spite of the fact that the work for which I had been sent — operations, dispensary duty, and so forth — filled my days. The resident woman doctor at the mission hospital insisted upon having me live with her, and I felt no compunction about accepting the invitation. It was really funny, and the seriousness with which these plans for comfort were made rendered it all the funnier.

Aside from high prices and the poor quality of the food, it was hard to do marketing in Persia, one complication being that on Fridays the shops of the Mohammedans were closed, on Saturdays those of the Jews, and on Sundays those of the Armenian Christians. The Persians use the fat of the fat-tailed sheep in nearly all their cooking; it is sold in the bazaars in goatskins with the hair inside, and is not at all appetizing.

We did have one feast at the Teheran hospital, a gift to the resident doctor. This was Persian lamb, not for outside

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adornment, but roasted whole, with stuffing of rice, raisins, and nuts — meat, vegetable, and dessert, all in one!

At Armenian meals we had various pilaus, rather greasy rice, sometimes with a little curry, then grape leaves or cabbage leaves or quinces stuffed with forcemeat, and rather good. We had also white grapes that had been hung up in a cold, dry room until they were shriveled, but very sweet, and there were pomegranate seeds in quantity. At all meals thick sour milk was served, also cheese. The tiny grapes known as dried currants, which are also made into jam, grow about Hamadan, the Ecbatana of ancient history. The Armenians bake in the earth. After the hole is heated well, the fire is taken out and great circles of thin dough are baked on the sides. This bread, hot from the charcoal fire, is very good; it is like big crackers, about eighteen inches across, and it keeps indefinitely.

One day, in Teheran, I was walking with a nurse from the dispensary, and we smelled fresh bread. I had always wanted to see how Persian bread was baked, so I said, 'Let's go in.' We found the bakery very entertaining. There is a book called *Hadji Baba of Ispahan* which speaks of 'flaps of bread,' and that is a good description. The oddly shaped loaves are almost a foot wide and nearly three feet long, flat and somewhat irregular. The bread is also called 'stone bread,' and it is baked on the small gray stones of the oven floor, under which is the fire. Often there are little stones embedded in the bread, which make it hard on the teeth. There was no door to the oven we saw, and a man was spreading flaps of soft pasty dough on a long-handled spade which was propped on a frame. Another man, using a sort of pitchfork, was taking out the flaps already baked on the hot stone floor. The man with the spade then pushed it into the oven and gave it a sort of flip and fling which sent the pieces of dough to the oven floor in the proper shape and size. The bakers laughed to think that foreigners should want to see such a simple thing, but we found the skill of the man with the spade quite wonderful.

Persian bread is useful as well as filling. Men and women carry it rolled up on their heads, in wet weather spread out to keep off the rain, in sunny weather to protect them from the sun; they hang it over the arm or the shoulder, or roll it in a bundle under the arm. It is hung up at home, to be eaten later, plain or toasted. At the hospital the servants used to spread their Sunday supply to dry on the quilts of unused beds, first making sure that the doctor's rounds had been made.

My experience in Teheran was not wholly confined to relief camps and plain food, for I had a taste of social grandeur and the food and service that went with it. I was there during the *No Ruz* or New Year celebration, March 22, when festivities of various kinds were in order. The servants gave gifts and expected to be remembered in return. One day I found on my table a gorgeous plate of apples, oranges, and pomegranates, with gold-paper characters, expressing good wishes, pasted all over them. One night is known as 'fruit night,' when all good Mussulmans eat fruit. Donkeys heavily laden with bright-colored fruit were a pleasing sight at this season. One very gay celebration was held in a palace room which had been fitted up for the Parliament that never met; the band played, and we were served with cakes and tea. The mullahs had to go out of hearing, for, like the Scottish Kirk folk, they do not consider instrumental music properly worshipful.

After the New Year it was the proper thing to call on the wives of some of the

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high officials. One ex-Shah, by the way, had thirty wives, who had presented him with thirty sons. The gardens of the palaces belonging to government officials were charming, and everywhere we were served with tea, cakes, pistachio nuts fried in butter, roasted hazel nuts, pomegranate seeds, and almonds. In one *anderun*, or harem, we sat on the floor with our feet under a long, low table with a velvet cover, where a charcoal brazier kept us too warm, and a former Turkish 'beauty,' with fine eyes but coarse features, sang to us in a voice that must have been audible throughout the palace. Before refreshments water from a silver ewer was poured over our hands. Among the delicacies served were rather good filigree rice cakes, fine-spun like a loose bunch of wire. We walked on such rugs as are never seen out of Persia; even there some of the most beautiful are hung on the walls. Among the guests were two old princesses, and after they had had their tea the long hubble-bubble, or standing water pipe, was brought in, with its silver cup at the top filled with tobacco and charcoal, and each took a pull at it. I never in my life saw so many diamonds, emeralds, and pearls in active service as at such gatherings. One young girl wore on her fingers two diamonds that looked as big as the Koh-i-nur. Ropes of pearls adorned her mother and sisters, to say nothing of brooches and pendants of emeralds set in diamonds.

The serving of the tea was always an impressive rite. At one palace our first cups were poured from a silver service, the second ones from a gold service, into exquisite Sèvres cups. One of our calls was made at the palace of the Minister of Finance; when our party left, the hostess took from a beautiful Shiraz silver half-moon box a little net bag for each of us, containing Persian gold and silver coins. According to ancient custom, this is a select and fitting New Year gift; the position of our host made it seem particularly appropriate! It was like living a scene from the *Arabian Nights*, and I felt almost too set up and haughty to return to an everyday existence.

IV

Perhaps the most unusual meal of all was eaten about five years ago, away up on the northern edge of India, on the southern slope of the Himalayas. I had been staying at Darjeeling, and the expedition, a vacation trip 'for to admire an' for to see,' started from the school for Eurasian boys and girls at Kalimpong. We were a party of five women, journeying on horseback in Sikkim, which lies between Nepal and Bhutan. Our way lay through the most marvelous mountain gorges; on clear days we could see the magnificent peaks of Kinchinjunga and Kinchinjau, and look into Tibet, the 'forbidden land' stretching away to the north, with its glorious snow peaks and glaciers. We had the necessary syces, or grooms, and coolies with pack mules to carry bedding, mosquito nets, and food.

It was a wonderful jaunt, lasting for three weeks, and at Lachung, one of the highest and remotest spots, two of us visited a mission station carried on by two plucky Scandinavian women, who were very friendly and who gave us much information about that strange region, with its Tibetan people and villages. No doctor had visited the region for years, and we held quite a reception in the tiny dispensary, with its meagre supply of drugs, for patients crowded in steadily until long after dark. It was a gala occasion and the people looked happy and smiling as they described their ailments and begged me to feel their pulse in both

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wrists. Among my patients was a red lama, or high priest, a big, gray-haired, sunny-faced man, who consented, after his treatment and some persuasion, to explain the use of the rosary he carried and to let me examine it. A doctor is highly honored in that region, and during the three days of my stay in Lachung every coolie we met on the road laid down his load to salaam with both hands, and stuck his tongue out as far as possible, to show his respect.

As a mark of appreciation, the headman of the village invited the foreign doctor and her friend and the two mission ladies to breakfast at his house. We went through the irregular streets to reach the conspicuous wooden house with very steep steps at each side of the end. Mounting these, we climbed over the threshold, which was two feet high to keep out marauding animals, and entered the main living room. On one side was a large stone inset in the wooden floor, and on this were several small fireplaces of loose bricks or stones, on one of which a large kettle was boiling. Around this place were square cushions, where the family usually sat to eat, and as there was no chimney a huge yak skin was hung above the stone fireplace, fat side down, to absorb the smoke. At night the family slept about the stone inset, wrapped in their red and blue and brown striped blankets. At one side were the bamboo churns, beautifully laced with reed, in which the tea was churned; for Tibetan tea is a mixture of tea leaves, butter, salt, and boiling water, churned to a perfectly smooth consistency. Our tea was all made and ready to serve, in great black clay jars.

We were to have the honor of breakfasting in the ceremonial room, which is always in the headman's house, and which serves as religious headquarters for the village. Over another high threshold we climbed, into a fair-sized room with several windows; this contained a Buddhist altar, which bore a small Buddha, photographs of the Dalai Lama, a great copper and brass jug, bowls of brass to be filled from the jug with holy water, many offerings, and some foreign gimcracks. Beside the main altar were pigeonholes for the scriptures, on separate leaves, with a satin tab or label at the end. The bell and *dorchi*, or external clapper, were of fine workmanship, as was the jug. In the background was a big clay fireplace, a sort of oven in the wall, for the cooking of ceremonial food.

It was decidedly impressive to sit down to a meal in the presence of the sacred emblems, while the headman and his four sons stood proudly by. Each of the four guests had a small table or stool, and a cushion or mat upon which to sit cross-legged. Upon each little table were a beautiful Tibetan bowl of wood lined with silver, a finely lacquered box, and a fascinating little pottery jar with a cover. Our bowls were filled with the reddish, salty tea mixture by our silent hostess, a tall, sturdy woman of Mongolian type, and her daughter-in-law, the wife of the four sons — for the Tibetans are polyandrous. After the first sip the bowls were promptly filled to the brim again. Our missionary friends indicated that we were next to stir into the tea some of the contents of the jar.

'What 's in the jar?' I whispered to my neighbor, with vivid curiosity.

'Crushed mice,' the little Swedish lady murmured back discreetly. Horrified but determined, and outwardly serene, I lifted the lid, and was relieved to find that her mispronunciation of 'maize,' boiled, roasted, and crushed, had lent an extra thrill to my meal.

Another sip, and the bowls were

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filled again. Next we stirred in some of the finely ground barley from the lacquered box; the mixture was rather like Scotch brose, and really very good. We were careful not to offer an insult to our hostess by dropping any grains on the floor. After the tea bowls had been filled for the third time the demands of etiquette were satisfied, and we were at liberty to leave the rest.

The ceremonial meal was over. We expressed our appreciation, and one of the missonaries interpreted our thanks to the hostess, who stood facing the row of little tables. In accordance with the etiquette which forbade her to notice such speeches unless made by members of her family, she looked perfectly blank until the daughter-in-law repeated the words, after which she beamed upon us, and we took our respectful leave, going back to our regular breakfast and our patients.

Later in the day the weaving class at the mission asked that the visitors might have tea with them in their shed. Here we saw the tea churned and served to forty-six women and innumerable babies. I, as the doctor who had treated most of them, had the cushion of honor at the head of the table, and the three other ladies had mats. The 'mice' was popped this time, and very good. The Tibetan women sang hymns. As they loved stories, I told them, through an interpreter, a moral Chinese tale, which they interrupted by appropriate groans and exclamations of horror, astonishment, or joy. Then came salaams, as we had to leave early and they had to travel miles to their homes.

There were other queer meals, too numerous to describe fully, in settings which made a Quaker-bred American woman feel somewhat out of the picture, but their charm lay in their very strangeness. There was a spirit-lamp breakfast which I cooked and ate sitting on the floor of a little Chinese 'slipper-boat,' as it raced down the swift current of the Min River and the rain poured in torrents on the sketchy bamboo covering. There was a tea party given for me by a dear old Chinese lady in Soochow, while I was crippled by a lame knee. After due consideration of our respective ages and the canons of hospitality, the tea was given in my own quarters at the request of my gracious hostess, who sent elaborate refreshments by bearers, and arrived later by sedan chair with her female relatives, all of them gorgeously arrayed. The Chinese are called rigid in regard to social observances, but I always found them courteous and ready to make concessions to foreigners who respected their point of view and met them halfway. There was also a late supper in an upper room of an unspeakable little Chinese mountain inn, in bandit-infested country. We met some of the bandits next day, by the way, and they were very chummy with our soldier escort, inspecting their arms with interest, but giving us no trouble.

Sitting here in my little apartment with all its modern conveniences, eating waffles hot from the electric iron, and recalling those gypsyings in Asia,

> I tells them over by myself
> An' sometimes wonders if they're true.

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RECIPROCITY

BY CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

I

In one of his less kindly caricatures, that universal favorite, Mr. Max Beerbohm, pays his respects to the artistic aspirations of the American people. It stings a bit, coming as it does from one to whom we Americans have been unfeignedly attached, but it is in the current English mode of fretting at this country, and, like any other spasm of bad taste, must therefore be understood and pardoned. Moreover, it is undeniably amusing.

The plate to which I refer is found in *Things New and Old*, and is entitled 'Reciprocity.' It represents Brother Jonathan — who, save for certain marks conventional among cartoonists, looks remarkably like John Bull — interviewing a withered beldame arrayed in ermine and rags. She is Dame Europa, who is supposed to have sold the American a large number of packing cases filled with oil paintings. These are labeled Constable, Gainsborough, Manet, Gauguin, Degas, and so on; and the old lady is saying to Jonathan, 'And now, young man, now that you've bought up all *my* art products, I shall be happy to acquire all *yours;* and I am willing to pay a generous price.' 'Name it, marm,' he replies. 'Twopence halfpenny,' says the old lady. *Brother Jonathan* — continues Mr. Beerbohm — *is slightly hurt, but, like a sensible fellow, closes with the offer.*

Now it would be preposterous to ask a caricaturist for fair play. We do not expect Mr. Beerbohm to be fair; we only want him to be funny — and Mr. Beerbohm can be as deliciously ridiculous as anybody alive. In this case he did not perhaps realize quite how ridiculous he had been. Let us, as sensible fellows, inquire what the caricaturist means by 'reciprocity.' An Englishman seldom admonishes us without having something in mind besides a joke, something, as a rule, which he takes to be an idea. It is for us to strive to find out what the notion is. What, then, in the name of fine art and literary history, is meant by reciprocity?

Mr. Beerbohm's notion seems to be that, when the fine arts are concerned, a nation ought to do business on the principle of barter, and give in return as much as she receives. What a nation acquires by mere purchase can hardly, in any true sense, be considered hers. If she has nothing but her money, nothing with which to repay in kind those from whom she has drawn her 'art products,' — as Mr. Beerbohm chooses to call them, — she may as well admit that she is a poor thing, worth, at a generous estimate, 2½*d.*

Although we must not ask Mr. Beerbohm, when making fun of us, to use his reasoning powers, we, as good Americans and good merchants, may be pardoned for using our own. Indeed, we may feel the need of powers of derision equal to his own when we visit the National Gallery in London and

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find the paintings of Whistler and Sargent labeled 'British School' — an illustration of that acquisitive skill which has made England great among the colonizing nations. Reciprocity, quotha! Whistler and Sargent, it is true, lived long in Europe, a fact which might be cited as reciprocity of a sort; but we are hardly as yet disposed to yield them up to the British School, however much her faded glories may stand in need of them. But even if we leave these two out of the list of modern American painters, there remain Mr. Bellows, Mr. Hassam, Miss Beaux, Mr. Henri, Mr. Benson, and a dozen others whom England might be the better for knowing, and whom, for all that we can tell, she may one day be claiming. Meanwhile she remains contentedly ignorant of Inness in one field and Saint Gaudens in another. No specimen of their work is to be found in English galleries — perhaps because specimens are not to be purchased for twopence halfpenny.

II

But it is useless to recommend your own wares to a satirist who will only find you the bigger fool for taking the pains to do it. Best turn the tables. Well, then, to use his own arguments against Mr. Beerbohm, what evidence can be shown of a fine reciprocity in England? So far as he is concerned, it seems to consist largely of scolding at America for purchasing works of art made in Europe, and this at the very moment when England is opening a new wing at the Tate Gallery to receive pictures by Continental artists — Gauguin, Manet, and Degas among others. A few of Europa's packing cases labeled with those names seem to be destined for England — to England's immediate artistic advantage.

And does the current flow at times in the other direction? Does England repay in kind for what she receives from France and the Continent? As inveterate travelers, we Americans demand to know where on the Continent a great collection of British painting is to be found. Just where, that is, are we to go in Italy, France, or Germany, to examine the works of Raeburn, or Wilson, or Burne-Jones, or Augustus John? What impress has British painting left on the artistic life of The Hague or Paris or Budapest? The fact is that on the Continent British painting has not been wanted. It has received such a measure of neglect as our own has received from Great Britain. The chief admirers of British painting outside the island have been found in America.

Reciprocity! It is not in her name that nations can transact their artistic business. To pay in kind as you take from others has been no principle of æsthetics. What British sculpture is worth twopence halfpenny in comparison with the Elgin marbles, which are the proudest possession of the British Museum? Has payment in kind been made for the Italian marbles in the South Kensington Museum? Are Thornycroft, Bacon, Nollekens, Leighton, and G. F. Watts to be offered in exchange for Donatello and Desiderio da Settignano? What possible offering of England to the Continent is to be judged as a fitting return for the French paintings in the Wallace Collection?

Thanks be to Apollo and all the Muses, no nation is compelled to pay her artistic debts. It is comforting to reflect that no nation has ever paid, or can pay, her artistic debt to Greece, or, for that matter, to Venice or to Florence or to Paris, or to any other pulsing centre of artistic life, save by that finest tribute of continuing the tradition. In this realm we might

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almost reverse the rule of the Gospel, and contend that it is more blessed to receive than to give.

Remembering this, we will not, as Americans, feel hurt by British captiousness. It is conceded, even by Mr. Beerbohm, that Americans are 'sensible fellows,' and we may assure him that Jonathan will buy Max's pictures as fast as they come on the market. If Dame Europa expects to retain any of them, she had better hustle them into museums as fast as ever she can.

III

The doctrine of reciprocity, however, is related to another heresy perhaps equally erroneous. Although one may admit that a nation has an inalienable right to purchase as much of the beauty of the Old World as she finds offered for sale, one may still feel that the only true art of a people is its indigenous product and not the reflection or imitation of that of other nations. When the British grumble over the departure of Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' from their shores, they are not indignant because we fail to offer them a Stuart or a Saint Gaudens in return, but are, quite naturally, distressed to lose a masterpiece of their national school, the particular lack of which all the treasures of foreign galleries cannot make good.

Why, they ask, cannot a great people be content with their own art, and leave Dame Europa to enjoy her own? Are not Americans tacitly admitting that they have nothing of their own with which they can remain content?

This question Mother England is never tired of asking us, and the question has somehow got very deep under our skin.

'This art of yours, Jonathan,' says the old lady, 'is all very well, but is it yours or an imitation of mine?'

Let Mr. Beerbohm make a cartoon of that! And let him follow it, in one of his incomparable series, with a picture of Jonathan waiting — into the second century — for the great American novel. And then let him show us Jonathan studying the verses of Mr. Vachel Lindsay, in a quandary as to whether that gentleman is sufficiently poetical as well as sufficiently American to be put forward as the typical lyrist of our age and our nation.

Is our art indigenous? Is it *ours?* This is the suppressed query that is running through most American criticism at the moment.

Mr. Untermeyer, for instance, is very much distressed about the present state of Mr. Lindsay's poetry. Mr. Untermeyer used to think that Mr. Lindsay's 'native urge' promised fine things. Mr. Lindsay was unabashed, American. His feet were in the road that leads to immortality. But the poet's latest volume disappoints the critic. It is still sufficiently American, but something is lacking.

Suppose that Mr. Lindsay and his native urge should fail us after all? Suppose, in short, that there were to be no indigenous poetry — none, that is, with any readers? We have an architecture that is all our own. We have given to the world a kind of building, soaring, incredible, American, that serves as an emblem of our very soul. Is it impossible that we should strike out an American poetry that is as incontestably our own?

This notion that the genuine literature is of an indigenous sort is widespread to-day. It is not only in America that the gospel is heard. Long since Ireland led the way in this passionate quest of a national school; and if her prospects of a glorious achievement in the Irish tongue have grown a

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little misty, there is still the English vernacular to retire upon. The desire for Home Rule in the poetical realm has spread to Scotland, and it would seem that we are to hear much in future about a Scottish Renaissance. Mr. Edwin Muir, who is one of its prophets, tells us about it in the *Saturday Review:* —

> The idea of a Scottish literary revival was first publicly advanced by Mr. M'Diarmid's friend and colleague, Mr. C. M. Grieve, about three years ago. It was associated at first in the *Scottish Nation*, a weekly journal, with a political policy of Home Rule for Scotland. The *Scottish Nation* was short-lived; the writers whom Mr. Grieve expected to arrive did not appear, and the public was cold. The *Scottish Chapbook*, a monthly miscellany of Scottish poetry, ran the same course and had to be discontinued at the same time. . . . It was redeemed by the occasional appearance of Mr. Grieve's prose, of poems by Mr. M'Diarmid, and of various contributions by Mr. J. R. Malloch. These represent thus far the net literary achievement of the Renaissance.

Mr. M'Diarmid is the expectancy and rose of this new movement, for he has fearlessly dedicated his talents to the native Muse, and is, we must all agree, very Scotch. Mr. Muir quotes some of his verses for us. Among them are these: —

> There's golochs on the wa',
> A craidle on the ca',
> A muckle bleeze of cones,
> An' mither fochin' scones.

In commenting on Mr. M'Diarmid's poetry, Mr. Muir continues: —

> It is written in Scots, and it has the best of justifications: it is perfectly original. That is to say, it could have been written by no one but Mr. M'Diarmid, by no poet of any nationality other than the Scottish, and in no language save that language.

Here, too, I suspect that many will be found in full agreement with Mr. Muir. Whatever we may think of the critical conclusions, there can be no reason for missing the idea in Mr. Muir's mind. It is bell-like in its clarity: true poetry is a home-grown product, and intended largely for home consumption.

Well, this desire for a Scottish Renaissance must be reassuring to one who is experiencing great concern about the future of American poetry or the arrival of the great American novel. Other nations are having their difficulties, too. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Perhaps, in time, we may come to suspect that all this Simon-pure nationalism is, so far as literature is concerned, a little silly. One would like to introduce it into some American version of *Through the Looking-Glass*. To wit: —

> 'But then,' said Alice, 'we have a very nice literature of our own.' 'Oh no, you have n't,' said the Pennsylvania Dutchman. 'Oh no, you have n't. Literature, you know, is like lettuce.' 'Oh,' answered Alice, 'I had n't thought of that.' 'No, I suppose you had n't thought of it,' said the Dutchman, 'but you must think of it now. Lettuce, you see, must not be eaten unless you grow it in your own garden.'

IV

If critics were at all inclined to study present conditions in the light of literary history, they would come to doubt the value of a perfect nationalism of expression. The great writers of the past have been freebooters rather than patriotic stay-at-homes. What they wanted in the way of foreign material, that they went and took, unblushingly.

The English poets have never, thank God, cared to be exclusively English. They have helped themselves liberally to the good things of their neighbors and to the wisdom of their

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ancestors. They have brought home booty from Troy and have filched from the troubadours. They have read Homer and the Old Testament, and have drawn off the old wine into English bottles. Horace and Boccaccio, Saxo Grammaticus and Omar Khayyám, are among the sponsors at the baptism (by immersion) of the English poets.

Verily there can hardly be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophies of our poets. They fetch their wares from the East and from the West, from the isles of the seas and from the rolling spheres of heaven. Even in the most English of them the indebtedness to other lands and other times is conspicuous, because England has arisen upon the foundations laid by other peoples. England has no exclusive, no lion's share in the sources which inspired Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Byron, Browning. The voice is, no doubt, English, but the words are Venetian, Roman, Athenian, what not.

Even the novelists, who are often thought of as uncompromisingly British, acknowledge, in one way or another, their debt to the Continental. Harry Fielding, for example, 'the full-blooded, clear-eyed Englishman,' avowed, on the title-page of *Joseph Andrews*, his first novel, that it was 'written in imitation of Cervantes,' and in a famous passage in *Tom Jones* he enumerated Aristophanes, Lucian, Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, Shakespeare, Swift, and Marivaux as the sources of his inspiration and his method.

And what shall be said to those Northern critics who are waiting to confront us with the name of Robert Burns? Merely this — that Burns at every moment of his career deliberately challenged comparison with the English poets. He was proud of Scots poets who had attained fame in England, and meant to emulate them. He lauded the poet Thomson, a Scot who, like Smollett, had renounced the vernacular and submitted himself to the literary standards of the English metropolis. Burns himself imitated Thomson and Shenstone and Gray and Collins and Goldsmith, and, though he never ceased to write verse in his native dialect, increasingly tended toward English as a medium; and it is because he is at least partially intelligible to English-speaking folk everywhere that he has ever been regarded as something other than a merely local poet, a writer of verses significant only in the provinces.

In a word, — though it be a word that gives offense to many, — Burns has triumphed over provinciality. He has escaped from the remote and the unintelligible line of Scots poets, Dunbar, Lyndsay, Douglas, Fergusson, Ramsay, and the rest, whose history has been written by Mr. Henderson, and whose race Mr. M'Diarmid wishes to see perpetuated in modern times. Burns is no more to be confounded with such local predecessors and contemporaries than Dante is to be confounded with the horde of theologians and poets out of which he rose. Fergusson and the others are among the glories of Scotland, but Burns is one of the glories of the world.

Such universality has been a mark of poetry throughout the ages. It has never been conceived of as local or indigenous, but as a living growth whose branches roof the world. Its 'progress,' about which poets used to write in the eighteenth century, was as majestic as the thunderous history of Christendom.

For its origin poetry acknowledged the 'harmonious springs' of Parnassus. 'Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,' that stream of music had rolled through

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the Grecian world, and then poured its fertile waves over the Roman world. With the rebirth of learning, the entire Italian peninsula partook of its influence, and thence, in an ever-widening stream, it entered France. Westward the course of this poetic empire took its way, and in two enormous tides flooded England with glory, culminating in the spacious times of great Elizabeth. The broad river had gathered tributary waters from a thousand streams. Hence its rolling force. It acknowledged no allegiance and no nationalities, for its function was to unite the present with the past, the West with the East, and the traditional with the modern, in the creation of an art which could, in some sense, resist the very decays of Time.

Certain poets in the eighteenth century believed that this stream of influence was destined to pass to the Western main. Goldsmith, in a burst of prophecy and allegory near the close of *The Deserted Village*, described the Muse herself as embarking for America. It could never have occurred to Goldsmith, it could hardly have occurred to one of the radicals in all the agonies of Romanticism, that a new, indigenous, and wholly original poetry would arise in the West to express the native genius of the New World. It would be as futile to invent poetry anew as to create a new language or reconstruct Christianity. And though both a new language and an unrecognizable Christianity have arisen in our midst, they are not perhaps to be conceived as our peculiar glories.

Language, religion, poetry, and such ultimate things, whose origin is lost in the dark backward and abysm of time, were always, and quite inoffensively, deemed to be *supra*national. Some things man may inherit humbly from the past; some things he must learn to be beyond his power to reconstruct without destroying them. Most persons find it a sobering experience, at a certain age, to renounce the attempt to change human nature, as Margaret Fuller experienced a certain spiritual settling when she decided to accept the universe.

V

Our American poets will one day wake from their dream of a sublime poetry which smacks of Americanism and owes nothing to Europe, — not even the English language, — and will soberly accept the ancient doctrine of the progress of poetry, even as their rude forefathers of the Concord School accepted it in the last century. Happily that acceptance need be neither deliberate nor even conscious. The slow processes of nature spare us much mortification that arises from a sudden shift of position. Gradually we shall hear less of 'the American language,' whatever that may be, of the 'seven lively arts of America,' and of poetry purely native in origin. They will have no 'progress,' but will fall before the assault of newer heresies. When we have stopped talking about them, perhaps England will cease admonishing us to cultivate them, and permit us to enjoy, as she has done, the common literary inheritance of the chief nations of the Western world.

If, then, as a nation, we are destined to increase still more the waters of that vast poetic stream, our contribution will, without special thought on our part, be sufficiently American. No one will fail to recognize it as ours. Who has ever been in doubt about the American complexion of Poe's work, or Hawthorne's, or Emerson's? Perhaps none is more American than that nervous Briton by late adoption (at his own request), Mr. Henry James. We need never fear that we shall get away from our own shadow, or that we shall

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persuade the British to believe that there is no important difference between them and us. American poets of the future will, we may be confident, feel no disposition to limit themselves to the sentiments of the province in which they were born or sing the war songs of their tribe to the exclusion of all other lyrics. There is certainly no lack of patriotism in claiming one's right to the common inheritance of Christendom. To know it through its long history, to enjoy it forever, and to add to it if possible — this is surely no unworthy aim for any national movement or literary renaissance, and to realize the aim is to discharge in full the manifold duties of reciprocity.

POETIFICATION — NEW STYLE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I WENT out to see Minch Pith — or, as he prefers to have it printed, minch pith — the other day, and found Flushing's new poet of passion hard at work and using a typewriter. He greeted me enthusiastically.

'I am glad you have come to see me,' he said, 'because I have just improved my soulyearns, as I call my poems, in a way that will practically revolutionize poetry throughout the world, and I want to tell somebody about it. You notice I have bought a typewriter.'

'Always up-to-date, Minch,' I said, 'as new poets of passion should be.'

'Almost up-to-date,' he answered. 'I bought it on the installment plan and I am two installments in arrears. But I want to show you my newest poems. What do you think of this one?'

He handed me a sheet of paper on which he had typed the poem.

life

life is a contract thrust at us
and all of us must sign
and all of us inscribe our names
upon the . . . . . .

life is a river we must cross
to reach eternal thrones
the minutes are the ripples there
the days are . . . . . .

'Don't you like it?' he asked anxiously, as I frowned over the poem.

'I don't just understand it, I'm afraid,' I said. 'I think I get the meaning of the dots following the first verse. They mean "dotted line," don't they?'

'Of course!' said the poet of passion. 'And at the end of the second line they are "stepping stones." That's my invention. That's the improved poetification. It,' he said vaguely, 'it helps you get your money's worth out of a typewriter you have bought on the installment plan.

'It helps use up the punctuation marks,' he said. 'I saw as soon as I had bought the typewriter that I ought to do something about the punctuation marks to get my money's worth out of them. I don't use many writing these new-style poems of passion, you know,' he added sadly. 'We moderns don't.'

'You might use them for a border around your poems,' I suggested.

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'I think my way is best,' Mr. Pith said a little haughtily. 'I call it imagist verse, because it uses the punctuation marks as images. This one shows what I mean.'

He gave me another poem: —

futility

man seeks to reach the distant *****
or mount and ride the)
he ends by riding trolley cars
and eating with a spoon

man longs to be a washington
a ford or davy crockett
alas when all his flight is done
he is a bursted?

'You knew that final image was a rocket, did n't you?' the poet asked me anxiously. 'My mother thought it was a sprocket; she had never seen a sprocket, you see, and did not know what a sprocket looked like. That's one of the greatest things about this imagist poetry of mine — only the true cognoscenti can understand it. Their souls reach out and grasp the true meaning. The souls of the cognoscenti are always reaching out and grasping, you know. They know there are many meanings in everything. The moon is not always the moon. I mean, the same image may mean many things. As in this poem': —

rosalie diffenheimer

my rosalie my rosalie
shes not one of the highbrows
she hasnt any brains at all
behind her coal black))

but o her heart beats strong and true
and seldom ever rests
but ever warmly palpitates
behind her snow white))

'Don't her eyebrows run rather up and down in the poem?' I asked as gently as I could.

'That's the only way they run on the typewriter,' said Mr. Pith. 'How do you like this one?'

kist

i kist her at eve
ere the swallows had flitted
and X

I suppose I looked at this poem rather too long, for Mr. Pith seemed to become rather nervous as I studied it.

'Don't you understand that one?' he asked.

'It seems to end rather abruptly, does n't it?' I asked. 'I'm afraid I'm not a full-blown cognoscentum, only a half-baked one, as you might say. The X stands for "ten," does n't it?'

'Dear me!' cried Mr. Pith. 'I do hope everybody does not think that. It would n't make very good sense, would it? Not that sense is important in the new poetry. But it does n't even sound like sense that way: —

'i kist her at eve
ere the swallows had flitted
and ten.'

'Does the X stand for a kiss?' I asked. 'I recall now that my children sometimes put a whole row, to mean many kisses, when they write me letters.'

'I'm afraid that poem is n't a real success,' Mr. Pith said. 'Not if a newspaper man like you can only make that out of it. A newspaper man ought to understand it. Don't you know that X always "marks the spot where the deed was committed"?'

'Why, of course!' I exclaimed. 'I'm a stupid animal, ain't I?' and I read the poem as it should be read: —

'i kist her at eve
ere the swallows had flitted
and X marks the spot
where the deed was committed.'

'That's it!' exclaimed Mr. Pith joyfully. 'It's a double-meaning poem, you see — a triple-meaning poem. X stands for a kiss, and X stands for the

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spot where the deed was committed, and it stands for the crossroads, too. It's lovely when you understand it, is n't it?'

'Mr. Pith,' I said, 'I cannot even begin to tell you what thoughts that poem causes to arise in me!'

'Do you like this one?' he asked with eagerness.

fido

i had a little fido once
his hair was full of fleas
he would have been unhappier
had they been ####

'Ah — er — ' I said as I studied the poem.

'Now, please!' the poet said earnestly, and with a great pleading in his voice, 'please don't say the words ending that one are "railroad crossings." That is what my mother called them. Railroad crossings! How could a doggie have railroad crossings in his hair?'

'He could n't very well, could he?' I agreed. 'Not four of them, anyway.'

'But he could have bumblebees, could n't he?' asked Mr. Pith, in a way that indicated he desired no answer. 'And bumblebees would have made him unhappier than the fleas did, would n't they?'

'I don't know how unhappy the fleas made him,' I said.

'Not very unhappy,' said Mr. Pith. 'He seemed more resentful than unhappy. But if the bumblebees stung him he would have been unhappy.'

'Particularly,' I agreed, 'bees like these, with double stingers.'

'And here is the second verse about Fido,' he said, handing me another sheet.

he never ran with any speed
but at a gentle jog
for he was not a hasty hound
he was a /

I laughed heartily as I read this verse.

'Of course,' I laughed. 'I understand this. It is

'he never ran with any speed
but at a gentle jog
for he was not a hasty hound
he was a lazy dog.'

'How did you know it was that?' Minch Pith asked me.

'I remember the old riddle as well as you do, Minch,' I said. '"Why is an inclined plane like a lazy dog?" Answer: "An inclined plane is a slope up; a slow pup is a lazy dog."'

'You're wonderful!' he said. 'You should become an imagist poet yourself.'

'I thought to once upon a time,' I said, 'but my wife refused to take in washings.'

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'I, REZA, PLACE THIS CROWN UPON MY HEAD'

BY AN ONLOOKER

I

It is like bygone days to have a great national event and so little of the modern inartistic accompaniments. In Teheran, on April 25, at Reza Shah's coronation, no movie cameras purred at street corners, newspaper correspondents were conspicuous by their absence, and the legations, I venture to wager, were pestered by no society writers, plaintive or domineering, who wanted permits and interviews. You did not feel the thing was being staged for publicity or propaganda. In fact, it did not occur to those in charge to take a 'portrait photo' of the Shah in his state regalia till one of the foreigners — who perhaps wanted to take home such a memento — started the suggestion. There were very few foreigners besides those who naturally belong here, and no rich and idle curiosity seekers pressing to see and to be seen.

The chief reason for this absence of a grandstand crowd is the fact that Teheran is probably the most inaccessible capital of any pretensions in the world to-day. Even with the motor it is far, far away. The journey is long and expensive. Connections are not always certain, as a writer from home found out who arrived ten days after the show was over. If you don't come in one of the slow boats through Suez or from Bombay up through the Persian Gulf to Bagdad, you leave Beirut with a motor convoy — and at times, during the last year, with a life-insurance policy if you are wise. You cross the Syrian desert to Bagdad and proceed again by motor from the Iraq frontier over the remaining four hundred and fifty miles to Teheran.

The day was clear and the air fragrant with the Judas trees and locusts which fringe the little watercourses on the outskirts of the city. In Persia, Nature comes nearer being expansive in April than at any other time, but even then she seems friendly largely because of her aloofness during so much of the year. At best she gives the impression of inhospitality. The far expanses devoid of tree or bush, only limited by mountain chains and succeeded only by more expanse and mountain, recall in their simplicity and nakedness the relief maps we used to have at school. Well do the words of Stevenson fit the great Persian plateau: 'There is a certain tawny nudity of the south, bare sunburnt plains, colored like a lion, and hills clothed only in the blue transparent air.' But to my mind one can hardly call the mountains, for instance, which rise like a wall to the sky behind Teheran and shield it from the north, desolate. Their lights and shades, whether in stormy or in fair weather, when the day is breaking or is at its height; the perfection of their ruggedness; the crispness with which they bite the atmosphere, unless indeed the mists of a storm envelop their tops; their winter cloak of snow, which at sunset often turns a pink pure as the throat of a Ross's gull, make you draw

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a deeper breath and feel glad to be in Persia.

South of this city of one quarter of a million souls, of gardens and open spaces, of mansions and mud huts, the silence and solitude of the vast plain lose themselves in the dim cloud mountains that fringe it. The eternity of nature here! Across this plain, beside these mountains, marched and countermarched the troops of Darius and Alexander, the hordes of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. An heroic setting for a history of six thousand years.

To reach the Golistan or Garden Palace we drove through crowded streets bedecked with the Persian red, white, and green. Countless streamers of this bunting flickered from lines that stretched at all angles across the streets. The principal thoroughfares had each its triumphal arch, a towering scaffolding of poles covered from top to bottom with the chief form of domestic wealth here, the rug, and ornamented profusely with mirrors and glass lustres and candelabra, and always the picture of Reza Shah. You often speculated whether one of these suspended masses of glass would drop, and whether you or your neighbor would be its victim. Rugs and mirrors and heavy old-fashioned glass candelabra that in most countries have been put away in the attic or transferred to the secondhand dealer are the universal articles for public decoration here. The rugs hang from the wall or window and often hide the entire side of a building. In the evening doorways and balconies and windows are a mass of glass and twinkling candles.

The broad sidewalks of the great Meidan Sepah were thronged. Lines of soldiers kept a way open for the carriages and automobiles of the coronation guests. Here and there, in the more quiet and spacious corners, the eye met with a mass of black. These were Persian women, each a jet-black figure in the enveloping chadar, from which only the eyes peep out.

The Square of the Portuguese Gun in front of the Palace entrance was filled with vehicles. *Farrashes* awaited us. We passed first by the long water basin, with its spouting jets that run up to the open throneroom from which the Kajars, and latterly Reza Shah, have presented themselves before their subjects at the traditional salaams. This open chamber, the three walls of which are paneled with mirrors and glass facets of varying shapes and sizes, contains the famous balustraded marble platform from which the monarch graciously allows himself to be gazed upon. That at least was the traditional theory, taken more seriously, perhaps, in days gone by than now.

We passed into a second court and by the spot where the Kajar monarchs buried the ashes of their immediate predecessor in order to have the satisfaction of treading upon his dust whenever they entered or left their abode. Kerim Khan Zand happens to be one of the most popular of Persian rulers, and the promptness with which Reza Shah had his remains removed to a more friendly resting place met with public acclaim.

II

Reza Shah was crowned in the Hall of the Museum, a huge room, arched and vaulted, with immense alcoves running down both its longer sides, and its enormous plate-glass windows — what a job it must have been to transport them by camel! — facing the pines and cypresses and plane trees in the gardens, which shade the raised basins over whose brims the water laps into blue-tiled troughs. I had seen this great hall earlier in the winter, when it was still the repository of a hundred years' accumulation of presents and

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purchases of the Kajar monarchs: a curious cross section of the attempt and inability of nineteenth-century Persia to assimilate European culture. Here were two priceless Gobelins with which Napoleon is said to have planned to buy his way to India, and an assortment of fantastic clocks gathered by Nasr-ed-Din Shah when he visited his fellow sovereigns in the West. In one case I remember a monkey playing a guitar in the garden of a Swiss chalet beside gold and enamel work of Isfahan. Alabaster vases flirted with gold snuff boxes. Musical boxes jostled Sèvres china. On the walls hunting trophies leered at bad copies of French paintings. To my regret I failed to find the sixpenny toothbrushes which one traveler has chronicled. Now, however, treasures and rubbish were all gone; the floor was cleared; the walls were nearly bare.

At the far end, like an animal's eye in the night, blazed the Peacock Throne, hidden away so long that many said it was only a myth. Even now, as is the case when so many mysteries meet the light of day, there are unbelievers.

For many a long year this treasure of the Great Moguls has been wrapped and swathed like a mummy, stored in a palace vault far from the view and knowledge of all but a chosen few. The Kajar monarchs seem to have guarded it with as zealous secrecy as if it had been a family skeleton. Its very existence was denied. Curzon, when he was gathering material for his monumental book on Persia, as inveterate a seeker after Persian facts and fancies as has ever come to Teheran, left with the conviction that the Peacock Throne of history had long since been broken up and its stones and its charms dispersed to the four winds. It was a natural conclusion for anyone to draw who had seen only the platform structure made in Isfahan a hundred years ago for Fath Ali Shah. For the Persians call this the Takt-i-Taous, or Peacock Throne. It was made at the behest of the Taous Khanum, or Peacock Lady, by which name the favorite wife of Fath Ali was known to her husband's subjects. This throne, upon which the Persian ruler of the early nineteenth century is so often depicted, squatting on knees and heels, has a beautiful covering of gold plating and enamel work, but with its seven legs and balustrading looks more like a dais than a throne. Now it was placed in a recess behind the one which Nadir Shah brought from Delhi two hundred years ago, as if it had gracefully withdrawn in favor of a finer, newly found sister. Cobwebs were brushed from many places when the Kajar dynasty was swept away last winter, and the reappearance of this historic relic but accompanies new and hopeful signs for a rehabilitated Persia.

It stood there arching its disdainful back, its gold skin on sides and arms and legs and back pocked with stones that glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. From the ends of the arms hung tassels, not of brocade or silk, but of emeralds, clear and cloudy and voluptuous in their irregular, curving contours.

The diplomatic corps was grouped on the left. At one end was the ranking ambassador, its dean. Then came the ambassador from another neighboring country, a healthy, hearty-mannered ex-professor in whose classes you would have liked to have sat. Both represented Governments whose foundations were laid during the Great War. The senior minister came next, in gold braid and ribbons and orders, for he speaks for a Government that has talked for a thousand years. All were ranked according to the length of their stay in the Persian capital, some in uniforms that Talleyrand and Castlereagh might have worn, and others in

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the plain black clothes proper to those whose age and traditions are newer and simpler.

Opposite, at the right of the throne, were crowded many mullahs, bearded, beturbaned, imperturbable, who squatted on the floor until the Shah appeared. Even had there been room, custom would have prohibited the use of chairs. Next to them came the 'notables and grandees of the empire,' of varying ages and degree, many representing a day long since past, all wearing various kinds and shades of cashmere robes cut in the manner of a Japanese kimono. We asked each other who they were. That gaunt, bent old man is Sepah Salar Aazam, active in public affairs for sixty years. Near him, leaning on his stick, is the Farman Farma, one of the most charming and picturesque personages in Teheran to-day, a relic of the old order, whose villages number in the hundreds, whose memories go back to feudal levies and warfare. That clear-eyed, wizened little man came to Washington as first Persian minister in the days of President Arthur. Across the way is the Mostowfi-ol-Mamelek, an ex-prime minister, son and grandson of grand viziers, a famous hunter and one of the few remaining who go to the chase with a falcon on the wrist. In green satin stood a tall black-bearded man, a khan of Bokhara driven from his lands by the Bolsheviki. Near by was a group of Kajar princes, uncles and cousins of the late deposed Shah, who had accepted the invitation to appear and show respect to the new ruler. There, too, were many veteran ex-ministers of state, some of whom had wielded power under Nazr-ed-Din Shah, the picturesque potentate who introduced Persia to Europe and who, at a state banquet in Berlin, as a mark of extreme favor once transferred a drumstick with his royal fingers from his own plate to that of his hostess, the Empress Augusta. And there, in black satin and Arab headdress, was the old and stately Sheikh of Mohammerah, last of the independent chieftains to be broken by Reza Shah. He was brought eighteen months ago, a political prisoner, to Teheran from his palaces and date groves on the Persian Gulf. Chieftains, too, were there of the great tribes of the Bakhtiari and the Kashgai, who migrate by the tens of thousands with their flocks to the uplands in the spring, and over snow-covered mountains down to southern lowlands in the autumn; chiefs of the Baluchis from the south and of the Turkomans eight hundred miles away in the north.

Each of the great alcoves of the hall was filled with the representatives of guilds, of business and commercial interests, the military, the judiciary, and the ministries of government. Among these last, in *kollah* and cashmere abba, as befitted officials of the Persian Government, were the members of the American Financial Mission, whose contribution to the new Persia has coincided with the political leadership of Reza Shah. Under the able leadership of Arthur C. Millspaugh these fifteen Americans are not only showing the way in the building up of the Persian financial structure, but are also showing an ancient community the methods and outlook of American citizenship.

III

A broad lane down the centre was kept open by cadets, who held at intervals regimental colors.

From the Palace entrance came the strains of the Shah's anthem, and then at the far end of the hall appeared a diminutive child, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Crown Prince, solemn, erect, in military uniform. He stands about on a level with his father's knee. Solemnly

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and alone the little chap strutted down the long aisle and took his place at the right of the step to the throne. Later during the ceremony, when the mullahs were pressing forward and over him and, quite outside of the programme, mumbling blessings (or were they curses?) into Reza's ear, he thought he was quite forgotten. I got a glimpse of him intently toying with the pearls sewed into the hem of his father's robe.

After the Crown Prince came adjutants and chamberlains and the ministers of government: Mohammed Ali Khan Foroughi, Prime Minister, lawyer, scholar, and patriot, bearing on a red velvet cushion the Kianian Crown; the Minister of the Court, young, hard-working and hard-playing, bearing the new Pahlavi Crown made in Teheran for this occasion; the Minister of War, who goes himself disguised into a hostile camp if there is need for information or quiet negotiation, with the scimitar of Nadir Shah in a scabbard barnacled with diamonds; and sixteen more ministers and functionaries, — some quite old and breathing hard, — with sword or mace or shield or bow or axe. One bore a jeweled quiver, another the shirt of mail of the Great Abbas. Up the aisle they came, two by two. Then, parting, they turned back, making a semicircle, and took their places along the edge of the aisle. No file of waiters appearing with a new course at a hotel banquet balanced their trays with more dexterity.

The audience waited — you could hear a pin drop. An order was given, and the colors along the side of the aisle were dipped. Preceded by six adjutants appeared Reza Shah, taller than any other man, I believe, in that vast hall, erect and powerful, with a dark complexion and a profile that might have been chiseled from the rock — a man of action and not of words. Here it is not so easy to rise above the station to which one is born, but there is a certain type of man who in all ages and in all communities comes forward. Such a one is Reza Shah. By rare native shrewdness, energy, imagination, and magnetism has this private in the army risen to be sovereign of his country. At five he is at his desk; at seven-thirty he receives the chief of staff. Or he may appear at sunrise in the poorer quarters of the city, or at hospital or barracks, and woe betide those in charge if the inspection does not bring satisfaction. Not infrequently he appears walking on the street alone. On a winter's morning some weeks ago, when dawn was breaking, the guard on duty at the military hospital three miles outside the city was accosted by the new Shah. Reza is said to have informed the astonished hospital staff that they must not think he was no longer interested in the efficiency of public organizations because he had become their sovereign. He still lives simply in the comfortable but by no means palatial house that he occupied before he became Persia's executive, and goes to the Palace only at stated times for the transaction of business and to appear at official functions.

In his military cap he wore the aigrette plume of Nadir Shah, from the base of which shone the Daria-i-nur (Ocean of Light), which legend connects with Tamerlane, that stone of blood from which the Koh-i-nur is said to have been cut. At the buckle of his belt was a cloudy, sullen emerald as large as a woman's fist. The diamonds of his coat, on the epaulettes and on its face, were hidden by a cloak of heavy cashmere sewed with pearls.

He mounted and took his seat on the ancient Delhi throne.

The ministers bearing the historic appurtenances of the Persian crown formed a semicircle in front like vassals

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presenting tribute. Into their centre marched the green-turbaned Imam Juma, elder of the Shiite Church and chief priest in Teheran. 'Oh, praise be to Allah,' he orated, 'who created the universe, who gives kingdoms to him whom He chooses, who is the author of goodness, who is omnipotent, who gave light to the sun and the moon, who made the earth the representation of His heavenly and godly graciousness and loveliness, who makes the prophets and the kings the protectors of the rights of His slaves, who orders them to act with justice and kindness. . . .'

The Shah sat meantime with the uncanny immobility of a statue. When the Imam finished his petition that royal favor might smile upon the Church, Reza leaned forward, gave his military cap to a chamberlain, took the Pahlavi Crown from its cushion, and placed it on his head. Then advanced the Minister of War and fastened to his belt the diamond scabbard and scimitar of Nadir Shah, and this act was heralded to the crowd outside by a salvo of guns.

Reza Shah read a speech from the throne, short and terse, like most of his public pronouncements, outlining his hope for the future of Persia and the chief reforms and measures he considered vital to her progress. 'Energetic action,' he declared, 'must be taken to develop the forces of security, education, public sanitation, and agriculture, to improve economic conditions, means of transportation, commerce, and the judiciary. . . .' He spoke in a quiet, modulated tone so low that it sounded almost as if he were talking to himself, but while straining to catch the words you somehow knew that a thousand troops could hear that voice if occasion required. Perhaps he had in mind a favorite axiom that it is action and not words that count.

Then there came forward the Prime Minister, whom some like to call a dreamer and a man of books. But it has been remarked that as chief minister he has contributed a saneness and a wisdom to the decisions and actions of government that have been responsible in no small measure for the confidence which the new régime of Reza Shah enjoys. 'The people of Persia,' he said, facing the Shah, 'are celebrating, not because a new Shah has come to the throne, but because that event has created the impression that Persia is resuming her historic glory and prosperity. . . .'

Addresses were read on behalf of the Persian people and on behalf of the provincial communities welcoming Reza as Shahinshah of Persia.

It was a picture to remember — this gathering from all the empire of those who had inspired the old order as well as those who were taking their places as makers of the new. How easily the Kajars had slipped away, how easily the page of history had turned upon them! After all, what a shadow in recent years they had become! And in their place stood this man who a few short months ago had led a bloodless revolution and who had largely been successful because of a realization that a patriot gives and does not take. To him ancient Iran is now turning, with the hope that the torch of progress and enlightenment may lead it into paths of awakening vigor and prosperity.

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THE TORIES IN ENGLAND

BY IAN D. COLVIN

I

When Hengest, the Great Horse, Chief of the Angles, found the quarrels of his old men too much for him, he laid down his club in the centre of the clearing and commanded them to fight it out among themselves — adding, with a humor characteristic of his tribe, that the weapon might come in handy to finish off the weaker side. Thus the mace became the symbol of our Parliament and the King learned to trust in the dominant faction, and throughout the greater part of our history, when one party was defeated, the King, by the advice of the other, took off its head. This salutary custom cut a sharp line across the principle of continuity, so much so that in the Middle Ages it is difficult to trace the lines of our politics. Only when our politicians, alarmed by their high death rate, entered into a gentlemen's agreement not to impeach one another, and to pension where they used to decapitate, do we come to distinct and continuous traces of organized parties embracing, not merely one, but succeeding generations.

When we inquire into the principles which governed these parties, we find reason to doubt the lofty claims made by their respective historians, who have an easy habit of tracing everything to two big noises, one the Constitution and the other the Church. Such lofty explanations of the politics of the past will hardly convince the student of the politics of the present. For human nature under all its variety is a constant factor: the political animal makes a great show of fighting over an ideal — his true motive is generally something more material. Man may pretend to himself that even his hatreds are divine and that his animosities are founded in altruism; but if we look to the roots of his nature we find interest perpetually asserting itself under these plausible disguises. The flower of sentiment grows on the root of necessity; man organizes to protect or advance himself in the struggle for existence.

Here, I suggest, lies the origin of the party system.

Even in those misty and violent Middle Ages we seem to trace parties clustering round certain great interests of the nation. England was at one time a wool-exporting country, — Friedrich List describes mediæval England as the wool farm of the German Hansa, — and there grew up a popular party that aimed at keeping that wool for English looms, opposed by a foreign party that had an interest in the weaving industry of Flanders and the carrying trade of the Hanseatic cities. We see the patriot, Simon de Montfort, like George Washington, clothing his followers in homespun to symbolize the cause of weaving native cloth out of native wool, and our oldest political ballad tells the secret of his overthrow by foreign intervention: —

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The Kyng of Alemaigne bi mi leauté
Thritti thousand pounds asked he
For to make the pees in the countrie.

In the Wars of the Roses these native weaving, mercantile, and shipping interests supported the House of York against the House of Lancaster, which was committed to the export of wool, and its foreign bankers, the Hansa. Warwick the Kingmaker, like Simon de Montfort, led the national against the alien cause. To that end he set Edward IV upon the throne; but that monarch cynically betrayed the interests by which he had risen. The Wars of the Roses were indeed a popular revolt against an alien domination; we find the same cause arising again to a brief triumph in the reign of Edward VI, suppressed in blood by Mary and Philip of Spain, and returning to complete and glorious victory with Queen Elizabeth.

Thus even before the rise of party government we see dimly certain great lines of conflict in English history and the existence of a party devoted to such interests as English weaving and shipping, or — shall we say? — to the national economic cause. Here, if I am right, was the germ of the Whig Party, the party of the merchant adventurers and manufacturers, the party of high protection, the party that made war either to open markets or to defeat commercial and industrial rivals. This party supported the Reformation because the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain between them had closed the ports of the Old and the New World to English trade; it supported Cromwell because Charles I drew heavily on its capital and depended on our commercial rivals, the Dutch; it brought in William III because James II was thought subservient to our industrial rivals, the French. It was an active, aggressive party that dragged its country into many commercial and colonial wars on sea and land — its aim being to make England a great economic power. It had its chief strength in London and in the seaports and industrial towns. Such in essence were the Whigs.

Upon the other side was a party founded on the great quiet landward interest of agriculture, a party that would have been content to sell its wool to the foreign buyer if he offered a better price, a party that had no quarrel with French silks and clarets, a party that disliked foreign wars, for which it had to pay without receiving any direct benefit, a party rooted in English soil and devoted to old traditions, to the Crown and to the settled hierarchy of its social organization. It was this party that was faithful to the Stuarts, fought Cromwell, and would have opposed Dutch William but for the fatal obstinacy of James; it was this party that reasserted itself under Bolingbroke, fell because of that leader's subservience to France, and remained long in the shades of opposition through its fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts and its dislike of the House of Hanover.

The Tories were disabled, not only by their adherence to a fallen cause, but by the nature of things. Whereas the Whigs, depending on industry and commerce, were concentrated mainly in the great towns and the eastern counties, the Tories, depending on agriculture, were widespread and found it more difficult to combine. Adam Smith, a pensioner of the Duke of Buccleuch and a stout adherent of the landed interest, puts the case of the Tories as follows in his *Wealth of Nations:* —

The country gentlemen and farmers dispersed in different parts of the country cannot so easily combine as merchants and manufacturers, who, being collected into

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towns, and accustomed to that corporation spirit which prevails in them, naturally endeavor to obtain against all their countrymen the same exclusive privilege which they generally possess against the inhabitants of their respective towns.

I do not assert that the Tories were all landowners or the Whigs all merchants. But there was, roughly speaking, this economic division between the two parties; and, that being so, the Whigs were the active element in the State, the Tories the passive. And although these circumstances made the Tories comparatively weak in organization, they were strong in popularity. The Whigs exploited the common people as free labor; the Tories protected them as feudal dependents. 'Long,' says Lecky, in his *Democracy and Liberty*, 'after the sceptre of feudal power had passed from the landed gentry to the middle classes, the old belief or prejudice or superstition, that the administration of government ought to be chiefly entrusted to gentlemen, prevailed, and in spite of all democratic agitations it is certainly very far from extinct.'

And the same judicious historian writes further: —

It was also a fundamental principle of the old system that the chief political power should be with the owners of the land. The doctrine that the men to whom the land belonged were the men who had to govern it was held, not only by a great body of English Tories, but also by Benjamin Franklin and by a large section of the American Colonists. It was urged that the freeholders had a fixed, permanent, inalienable interest in the country, widely different from the migratory and often transitory interests of trade and commerce, that their fortunes were much more indissolubly blended with the fortunes of the State; that they represented in the highest degree that healthy continuity of habit and policy which is most essential to the welfare of nations.

I have said that the Whigs generally made the wars which the Tories paid for, the backbone of our fiscal system in those times being a tax on land. The Whigs involved us in wars with France and Spain; the Tories, in their attempts to meet the bill, sought to place some of the liability on the Thirteen Colonies.

I may be forgiven if I refuse to enter the long-vexed controversy over the stamp duty and the reform of the American customs. But this at least I may say, that Chatham, the greatest of the Whigs, who used such fiery language about these trifling impositions, himself supported a far more tyrannical attitude toward the Colonies when he declared that he would not allow so much as a horseshoe nail to be made in America. And I am glad to see that the modern American historian begins to do justice to the Tory case, and to admit that the smugglers of Boston, like your modern bootleggers, were not quite such idealists as from their pretensions we are led to suppose.

The Whig quarrel with France really ended with the Eden Treaty, which marked the fall of the French industrial system. The Whigs were indifferent or even friendly to the great Revolution caused by that fall; but the Tories rallied to the defense of the social order and found their inspired leader in the younger Pitt. The Continental system of Napoleon forced the mercantile interest of England to renew its old quarrel with France, and Great Britain united under its Tory leadership. All Englishmen came to see that their best hope of safety lay in unity; and the extension of this sound principle brought Ireland into the Union. Thus England found union, strength, and victory under a Tory administration.

But again there was the bill to be

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met; and to Manchester the problem seemed simple. All our enemies, commercial and industrial, had been not merely defeated but annihilated. The only problem that remained was overhead costs, in which the chief element was the price of corn. Sir Robert Peel, although he happened to be a Tory, was also a cotton magnate and was the instrument of that great surrender from which we date a new regrouping of British politics.

II

The growth of a great poor industrial population encouraged the rise of the Liberal Party, which voiced the demand of the towns to rule the country and of the 'have nots' to take from the 'haves.' The Tories, representing a dwindling cause, became the party of defense, — of 'Conservatism,' as the nineteenth century called it, — and, their case being thought desperate, they employed an extremely astute advocate.

I cannot conscientiously rank myself among the more fervent admirers of Benjamin Disraeli. It seems to me that in the course of his amazing career he contrived to surrender, with skill and adroitness, one position after another until the very foundations of the Tory Party were completely undermined. There is evidence that the more perspicacious of his colleagues felt more or less acutely this uneasy sense of mistrust. The fourth Earl of Carnarvon, who served both with and under Disraeli, and the great Lord Salisbury, an even more distinguished colleague, exchanged views which have recently been published. Thus, for example (in the year 1877): —

> On the night of Salisbury's return to London he dined alone with me, and he then detailed to me the whole history of his negotiations at Constantinople. . . . He appeared, in talking over with me all that had passed, to have but one feeling — viz., a rooted belief in Disraeli's untrustworthiness, and a dread of the policy which he thought D. intended to pursue.

This is no isolated passage — it is characteristic of the attitude of those great Tory magnates toward this brilliant outsider whom they mistrusted even while they employed. In such circumstances it is not surprising that the Tories never attempted to reëstablish the economic foundations of their cause, but were content to fall back from position to position as expediency seemed to dictate. It was reserved for a Liberal recruit to their ranks to make this great attempt. Joseph Chamberlain's scheme of Tariff Reform might have succeeded in reëstablishing the Tory Party on a national basis, but counsels of timidity prevailed. The Conservatives recoiled in confusion before arguments drawn from their old armory of the *Wealth of Nations*, and Chamberlain's political design — to unite the country interest and the manufacturers, as Bismarck had united them in Germany, by means of a fiscal tariff — was defeated. The Tories fell into disunion; the Liberals returned to power under the banner of Free Trade and remained in office until the Teutonic trumpet at the gate awakened us out of our dreams.

The Liberals were ill equipped to conduct a war which they had helped by their blindness and timidity to precipitate. A succession of failures and blunders brought them to such disrepute that the Tories, if they had been resolutely led, might have claimed and obtained control of the government. The nation expected nothing less; but the Unionist leaders had been rendered meek by long adversity and had a possibly justifiable diffidence in their own abilities. They consented to a subordinate place in a coalition and, when

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Mr. Asquith fell, continued to work with unswerving servility under Mr. Lloyd George.

How far they were led away from their principles and traditions by that fatal allegiance would be a doleful computation to make. Mr. Lloyd George, by genius and upbringing, belonged to the school of Radicalism in politics. He was born with and cherished a hatred of everything that the Tories love — the social order, the landed system, and that greater nationalism which includes the whole United Kingdom as one organism for administration and defense. Especially was he opposed to the old faith of Englishmen in a caste of gentlemen traditionally entrusted with the conduct of the government, which, as we have seen from Lecky, has sturdily survived all the assaults of Democracy. Mr. Lloyd George had an itch to disturb, to challenge, to shake up, to pull down, which was unassuaged even by the dreadful crisis of war. Being persuasive, able, and masterful, he led the Conservative side of the Coalition into a series of adventures alien to its nature. The franchise was extended so that property was utterly submerged; the Union with Ireland was surrendered to violence; new Departments of State were created which swelled extravagance and promoted Socialism; and an attempt was made to nationalize the coal mines. Successive surrenders were negotiated with the trade-unions; a fatal system of doles was established, and the cost of administration increased beyond all limits of prudence and economy. When at last the rank-and-file revolt of the Carlton Club put an end to the Coalition, Mr. Lloyd George confessed that he had abused the blind trust of his Tory colleagues. 'They did not like it, and they got to like it less,' he said in a speech at Leeds, October 21, 1922. 'I am not complaining. They stood it very long.'

The Tories were again free, at least in appearance. They easily commanded a majority in the country, and could shape their policy according to their own principles and traditions. The war and the Coalition had been fatal to their Liberal opponents, and the Socialists, active and aggressive as they were, could not hope to command a majority in the House of Commons. They were, then, in seeming, once more masters of their own destiny; but in reality they were still unhappily entangled in the net of the Coalition. Mr. Baldwin himself had been a member of that Government; Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead, two of its principal ministers, had been complacent agents in the Irish surrender. They had committed themselves to a whole line of policy that stultified their principles and fettered their liberties. Mr. Baldwin made a desperate attempt to return to Joseph Chamberlain's programme of fiscal protection and Imperial Preference. His appeal to the country was, if not ill judged, at least ill prepared. It failed. The Liberals, unable to take office themselves, put in the Socialists, who fell ignominiously to a flirtation with the Bolsheviki, and the Conservatives again came into office.

They came into office, but not exactly into power. They had inhibited themselves by certain pledges against their own policy, and in particular they had promised that they would refrain from any general measure of fiscal protection. Thus they had prevented themselves from carrying out the only great measure which could give relief to the industries and agriculture of the country. What they had gained at the polls by their sacrifice of principle it would be difficult to estimate. My own view is that they gained very little, for the Free Traders,

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faced by the dilemma of voting for the Socialists or for the Tories, would probably have chosen the latter and swallowed protection in order to avoid confiscation. Be that as it may, it is certain that what they gained in numbers they lost in liberty of action and in the enthusiasm of their workers. No political party can afford, for whatever gain, to cut off its main line of advance. It is fair to add that they maintained the right to apply the Safeguarding of Industries Act, a measure designed by the Coalition to secure protection in small doses.

There is no doubt that the nation expected the Conservative Government to take measures both against the abuses of trade-unionism and against the spread of Bolshevism. Here was a crusade which would have aroused fierce opposition, but would have inspired to enthusiasm all that is true, sound, and manly in the British people. But a spirit of diffidence, a wavering timidity, an inordinate love of compromise, still overshadow the counsels of the Tory Party. In the recent clash over the coal mines, when the Government found itself faced by a Council of Action of the great trade-unions, a surrender was made which timidity may explain but can hardly justify. As I write, the subversive forces are still gathered ominously. Their next assault may either be met or be bought off for a little. There is in these dark forces, overtly and covertly arrayed against the British Government, a power that in the long run will have to be faced and fought. Whether these successive surrenders are the best preliminary for conflict I must leave to the judgment of the event.

III

I have tried to trace in brief summary the course of the Tory Party and to suggest also some of its leading characteristics. If I have failed to make clear what it stands for I may plead, with Pirandello, that human nature is an evasive and elusive compound, of which the leading constant is inconstancy. The Whigs, at one time the exponents of Imperialism and high protection, declined into Liberalism, degenerated into Radicalism, and are now, in their contemptible remains, being kicked aside from the path of Socialism. The Tories began as a country party; they developed into a national party; and the disappearance of the Whigs offered them a reversion of Whig principles which they have been slow to accept and quick to surrender.

It is easier to say what the Tories might be than what they are. Their traditions are rooted deep in British soil; they have by no means got rid of that aristocratic principle in which Englishmen continue to believe; they accept Democracy with a difference and a reservation. The British Empire was made by a ruling race, if not by a ruling caste. To press the principle of Democracy too far would confront us with the prospect of the British nation itself in a minority in an empire chiefly populated by races of other colors, and that is a fate to which no self-respecting Englishman could ever bring himself to submit.

The Tories are left, by the decease of the Whigs and the Liberals, the residuary legatees of many causes not originally their own. They are, for example, the only organized party available for the defense of private enterprise, of industry, and of commerce — in short, of all that the Socialists attack as 'Capitalism.' The defense of property might seem to bind a party to a minority; and yet all decent people — in fact the majority, if the case were put to them — would see that property is their cause also, since

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it is their livelihood, and that all who draw wages and find employment are the partners and beneficiaries of Capitalism. The principle of private property, in fact, is nothing less than the principle of civilization, in defense of which we should be able to rally all the well affected, whether rich or poor. How strongly these sentiments are held by the British people is evident from the results of the last General Elections, when, as a result of an appeal to these instincts of possession and good order, the Conservatives were returned by a great majority over both Socialists and Liberals.

Then, the Tories also represent the national spirit. Although they have bowed in the House of the League of Nations, they remain nationalists rather than internationalists: they are not, among other things, prepared to sacrifice either British sovereignty or the British Navy and the British Army on the altar of Geneva. They stand, too, for certain British traditions of social order and good government; they are deeply rooted in the history and sentiments of the country, and for that reason have a far stronger hold than they suspect on the heart of the nation. Their strength lies in their immobility rather than in their ability. They take unkindly to ideas and are generally stolidly unconscious of the causes for which they are supposed to stand and of the enemies who are working against them. If I did not know their character I should despair of their intelligence; but as I know them to be compounded of a very strong and durable Norman-Anglo-Saxon clay I do not by any means despair of the country of which, under an inscrutable Providence, they remain the sole political defense.

If we look a little more closely at its present position we find that the Conservative Party has an imposing appearance of strength. It was returned but a short time ago at the head of the polls, with a great majority over any combination of Socialists and Liberals. The latter are both a waning and a divided force: their two leaders, Lord Oxford and Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, not merely dislike each other on personal grounds, but hold conflicting views on fundamental questions. Mr. Lloyd George has indeed attempted to get his party to espouse the nationalization of the land, obviously a first step to coalition with the Socialists, and has so far succeeded ill in that attempt. The Socialists themselves are strong in the poor and industrial population, but are still far below any prospect of an independent majority and are harassed by the flank attacks of the Communists.

In appearance, then, and in numbers the Conservatives have things all their own way. If they are threatened it is less by the parties opposed to them than by the difficulties with which they are faced. Some of these difficulties, it must be confessed, are of their own making. They did not dare to put their trust either in Conservative men or in Conservative principles, and made Mr. Winston Churchill Chancellor of the Exchequer with an expensive programme of 'social reform,' including a state system of pensions for widows. Such schemes cannot outbid the proposals of the Socialists, and increase the complications of an already overstrained finance. The Socialists have used their power in local government and in the trade-unions to add enormously to that strain. The coal subsidy alone, conceded by the Government to avoid a great strike, has already cost the Exchequer a sum well over twenty millions sterling, to which it may be necessary to add ten times that sum, the cost of the coal lockout and the general strike itself. If the Conservatives had followed in their

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own traditions and saved money instead of increasing expenditure, they would, I believe, have gained rather than lost in the matter of popularity. That fickle element is apt to be lost when it is sought, and gained when it is despised.

However that may be, this bout of extravagance has been pulled up sharply by financial necessities, and the Government is now faced by the dilemma of reducing expenditure or increasing taxation. It is faced also by the lowering storm of industrial menace which it should have had the courage to face earlier in the fray. And lastly it has to confront an industrial depression which shows no sign of improving. Our trade balance at the end of 1925 disclosed a deficit of close on four hundred millions sterling of exports under imports. These are fundamentals so serious that they cannot but affect the life of any administration.

The Tories, then, are faced by adversities, partly of their own making, partly at the heavy hand of Destiny. Their great majority is not sufficient help, although it gives them the assurance that the majority of their countrymen, of all classes, are behind them. They will have to summon what lies in them of virtue and courage to meet the struggle that lies before them. In that struggle, as I have pointed out, far more is at stake than an alternative of Government: dark forces gathering behind the Opposition challenge not merely the administration but all order and every accepted idea. We are living in times when the fundamentals are challenged, and all men of good will should unite to defend them. Are you, even in America, so secure that the struggle leaves you unconcerned?

OLD ALLIES IN CHINA

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

When the Anglo-Japanese alliance was scrapped at the Washington Conference, Japan was in no happy mood. There will be no harm now in divulging the long-guarded secret that Japan was desirous of continuing the alliance and hoped to the last that it might in some way be preserved. She had, through twenty long years of coöperation with Great Britain, come to rely upon British leadership to such an extent that she felt, almost superstitiously, that the reversal of this traditional relationship might prove a serious setback to her international prestige. In China, especially, Japan had believed British support indispensable in maintaining her position, politically and commercially. Quite naturally she felt as though the keystone fell out of her diplomatic arch when 'perfidious' Albion, lending ear to her clamorous colonies, particularly Australia and Canada, and scared by the nagging of the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate, served notice

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upon her Eastern ally that she considered the alliance no longer necessary. Japan was perturbed, keenly conscious of the isolation that was to be her lot.

To-day, four years after the Conference, Japan is well satisfied with her new status and has no desire to go back to the British fold. She has found out, perhaps to her own surprise, that she could get along very well without British guidance. The dread 'isolation,' far from hindering her, has given her the free hand necessary to develop initiative and resourcefulness. Particularly in China the abrogation of the alliance has by no means militated against Japan's interests or lowered her prestige. So far from it, her trade and enterprise there have, in the last few years, grown steadily, while those of Great Britain have suffered a decline. All things considered, Japan has reason to congratulate herself upon the new turn of affairs. She is grateful to Mr. Lloyd George and Senator Lodge and their colleagues who wittingly or unwittingly conferred a material benefit upon her by forcing the termination of the British alliance.

In view of this changed Japanese attitude, it is strange that rumor has been in the air in the Far East that a movement is afoot to revive the Anglo-Japanese alliance in one form or another. The extended visit to England of Prince Chichibu, brother of the Prince Regent, has in some quarters been interpreted, or rather misinterpreted, as an indication of the responsive state of Japan's mind. On the British side signs have been unmistakable of a desire to reëstablish understanding with Japan. The British press, especially of the Conservative school, now and then guardedly advocates the reëstablishment of an entente. The Britishers in China who, in the years preceding the Washington Conference, joined hands with Chinese and Americans in an effort to convince Downing Street of the wisdom of getting rid of the Japanese ally are sorry figures to-day. They had fancied that the Anglo-Japanese alliance helped to advance Japanese interests in China at their own expense, and that, once the pact was dissolved, British influence and British trade would again have smooth sailing. Now they are sadly disillusioned. Some of them frankly admit their blunder in casting aside Japan for elusive Chinese friendship and problematical American goodwill. Boycotted by the Chinese, singled out by 'Red' agitators as targets of attack, and uncertain of the real benefit of American friendship, the British in China are weary of chasing the rainbow and are advocating the reorientation of British policy, based upon the realities of the situation. This general sentiment is well expressed in a recent editorial in the *North China Daily News*, the most influential British organ in Shanghai. It says:—

> The late Count Kato is affectionately remembered for the large part he played in the formation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and although that valuable instrument was wantonly thrown away in the unsteady atmosphere which confused British vision of foreign affairs after the war, in an exaggerated sense of the necessity of deferring to the creditor nation's — America's — wishes, and in an altogether mistaken compliance with the prejudices of Canada and Australia, we believe that the spirit of the alliance can and still should be a dominating consideration with both Britain and Japan in the Far East. . . .
>
> It cannot be thought that United States' guidance in the Far East is a safe or consistent one to follow, and there is too much reason to fear that the British Foreign Office is still following it far too unquestioningly.

To such overtures Japan's reply cannot but be a courteous *non possumus*. In the four years since she was divorced by John Bull, she has tasted something of 'blessed singleness,' and to-day she

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no longer cherishes a desire to espouse the cause of so fickle a spouse. Friendly to him she will always be, but it will have to be friendship at a distance. Rightly or mistakenly, Japan believes China's hatred of England far more deep-seated and general than China's hospitality toward her. To make the situation still worse for England, the British position in China has been made the butt of Bolshevist assaults. Ever since Soviet Russia entered into diplomatic relations with China, its successive envoys at Peking, with hosts of propagandists, have concentrated their disruptive agitation upon British interests. Yulin, Joffe, Karakhan — what 'Red Ambassador' has not found a tempting sport in the hounding of the British? Between the Chinese dragon and the Russian bear the British lion has felt somewhat uneasy as to his stand in China. For Japan to reënter into alliance with Britain in such a situation would be to take upon her own shoulders a large share of the hostility now directed against England. It may be that the Russian scheme is to disrupt the British Empire, and then turn on Japan. For the present, however, Japan must accept the friendly hand proffered by the Soviet.

II

The rabid anti-British feeling now prevailing in China is well illustrated by the Chinese attitude toward the British proposal to remit the Boxer indemnity. The Chinese educators, meeting at Peking to discuss the matter, have demanded that the remission of the indemnity be made absolutely unconditional. 'Full publicity,' they resolved, 'shall be given the proceedings of the conference between the British indemnity commission and the Chinese representatives, so that the Chinese people may know that the British Government has no real desire to remit the Boxer indemnity, but simply wants to use the money for the promotion of British enterprises in this country.'

One cannot help but sympathize with England's predicament in China. Hongkong, the clearing house for British trade in the Far East, has suffered seriously from repeated strikes and boycotts directed against it. Its prosperity, its existence even, depend upon its ability to sell foreign goods and to buy Chinese commodities through Canton, Swatow, and Amoy. As the Chinese have for more than a year maintained a rigid boycott against Hongkong and against the British merchants at the Chinese ports, the existence of this British colony as a commercial metropolis has been menaced. Hongkong's trade and shipping for 1925 are reported to have decreased fifty per cent as compared with figures for the preceding year. Its population has declined from one million to eight hundred thousand. Sugar refining, Hongkong's only important industry, has come to a standstill. Real-estate values and house rents are tumbling. The colonial Government finds it increasingly difficult to raise adequate revenue. So many British firms and merchants in Hongkong have gone bankrupt that the colonial Administration, as a measure of rescue, has been obliged to borrow $15,000,000 from the home Government—a measure which has proved far too ineffective. Even Sir Montagu Turner, the great financial genius who has for twenty-two years directed the affairs of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, seems at a loss to know what should be done to relieve the strain. In his report for 1925, Sir Montagu says: —

It is not surprising that the sufferers by this unmerited adversity are inclined to think that the apparently supine conduct

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of the British authorities has encouraged the Cantonese strikers to persist in their outrageous conduct. At the same time it must be remembered that Great Britain has not a free and untrammeled hand. It is almost impossible for her to act on her own in the matter of a display of force or by threats, and, unless the combined foreign nations bring pressure to bear on the authorities responsible for civil government in Canton, it would, I believe, be hopeless to attempt single-handed action on the part of Great Britain. But the position is most serious, and it behooves the British Government to lose no opportunity of coming to the help of the British merchants and effecting by some means a very necessary improvement in the condition of affairs in South China. That the Bolshevist influence is at work both in North and South China is undoubted. In the South, especially, money has been freely supplied by the Bolshevists, and this apparently has been found by utilizing the proceeds of Russian goods sold in China.

Meanwhile, Japanese trade in China, recovering from the general post-war depression, has been forging ahead, especially within the last year or so. According to the report of Mr. Kojima, president of the Yokohama Specie Bank, Japan's exports to China during the last six months of 1925 amounted to $134,000,000, an increase of $56,000,000 as compared with the same period of the preceding year. In spite of the labor troubles experienced by some of the Japanese-owned cotton mills at Shanghai from May to July of last year, China's general feeling toward Japan has signally improved. Even in the midst of the strike some of the Chinese labor leaders invited leading Japanese business men in Shanghai to a banquet, and assured them that as far as the Japanese mills were concerned the strike would soon be settled. And, indeed, the strikers soon resumed work in the Japanese factories, while the British mills and British shipping continued to be tied up. The British were piqued, and complained, quite unjustly, that the Japanese were partly to blame for their being left in the lurch.

III

The International Customs Conference at Peking accorded to Japan an opportunity to demonstrate her genuine goodwill for China. At the very beginning of the conference, the Japanese delegation came out squarely for China's tariff autonomy and declared itself in favor of considering with sympathy any proposal that China might bring forth. The true story of Japan's activities and proposals at the Tariff Conference has never been told in the China dispatches to the American press, which seems to assume that America is the only nation capable of dealing justly and fairly with China. Many are inclined to think that because Japan erred once in China she is always bound to err. But the fact is, Japan's tariff proposals have been as liberal as, if not more liberal than, the American proposals — certainly far more sympathetic to China than the British. England, as a matter of fact, came to the parley willy-nilly. When Washington was taking steps with Peking for the calling of the conference, the London *Times*, apparently inspired, asserted that there was little reason why such a meeting should be called while China herself was helpless in the grip of chaos. It lamented that 'the kind of British initiative which the sad progress of events [in China] might from time to time have provoked was sedulously internationalized in the spirit of the Washington decisions, and was in fact paralyzed,' and it militantly declared that 'we are not a feeble folk and we shall not easily acquiesce in any attempt to ruin our prestige or our trade.'

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In the course of the parley at Peking the British delegation has been plainly restive lest Japan and America go too far in favor of China. When, on June 10 or thereabout, Japan proposed that the banks of all foreign nations having claims secured on the Boxer indemnity be designated as depositories of customs receipts on equitable terms, the British delegation was reported to have made this a plausible excuse to propose that the conference adjourn *sine die.* Nor was this surprising, since the Japanese plan, if adopted, would put an end to the monopoly of the British banks as custodians of China's customs revenue. Naturally China and the European Powers, except England, were in favor of the Japanese proposal, while America, though endorsing it in principle, was inclined to think it impracticable to discuss it at this conference.

There is no doubt that Japan is making sincere efforts to befriend China. She has long since recognized her blunder in the historic episode of the Twenty-one Demands. Step by step she has retreated from the difficult position in which she had placed herself in the years 1915–1918. She has found out that the only way to make friends with China is to be honestly friendly, and that debauching China with loans is as unwise as bullying her by display of force. Not only has she completely withdrawn from Shantung, but she is devoting the funds secured by the sale of the Shantung railway to China, as well as the fund realized by the remission of the Boxer indemnity, to the advancement of educational and scientific work in China. At the meetings of the League of Nations, especially at the opium conference, Japan has acted in harmony with China. In Manchuria, Japan has to no small extent reversed her former policy, opening its doors to the enterprise of the nationals of all countries. Her attitude toward recurrent civil wars in China has been one of impartial neutrality. Even when her interests in Manchuria were seriously menaced by the civil strife between Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Mukden, and his former lieutenant, Kuo Sung-ling, Japan adhered to the policy of noninterference. All such efforts have not failed to make favorable impression upon the Chinese, for China, however irresponsible and wayward her militarists and politicians may be, is not always unresponsive.

One of the most important signs of the new spirit which has come over the relationship between the two Oriental nations is the visit to Japan of sixty business men representing leading chambers of commerce throughout China — an event without parallel in the annals of either country. For three weeks from May 22, the party visited principal cities in Japan. While in Tokyo they held conferences with leading Japanese statesmen, publicists, financiers, and business men. Evidently the tour was planned with the utmost care. The party was accompanied by a Chinese and a Japanese movie man, whose cameras recorded every detail of the enthusiastic welcome extended to the Chinese visitors wherever they went. The pictures are to be shown throughout China and Japan so that the masses on either side may know that the two countries have entered into new relations of friendliness. Before long, leading Japanese financiers and business men will go to China to return the call. Already a joint committee of Chinese and Japanese business men has been organized for the purpose of dealing with business and labor troubles which may arise between the two countries. The movement is certainly in the right direction. It may prove even more significant than most diplomatic dealings between Tokyo and

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Peking, for whatever is promised or done by the shadowy Central Government of China is of little value as long as it is not endorsed by powerful organizations such as the chambers of commerce and various student bodies. In recent years anti-Japanese agitation has been carried on by the encouragement offered by such organizations rather than under governmental instigation.

IV

While the Japanese are encouraged by increasing signs of a friendly China, the Britishers in the Far East are becoming more and more pessimistic as to their future in the Far East. One naturally wonders why the Chinese assume so intensely hostile an attitude toward Great Britain. The answer is not far to seek. The Chinese, to begin with, has never forgiven England for fastening the opium curse upon him. He remembers also that England was the originator of the unequal treaties whose revision he has these many decades struggled in vain to obtain. Now that Tsarist Russia is no more, England, to the Chinese mind, stands out as the greatest aggressor. Japan, after all, is an imitator, instigated and abetted until recently by her British ally. That, at least, is the Chinese reasoning. In reply the British have a good deal to say, but the Chinese have their minds so firmly set that it is futile to explain and reason with them. At a dinner given in honor of the British delegation to the tariff conference on the eve of its departure for Peking, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, defending the opium war and the unequal treaties his country had imposed upon China, had this to say: —

'China could not adjust herself to the new conditions. Seven years of constantly increasing strain of constant friction and complaint, and failure to secure any satisfaction, led, as these events must lead, to war, and the so-called "Opium War" of 1840 followed. But there were much more important things at stake in the Opium War than any question of opium. The boycott of British shipping, confiscation of traders' goods, restrictions of the liberty and imprisonment of British citizens, and, finally, the expulsion of merchants from Canton — these were the questions which led to the war, and which found their solution in the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, the first of those unequal treaties of which China complains to-day. I wish I could persuade some Chinaman of historical knowledge, of statesmanship, and of authority with his own people, to explain that all this system of unequal treaties was not of our choosing. We did not desire it. It was the minimum we could ask of a China that repelled the foreigner, that would not give justice in courts or secure for him the ordinary advantages of civilization and orderly government. It was largely British policy which opened China through that and subsequent treaties to international trade, and it was first and foremost British enterprise which showed the way to other nations, and proved to them how great a market was opened to them and us and the Chinese, to the mutual advantage of all of us.'

These were unfortunate words uttered at an unfortunate time — especially for a man of Mr. Chamberlain's position. Such utterances can merely serve to irritate and anger the Chinese, adding fuel to the anti-British sentiment already aflame. China, momentarily dislocated, yet still proud as Lucifer, does not want to be reminded that her first duty is to put her own house in order.

Although the anti-British feeling is general, it is particularly strong in South China. This is largely due to the

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fact that the South was the first to feel the impact of British advance, and has since always felt it more keenly than has the North. But the more immediate reason is that England, and especially the British press in China, has for more than ten years relentlessly pursued Sun Yat-sen and his followers as busybodies and mischief-makers. To this Sun Yat-sen replied with boycott, strike, and general anti-British agitation throughout South China. I recall vividly the bitter indictment that he pronounced against England in the course of our interview at Canton in the fall of 1917. He said that the World War should not end in Germany's crushing defeat, for such an outcome would only strengthen Britain's strangle hold upon China and India. He deplored that Japan hopped into the fracas only to pick England's chestnut out of the fire. Why, he asked, should Japan act like a marionette always dancing to the British string, instead of upholding the common cause of Asiatic peoples? He said he had no more love to lose on Germany than on England, but argued that Asia's interest demanded the existence of a Power capable of counteracting Anglo-Saxon domination. He upbraided the Americans who helped the British in railroading the Government at Peking into declaring war upon Germany. Even the missionaries and mission schools came in for a goodly share of the blame, for he assailed them as anti-Asiatic institutions, often scheming to estrange China from Japan. For more than an hour he poured out his heart in this fashion, and I could not help but recognize his earnestness and sincerity, though some of the things he said were more rhetorical than true.

The death of this romantic crusader a year ago has by no means altered the situation. The anti-British tradition bequeathed by him is, and promises to remain, a vital force, especially in the Yangtse Valley and the South, where England has the greatest interest. In order to destroy British domination, Sun Yat-senism did not hesitate to join hands with Bolshevism. Encouraged by this overture, Soviet Russia beguiled itself into believing that South China was a fertile soil for Bolshevism. To please the Chinese even a university perpetuating the name of Sun Yat-sen has been established in Moscow. But the fact is that the Chinese, even the followers of Dr. Sun, do not want Bolshevism — they simply want to use Soviet propaganda to loosen the British hold upon China. When, therefore, the Bolshevist tail attempted to wag the Chinese head at Canton, the tail was promptly cut off. But the combined Chinese-Bolshevist onslaughts have already had a telling effect from which British interests in China will not soon recover.

It is quite possible that the coming decade or two will witness a great drama, likely to bring into a bolder relief the new international alignment which is, to all appearances, taking place in the regions of the Far East. In such a situation, what will be the attitude of the United States, and particularly the relationship between her and Japan? That is a question now being seriously considered by many a thinking mind on the other side of the Pacific.

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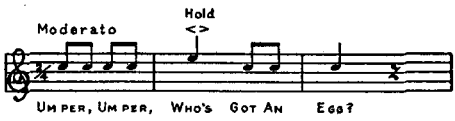
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TAPPERS AND SWINGERS

BACK in the nineties, in the little Atlantic town of my boyhood, there would come in the sunny days of April or early May a swelling musical cry of 'Umper, umper, who's got an egg?'



It was the call of 'egg-picking' time, and its pleasurably lingering defiance meant that some boy had secured a hen's egg and, with it carefully stowed about his person, was strolling through the streets melodiously announcing his willingness to meet all comers in a 'picking' duel. And all boys within sight or hearing clustered eagerly to witness the combat that followed an acceptance of the stroller's cry.

'Picking' was an affair of some elaborateness and with a technique of intently meticulous care. Amid a babble of advice from the gathering audience the principals would suspiciously scrutinize the eggs to be opposed, to make sure that no 'ringer' — that is, some egg other than that of the hen — was being used. Following the inspection would come a verbal, and sometimes protracted, jockeying for position — preferences as to rôle of either 'picker' or 'picked' varying quite superstitiously. And then, with more argument as to rules and minute limits of protection, the thumbs and forefingers of the owner of the egg to be picked would encircle it defensively, so as to expose only its very tip, which was then delicately tap-tap-tapped — how breaths were held bated! — by the picker with the point of his egg until at last one or the other of the fragile shells yielded and so became forfeit to the victorious possessor of the undamaged egg.

The object was not to break the shell completely — that was neither sporting nor good technique, because an egg merely dented could be thriftily carried home for the family larder (they were always fresh) or else used again by the winner for a 'butt pick,' while a broken egg advantaged no one. It was the actual yielding of the shell, however slight, that counted, and the smaller the dent, the greater the skill. Such was 'picking' — it called for the fine, the cameo touch.

It seems strange that so striking a bit of seasonal coloring has found no echo in our literature, but nowhere have I ever seen it mentioned. Definitely a game of early spring, I have always felt it represented some folk survival — possibly an obscure celebration of the resumption of prolific laying, or perhaps some symbolistic aid to the bursting forth of new life. The period of the game began abruptly, lasted two or three weeks, and then ended as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had begun. But while that boy season lasted no thunderous jousting of armored knights or clashing rapier play of strutting courtiers ever drew more breathless, head-clustered interest than did those battles of taps among those boys. There was the hushed fascination of the careful step upon thin ice — the heart-stopping thrill of failure or success that hung upon a quiet thread.

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Sharply contrasted was another boyish folk way, the 'burney-can' — a sport of fall, and about which there was no hint of preciousness, nor a single trace of finely drawn effort.

The very freedom of the game was symbolized in its equipment, for the burney-can was simply any receptacle that would hold fire, and was most often merely an old tomato can with a large hole punched in one side, just above the bottom, for a draft, and with a long wire attached to form a looped handle some twenty-four or thirty inches in length.

Thus equipped, the boy would build in the can a fire of chips and small twigs, fan it into a blaze by a censer-like swaying to and fro, and then, as a glowing bed of coals accumulated, would begin the swinging that was the real delight.

With the red-hot embers held in place by mere velocity, the can would move more and more freely through steadily widening arcs, and with more and more speed until finally, at full arm's length, the boy would be whirling it about his head in great flaring circles that varied from horizontal to vertical and all angles between, as skill and daring fancy dictated. And the admired boys, the champions, were those who attained such certainty, such speed and virtuosity, that each at the height of the sport seemed literally enringed with round after round of tempestuous fire.

What a spectacle that was, on those spacious open lots in the windy dusk of fall — that thrilling, swooping, flashing, impromptu play of circling flames that leaped and raged and roared from the can under the furiously fanning drive of the swing!

The burney-can! How little was required for that potent boyish magic! A battered tin, a rusty wire, a glow of odds and ends — that was all. And yet it richly satisfied. There was nothing indrawn about it, nothing withheld; none of the quiet concentration, the bottled-up intentness, of 'picking.' Rather the burney-can was a thing of freely open power, of broad delight, and of rare, soul-expanding beauty — that mad, lashing, dangerous, fiery tumult — to the boyish heart. No stationary bonfire could ever compete with it in pleasure: it held naught static. It was a moving, living symbol of man's mastery over fire, and as such it must surely have echoed some similar folk rite. What an open-hearted joy it held!

Interesting as those games are, both in themselves and in their folk implications, there is an even greater interest in the differences they presented: differences that had typifying values and that demanded — and revealed — qualitative differences in their respective champions. For though, with the omnigerence of youth, all boys played both games, yet not all — nor even the same boys — attained excellence at both. The boy who consistently carried home the greatest number of slightly dented eggs was usually the calmly quiet boy, perhaps the rather lonely stand-offish boy, and never the outspoken, gusty 'leader of the gang.' It was the latter who shone exultantly with the burney-can, that wilder, even cruder, sport of vivid energy.

Those differences were not mere phases of childhood; they persisted and were only accentuated by the years that led to manhood. In fact there is a classification of tappers and swingers that, just as clearly as with those boys, divides all men, both past and present, in every walk and activity of life — in politics, in sport, in art, in religion, in literature, in thought. Theodore Roosevelt, for

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instance, would never have been a champion at 'egg-picking.' The tap was not for him.

VERBUM SAP.

I HAVE long wondered what I might do with the scraps of Latin that I picked up in high school and college, and have at last found a use for them.

If one strolls about the world at all, one cannot help remarking the mottoes that adorn the letterheads and shop fronts of our best-known institutions. Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and many other universities, the various publishing companies, military commands, clubs, fraternities, political subdivisions, all have a tasty motto from some foreign tongue engraved on their shields.

There is no doubt about it, it gives them an air of — well, of *je ne sais quoi* exactly — but at any rate an air. Take the well-known clothier whose motto is *Honore et labore.* If he put that into English, would anyone look twice? Or the equally well-known Boston grocer who stands under the twin ægis of *Puritas et cura.* Is there not something almost noble in the heart that conceals its anxiety in that manner? Or is the motto an hendiadys? In which case — no, no translation could do it justice.

Grocers have a finer sense for Latin than other tradesmen. *Puritas et cura* is pathos, but sometimes there is a roguish twinkle in their eyes, as when another Bostonian cynically advertised *Luxuria cum economia.* Strait-laced Puritans might rightly object to that. *Luxuria* is one of the Seven Deadlies, if I am not mistaken. Coupled with *economia* it becomes a household pastime. But by keeping it in Latin the grocer avoids unpleasant comment. Or does he mean that his specialty is love philtres?

Another satisfier of human needs is a scholastic philosopher. *Non quantitas sed qualitas* is his boast. Boast it is, but how refined a boast! If he were in France, his sign would be *Au petit Saint Thomas,* for no other than the *doctor angelicus* would be able to elucidate the exact meaning of the phrase. And what of the hotel in St. Louis, which calls itself reassuringly *fortis sed non ferox,* I believe? Or of the New Haven department store which frankly admits that it is *nihil nisi differens?* Do its customers ever expect to receive their goods on time? Is it trying to encourage the cash-and-carry system?

Now I propose to set myself up in business as a vendor of Latin mottoes. After all, I have read Sallust, Cæsar, Vergil, Horace, Juvenal, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, Terence, and Plautus in school; and, out of school, Petronius, Apuleius (in selections), Sabinus, Calpurnius, Gratius Faliscus, Nemesianus, Valerius Cato, Vestritius Spurinna, Lupercus Servastus, Arborius, Pentadius, and the haughty Eucheria. (The last ten, in fact, can be easily procured in one volume for two francs fifty. They were. And the volume includes a French translation. But *qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*) It would indeed be a pity if out of all those early and late Romans I should not be able to gather a few irrelevant pearls to hang about the necks of our tradesmen.

Some trades one would have no difficulty with. You are an undertaker? What more natural than *De mortuis nil nisi bonum?* You are a dentist? For you sublime words which take on a new meaning: *Non dolet.* You are an innkeeper? Persuade your customers that *de gustibus non disputandum* and you will have peace. You are a photographer? For you the words of Father Ricci, *Sint ut sunt aut non sint.*

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Though, if you live up to it, your trade is likely to suffer.

I have two mottoes ready for a correspondence school: the first, *Timeo hominem unius libri;* the second, the grim (only my — er — client won't know how grim it is) *Tu Marcellus eris.* The interior decorator will flaunt the sign, *Trahit sua quemque voluptas;* the barber, *Unguibus et rostro;* the banker, *Solve senescentem;* the contractor, *Impavidum ferient ruinæ.* I have not even forgotten the bootlegger, whose coat of arms will bear the words, *Testis unus, testis nullus.*

This, then, is my little plan for looking out for my old age. As none of my customers will know Latin, I shall have a delightful time — like the antiquarian who sold a rich Westerner a portrait of Ben Butler for his gallery of ancestors. This paper is simply a forecast, a sample of my wares. Should you like two more? Here's one for a Ph.D.: *Vixit.* And for a sophomore: *De omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis.*

AUTHOR'S COPIES

THE check-on-publication and the author's copies came the same day. Mechanically I endorsed the check to my account and addressed it to my bank. Then I untied the package and piled the new volumes on the bookcase, dreading to open the book on that inevitable, foolish, and inexcusable typographical error which, like *sortes Vergilianæ*, stares out on the author as a forcible reminder of his fallibility.

The well-boxed and numbered large-paper edition copies stood as a challenge to distribution, after proper inscription. Then came the consideration of names of persons to be honored — the intimate friends with whom I had talked over the problems of composition. The first name was rejected. I had given him a copy of a previous book, and a year later, on extracting the volume from the rack on his library table, I discovered that the leaves were still uncut. After the same thing happened a second time I restrained my curiosity for the sake of undimmed friendships. Now I never open one of my own books in the house of a friend.

It is a quarter-century since my first book was published. In due time it went out of print and the publishers declined to issue a second edition. But the title had got into the 'documentation' of historical writers of the meticulous school, and flattering requests for the book came. By chance I ran across an uncut copy in a bookstore in Seattle — and paid twice the original price, because the storeman knew it was out of print. The other copies were obtained from secondhand shops, whither they had drifted from the libraries of dead and gone recipients. With what offended majesty my own words of inscription came back to me from the dust!

Recently I was visiting a house lately made vacant by the death of an illustrious statesman, who drew books from authors as the sun draws water. The appraiser had just departed. The widow told the tale. 'Here,' said the sagacious appraiser to her, 'here is a book that sells at two dollars. But the author has inscribed it, and that makes it worth double the price!' And he put it in the inventory at four dollars.

The mere thought of inflicting such an injury on the estates of my friends is so appalling that my row of author's copies is still intact.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is a pleasure to introduce our readers to **Carl Christian Jensen,** whose autobiography can tell more eloquently than we the true epic of his career. Born in Denmark in 1888, and educated in the school of experience, he soon took to the sea, eventually landing — penniless and eighteen — in New York. Then followed his second education, that of an American citizen. But it is not as the diary of another immigrant that this story takes on its significance, interesting as are the events which crowd the life of this man still on the threshold of his career. Rather the inspiration of the story comes from its spiritual and intellectual value and the bold vigor of his style. ¶A minister of the Kirk, the **Reverend J. M. Witherow** spent the past summer visiting and preaching in Canada and the United States. **William Bennett Munro,** professor of municipal government at Harvard University, is the author of several standard books on government. ¶After a spring visit to these shores, **James Norman Hall** returned to Tahiti, where in June his son, Conrad Lafcadio Hall (note the dual devotion of the name), was born. ¶In the peach orchards and along the blue ridges of Gettysburg, **Elsie Singmaster** (Mrs. Harold Lewars) finds the proper stimulus for her stories. ¶Poet and librarian, **Viola C. White** from the heights of Brooklyn has realized the truth of the philosophy, 'Every landscape is a state of soul.'

* * *

An American, graduated from Harvard, **Gaillard Lapsley** is a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, where for a generation he has stimulated the understanding of American and English undergraduates. **Alexander McAdie,** Director of the Blue Hill Observatory at Readville, Massachusetts, is well qualified to measure our heavenly ceiling. ¶Replying to our comment on her story, **Margaret Prescott Montague** writes: —

I am glad that you think I succeeded in the venture of 'The Golden Moment,' but was surprised and amused that you should think I was intentionally preaching a temperance sermon on the side. That was entirely outside my thoughts, and I used the drink theme merely as I might have used any other theme that would bring out the story. As a matter of fact, I had very little actively to do with this story, as it very obligingly wrote itself for me, and I had been working on it for three days before I knew how it was going to end. I had in my mind one day the thought that if we could shift our ordinary consciousness just a hair's breadth a whole new world might emerge. From this thought a story began to develop itself, and I laid aside some other work I was doing and gave it the right of way, writing on it, as I say, for several days before I knew where the story would lead or what the end would be; so that I went on from step to step, almost as unconscious of what was to happen next as the heroine was herself. If I have broken the canons of my art by preaching against strong drink, my conscience is wholly clear in the matter, for I did it unintentionally. It is true that I am for prohibition, but I do not attempt to force my views on other people and have never deliberately written anything in favor of it.

For a quarter of a century the **Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers,** minister of the First (Unitarian) Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been sending us his essays. ¶A journalist, **William Preston Beazell** is the assistant managing editor of the *New York World.* To birds and their cousin, the aeroplane, he has devoted great study, and was personally responsible for the first lay survey of the development of air service in this country, for which he received official commendation.

* * *

Associate professor of English at Vanderbilt University, **John Crowe Ransom** is a poet who writes, teaches, and edits a literary journal in the South. ¶The government of great cities has a vital relationship to the whole question of prohibition, and from his office as mayor of Chicago, **William E.**

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Dever speaks with wide and impartial observation. ¶Son of a missionary, **Jerome D. Greene,** former Secretary to the Rockefeller Foundation and a prominent New York banker, represents the small but no less important constituency, the individual conscience. ¶During the several years that **Dr. Mary W. Griscom** was working among the medical missions in China, India, and Persia, she made a practice of tasting any dish or drink — once! The material for her paper was gathered from her letters by her friend, Corinne Rockwell Swain. **Chauncey Brewster Tinker,** professor of English at Yale, is a collector of distinction and a superlative Boswellian. ¶One speaks of **Ellis Parker Butler** and *Pigs Is Pigs* in the same breath.

* * *

For a complete understanding of the pageantry described by **An Onlooker,** it may help the reader if we quote from a recent history of Asia: —

> In Persia, Ahmad, the last Shah of the Kajar dynasty, was violently deposed, in November 1925, by his powerful minister, Reza Khan. The deposition was not unmerited, as the ex-Shah had spent much of his time in luxurious living outside his dominions. Since then Reza Khan has followed up his action by proclaiming himself the first ruler of a new dynasty, the Pahlavi, thus seeking the revival of an old and once glorious name.

Ian D. Colvin is the leading editorial writer on the *London Morning Post,* and, we need not add, a Conservative. ¶A Japanese publicist in close touch with affairs, **K. K. Kawakami** divides his time between Orient and Occident.

* * *

Of the multitude of letters that have come in reply to George Martin's article, 'Liberty and Sovereignty,' this would seem to us the most remarkable both for context and for association.

TUNNEL 9
HUGO, OREGON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read your July number, which reached me by a very circuitous route. For two years I have given the *Atlantic* to my sister, who is a nurse in Pasadena; she passes it on to my aunt in Long Beach, who sends it to my mother, a home missionary's wife in southwestern Oregon, and she sends it to me, a high-school teacher, a few years out of college, in eastern Oregon.

Eastern Oregon, by the way, is as different from Oregon as Southern California is from California. The buckaroos there still wear chaps and carry guns; but *not* because they see it done in the movies. The nearest movie is fifty miles away, and not much good, at that. As did the Virginian, the buckaroos wear chaps to protect their legs from chafing during a sixteen-hour day in the saddle. They carry a gun as a Middle Western farmer would a pocketknife, as a handy and diversified tool: to kill snakes, shoot sick calves, or end the pain of a crippled horse — or, at times, to protect themselves.

But my object is not to write of the cow country. During the summers I have usually engaged in outdoor work, and this year am a tunnel watchman in the Umpqua Mountains. My hours are 5 P.M. to 5 A.M., during which time I sit and wait for trains, and then follow them through the tunnel on foot to see that the timbering has not caught fire. Trains on the S. P. are not as frequent as those in the East, so I have a great deal of time to sit. And it was last night, by the light of a small fire of old tunnel lagging, that I read the July number.

I think I shall require all my students in history and civics next year to read 'Liberty and Sovereignty.' I am a 'school-teacher,' was raised in the 'rural district of the Middle West,' and am the son of a 'Protestant clergyman'; and, incidentally, believe strongly in temperance, although I have, as yet, formed no actuating opinion on prohibition. In fact, I would seem to be a triple-distilled essence of what Martin claims is leading this country to ruin. Being aware of that as I read, I read with especially great interest, taking my time to it. In fact, I made one or two trips through the tunnel at section headings, and, as I walked the half mile and back through the actual 'heart of the hills,' I tried to assimilate his theories and find where they agreed or disagreed with mine. Then, with refreshed mind, I would read some more, and finally finished with the thought that once again the *Atlantic* had demonstrated that it is *the* magazine.

As to the philosophy of government which Martin expounds, I agree heartily. Although I had never read Hegel and Austin, my classes and I, in discussion, have always arrived at the conclusion that government, the outward evidence of the State, as written words are the evidence of the thought, finds its authority in the will of a middle-sized independent group. In this country it is the several states. There are larger and smaller groups — the nation and the cities — functioning when individuals can be better

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served by them, but the one which is really the most dominant one now is the state government. The real State itself is, of course, the people, not the government. It is the thought — and not the words — which is important, and eternally and actually existent, and yet it simply cannot be expressed without words. So some form of government will always be present, but we must not forget that it is 'we, the people,' and not even the Constitution, who are preëminent.

As to Martin's blame of the 'Protestant clergymen' for deliberately overthrowing government as organized, he is right to a very great extent. Yet it seems to me that he did not make the base of his argument so wide that it cannot be overthrown. Summed down, his argument is that the drys are treading on dangerous ground because they are treading on the consciences of others. That is true. Every act of importance which one does is an act which hurts the conscience (spiritual feelings) of someone else.

As to the immediate danger to this country from the overthrow of established government by the drys, that seems to be only one phase of a larger question. Every individual in this nation is obsessed with a great desire to do what he wants to do, and this is the natural result of the philosophy of government that the people are the State. Each person wants to obey only the laws which suit him. The buckaroos drink moonshine, the college boy swipes real property, the business man speeds his car, the preacher, in some instances, has endeavored to do away with trial by jury. All are equally to blame, and, until each is willing to sacrifice a little of himself for the larger good of all, this country cannot progress as it should. It is well to try to prevent the preacher from eliminating juries, if juries are a good thing. It is well to punish the collegian, if property is sacred. It is well to fine the speeder, if children's lives are worth while. Let us do all these things, but let us remember that each is merely part of the whole social problem.

JOHN ANGELL

* * *

For our delectation Mr. A. Edward Newton has forwarded to us this anonymous letter, evidently penned by one who knows her books.

DEAR MR. NEWTON, —

I have just finished reading your article in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. You say you do not know why Queen Anne is always called in England 'good Queen Anne.' There is a very *good* reason. Queen Anne was a convinced and devout Protestant; her father, King James II, who was a bigoted Roman Catholic, made every effort to influence his daughter Anne to change her religion and become a Roman Catholic. James had a lot of power over poor Princess Anne (as she then was), as she and her husband, George of Denmark, lived in London near King James; while his eldest daughter, Mary, was safely away from his pernicious influence in Holland with her husband, William of Orange. When Anne became Queen Anne of Great Britain, one of her first actions was to cause an inquiry to be made into the conditions of living of the Church of England clergy. She found that many Church of England curates were so poor that they were nearly starving. Queen Anne devoted herself to the task of helping to better the condition of the clergy. She founded the Church Charity Fund, known as 'Queen Anne's Bounty,' which gives extra money to any poor Church of England clergyman whose income is under a certain amount; this fund is still in existence, and many a good clergyman has reason to remember gratefully 'good Queen Anne.' It was the Church of England clergy of her day who gave Anne Stuart this nickname, 'good Queen Anne,' and the populace took it up as a correct description of her, because Queen Anne was known to be really devoted to the National Church. She took more interest in the Church of England than in anything else pertaining to her high position.

* * *

These 'Sermons in Stones' form an appropriate postscript to Langdon Mitchell's paper, 'The New Secession,' in the August *Atlantic*.

CAMDEN, MAINE
July 29, 1926

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

For the amusement of the sanctum, and to divert your editorial minds from the prevailing topic at this season of the year, I am enclosing two inscriptions on tombstones in Charleston which escaped Mr. Mitchell's observation.

The first is: —

THIS STONE IS ERECTED
NOT
THAT CONJUGAL
AFFECTION MIGHT DIFFUSE ITSELF
IN DISCOURSE OF
THE VIRTUOUS DEAD
BUT SIMPLY TO MARK
THE SPOT ON EARTH
WHICH COVERS
CLAUDIA BUTLER TURNBULL
THE WIFE OF
ROBERT J. TURNBULL.

I hope I am not violating the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment, or offending Senator Borah, by quoting another, to wit: —

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IN MEMORY OF
ANDREW STEWART,
AGED 55 YEARS.
DIED THE 5TH OF JANUARY, 1787.
A JOVIAL FRIEND AND GENEROUS MIND.
TO HOSPITALITY HIS SOUL INCLINED.

Sincerely yours,
W. J. CURTIS

* * *

Not for many months has our hornet's nest of opinion been so shaken as it was by the Returning American who in the August *Atlantic* cast his candid observations on 'Home.' We are glad to reprint some of the offers of praise, help, and criticism which the author has received.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As the author of 'Home' in your August number is not a married man and I have so many points in common with him I feel we ought to know each other — before he meets someone else. I too am weary of America and want to live in England. Torquay would suit me very well for the country, with occasional visits to the quiet London hotel near Regent Street he speaks of. I also love Chevrolet cars, if he can't afford Pierce-Arrows; also I can cook and boil tea without scalding it, and will make 'Home' seem like 'Sweet Home' to him when he comes to it. If he is married or spoken for, would he introduce me to his friend who made $100,000 last year? Or, if he is not crotchety and set in his ideas, the one who made $70,000 might do! I am a little suspicious about the last, however — either he made nothing and is just bragging or he made a great deal more and did n't want it known. Six figures are what count in my part of the woods, and that gentleman will need looking up. Perhaps he is married by now and wears false teeth.

You see I'm Irish and not afraid to speak my mind, either in telling the author how I would like to meet him or what I think of things I know ain't so. Maybe if the $70,000 fellow would agree to go to live in the South Seas I could stand him and change my mind. 'Home' there is a simple affair and one would not have to pay $36 duties, returning to America, on imported fig leaves.

Please forward this letter to the author, whose answer is of importance to one who waits.

Your appreciative reader,
CORNELIA F.

Another lady, if less circumspect, is quite as sincere.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Would the author of 'Home' like to meet a 'loidy,' object matrimony?

I want to live in England
And with the English stand,
A soda on the table
A whiskey in my hand.

Yours truly,
AN AMERICAN COOK

SANDY COVE, N. S.

To the author of *Home!*

DEAR SIR: —

Will you pardon the form of this address, and accept the thanks of a teacher for your most pertinent paper? I cannot imagine anything more needed. I mean to read it, on the first day of classes, to the one hundred and fifty youths and maidens whom I try to teach in a Philadelphia high school. And I shall keep on the board for several days your epigram, 'Children love noise, savages do, and some types of the insane.' I earnestly desire that my students shall consider deeply your ideas about materialism, the radio, simplicity, love of beauty, and so forth.

I am finding in this quiet little Canadian village the English tranquillity of which you speak. For eleven dollars a *week*, I have beauty, beauty on every side — and, 'incidentally,' a good cook. And I am blessed by having found here what someone calls 'that divine solitude that purifies and gives rest.'

Gratefully yours,
IRENE ELDRIDGE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One word — namely, SELFISHNESS — is the answer to 'Returning American.'

In England selfishness is suppressed in the lower classes for the greater comfort of the upper classes; in America every man is as selfish as he *dares* to be.

ELIZABETH BURNHAM (Age 70)

CLEVELAND, OHIO
August 10, 1926

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My purpose in writing is to extend condolence to a Returning American, the author of 'Home.' Such a state of mind is rather unfortunate. Like a medical specialist he appears to see everyone through the colored lens of his own prejudice.

To the Westerner, or Middle-Westerner, it is always trying to have someone — who gives evidence of not having made surveys west of 85 degrees longitude — hold up a comparatively small area as the barometer of the United States. To select a few thousand people out of New York's five and three quarters millions, and declare them representative of over one hundred and five millions of people in an area extending over three millions of square miles, is not merely ludicrous, it is misleading.

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Because our friend chanced to ride on the train with a nervous engineer; because he and his friends do not wish to listen to the radio when dining, it really is n't necessary to throw all radios into the sea and deprive the invalids, the secluded, the lonely, of their enjoyment — or to stop all trains.

I can go to New York and enjoy in many reputable downtown hotels a clean, airy, quiet room, equipped with a bath, for as much as or less than the Parisian price which he commends as justifiable. We have no reason for thinking that New York hotels originated the idea of getting all the people will stand for. Long years ago, 'in the good old days,' P. T. Barnum accumulated some of this world's goods by commercializing the idea that 'There's a sucker born every minute.' Twenty-eight-dollar-a-day hotels are kept open for the benefit of people who'll pay the price.

To one living quietly undisturbed amid the jar of present-day conditions, with acquaintances and friends who are far from wild or savage, who enjoy the simple, beautiful, good things of life in nature, art, and literature, who go to bed at a reasonable hour, rise early, raise children sanely, and live temperately, so much excitement about all of America going wrong seems unwarranted.

Incidentally, I might even consider making a wager with our returning American to the effect that he can't determine, by their apparel only, the occupation, profession, or address of twenty-five of the first fifty people he meets as he walks down Fifth Avenue this evening.

Yours truly,

M. M. WEBSTER

August 16, 1926

SIR: —

I have read with the greatest interest and sympathy the article in the current *Atlantic Monthly* entitled 'Home,' by a Returning American. The writer has put his finger on a very sore place in our civilization and one wonders when and where and how the mad orgy will end.

It is a matter of regret that the writer of this excellent article should remain anonymous.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD FLEXNER

* * *

'The Modernist's Quest for God,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* last February, brought in its wake a shoal of letters, many sympathetic, many pensive and doubtful. To all our readers this letter from the anonymous author will be interesting.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY: —

You have been good enough to forward me numerous and very welcome letters called forth by my article in your February issue entitled 'The Modernist's Quest for God.' May I now trespass on your space to thank my friends, to whom I cannot write personally, for their kindness. It is a heart-warming experience to write an article as essentially controversial as mine and to receive in reply so many letters not one of which breathes the traditional bitterness of theological discussion, or indeed anything but kindness. My first word must, then, be one of thanks.

My second word must be one of explanation. I wrote in the sad belief that there was in Modernism no sure conviction about God, and that for lack of it Fundamentalism on one hand, and atheism, or at least agnosticism, on the other, were made strong. I am not on that account, as some of my friends fear, either a Fundamentalist or an atheist, and never expect to be driven to either point of view.

I wish I could add that out of the riches of their own certitudes my friends had answered my questions. Alas, I cannot. They have on the whole strengthened my feeling that a strong religious faith must have in it some elements of supernatural mysticism, whether this is avowed in words or not. (Certainly such faith is not born out of pragmatic philosophy.) For one who is on psychological grounds rather skeptical of the philosophic value of mysticism this conclusion is not altogether comforting.

Dr. Albion Small, whose recent death we all have reason to deplore, gently chides me for seeking 'the absolute.' Well, the passion for what philosophers call the absolute is, I suspect, deep in most of us, but I don't honestly think that it is the philosophic impossibility of the absolute which led me to the questions I attempted to state in my article.

My heart especially went out to the mother who wondered what I would offer to our children. It is a question which much concerns me, for I too have children of my own. Certainly I cannot positively offer them what she calls 'Christian liberalism,' and therefore I am no longer active in the ministry. I can let them know what the Christian liberal believes and why. And for the rest I can tell them that in a world where there is so much beauty, so much to be known, so many to be loved, life is still worth while. I am not wholly convinced by the uncompromising cosmic pessimism of Bertrand Russell's *Worship of a Free Man*, but I am quite convinced that he leaves us with some reason still to live and work and love.

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

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